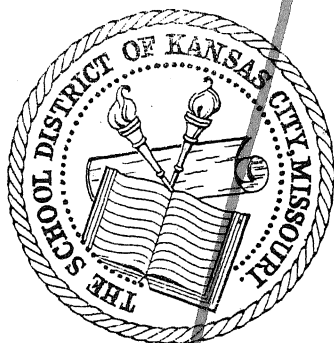

The Days We Celebrate



Edited by **ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER**

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OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

Edited by

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

AND OTHERS

A SERIES of anthologies for the use of students and teachers in schools and colleges; consisting of the best verse, plays, stories, addresses, special articles, orations, etc. Applicable to the holidays listed as follows:

ARBOR DAY	<i>April or May</i>
ARMISTICE DAY	<i>November 11th</i>
CHRISTMAS	<i>December 25th</i>
FLAG DAY	<i>June 14th</i>
GRADUATION DAY	<i>May or June</i>
INDEPENDENCE DAY	<i>July 4th</i>
LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY	<i>February 12th</i>
THE MAGIC OF BOOKS	<i>Book-Week</i>
THE MAGIC OF MUSIC	<i>Music-Week</i>
MEMORIAL DAY	<i>May 30th</i>
MOTHER'S DAY	<i>Second Sunday in May</i>
ROOSEVELT DAY	<i>October 27th</i>
HALLOWE'EN	<i>October 31st</i>
THANKSGIVING	<i>Last Thursday in November</i>
EASTER	<i>March or April</i>
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY	<i>February 22nd</i>
COLUMBUS DAY	<i>October 12th</i>

A complete catalogue of books particularly adapted for school assemblies and celebrations, for patriotic and civic programs, for camps, dramatic clubs and graduation exercises, will be sent at your request.

THE DAYS WE CELEBRATE



CELEBRATIONS FOR FESTIVALS

NEW YEAR'S DAY - ALL FOOLS' DAY
MAY DAY - ARBOR DAY - HARVEST FESTIVAL
- THANKSGIVING -

Compiled and Edited by
ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

EDITOR OF
OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
NEW YORK 1940

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INTRODUCTION

Realizing that some readers consider any introduction an impertinent superfluity, I will try to be telegraphically brief.

The present series has been planned to complete and bring down to date the twenty-one volumes of OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS, and PLAYS FOR OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS. Except for occasions not covered by the first series, most of the plays, poems, stories, essays, articles, games, projects, exercises, activities, etc., which are provided here for each celebration, are of more recent date than the corresponding volume of the standard set. In THE DAYS WE CELEBRATE will be found some of the best work of such authors as Eleanor Farjeon, Rose Fyleman, A. E. Housman, Vachel Lindsay, Alfred Noyes, Walter De la Mare, John Masefield, Leonora Speyer, and Sara Teasdale—all written too recently for inclusion in the parent series.

There is a large proportion of easily staged-and-acted plays, pageants, masques, dances, and tableaux. These have nearly all been planned with an eye to economical production. Most of them have been written specially for these volumes. Much material has been provided for the use of teachers, and of children of all ages.

Together with its two parent series, I trust that THE DAYS WE CELEBRATE will provide a practical and down-to-the-minute library of holiday literature for everybody.

R. H. S.

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Celebrations for New Year's Day

PLAYS

THE GALLANT GHOSTS *

A New Year's Eve Fantasy

BY DELLE OGLESBEE ROSS

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

SYLVIA	} <i>two young people</i>
KENNETH	
PATIENCE SEVERANCE	} <i>the Gallant Ghosts</i>
DOLLY MADISON	
SIR WALTER RALEIGH	
EDITH CAVELL	
AMELIA EARHART	
RICHARD HALLIBURTON	

Other young people who are celebrating New Year's Eve

TIME: *Present.*

PLACE: *A hotel in Washington.*

NOTES: SYLVIA, KENNETH and the other young people are dressed in formal evening clothes. They all wear the grotesque hats used on occasions of great hilarity. PATIENCE SEVERANCE wears the early pioneer dress, not necessarily Puritan. DOLLY MADISON, the costume of the early 1800's. There are many pictures of her which might be copied. SIR WALTER RALEIGH in the period of Queen Elizabeth. EDITH CAVELL in English Nursing

* This play may be produced without royalty where no admission is charged. Otherwise, a fee of \$3.00 must be paid to the author, 317 North Marion St., Oak Park, Ill.

4 CELEBRATIONS FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY

Sister's uniform. AMELIA EARHART in flying clothes. RICHARD HALLIBURTON as a modern explorer or traveller.

A room in a large hotel adjoining a dining-room where a celebration of New Year's Eve is in progress. This is a mysterious little room. The walls are curtains of neutral tones, there are no doors, and only a suggestion of a window rather high up at center back. Two or three steps lead to this window. On either side of the steps are tall baskets of flowers or pedestals holding vases. Constantly changing lights from the signs outside flow through the window. This is the only illumination for the room, making eerie shadows in the dimness. At right center is an entrance that can scarcely be called a door, and the curtains are arranged so that the characters may enter at any place in the room. At right front is a divan, and just right and in front of the steps is a large high backed chair. At left front is a large divan, with a low ottoman near by.

The room is empty as the curtain opens, but the sounds of laughter, a band playing very strident swing music, blares of horns, and occasional shrill screams are heard from the next room. This is heard faintly through the opening action, until the entrance of PATIENCE.

SYLVIA runs into the room, right. She has a foolish hat on her head, and carries a rattle and other favors. She is followed immediately by KENNETH, who also wears a hat, and who is trying to blow a horn into SYLVIA's ear.

SYLVIA. Don't do that!

KENNETH. Why not? It's fun!

SYLVIA. Fun! Do you call all that awful noise in there fun?

KENNETH. Sure—that's what it's supposed to be.

SYLVIA. Well I don't think so! Stupid—that's what I think it is!

(She tries to escape from him, but he insists upon blowing the horn into her ear.)

SYLVIA. Stop it! It makes my head ache.

KENNETH. Is that why you ran away from the crowd?

SYLVIA. That—and other reasons.

KENNETH. Other reasons—what reasons?

SYLVIA. I don't know—it just came over me all of a sudden.

KENNETH. You're bats! What do you mean—"came over you"?

SYLVIA. Oh, that this is a stupid, silly way to spend the last night of the year.

(She goes to the divan, left, throws her rattle and favors, tears off the hat, tosses it to one side, and settles herself with a flounce. KENNETH follows and leans on the back of the divan. He still blows his horn, until it gives a queer croak and no more sound comes from it. He throws it on the floor.)

KENNETH. Even the horn gives up! What are you grouching about, anyway?

SYLVIA. Grouching—why do you say that?

KENNETH. You know—calling this party stupid. It's the way we've always done it.

SYLVIA. Well, it *is* stupid! So much noise! A lot of brainless brawlers screaming their heads off! What are we doing it for?

KENNETH. To welcome the New Year, of course.

SYLVIA. I should think it would be scared away—or warned—or something—

KENNETH. Say—what's eating you? You used to like a good brawl!

SYLVIA. I don't believe I ever did—not really. It was the thing to do, that's all.

KENNETH. *(Sits on the arm of the divan, then slides into the seat.)* You must be getting old, my sweet. Do you hear any of the ancient bones creaking?

SYLVIA. Maybe that's it. I don't know—it all seems so futile. Everything we do is futile.

KENNETH. Where did you get the fancy word—futile?

6 CELEBRATIONS FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY

SYLVIA. Oh, I read it in a book!

KENNETH. Lock up the book! (*He picks up the horn, tries to blow it, but no sound.*) Darned thing! Can't even tootle a toot!

SYLVIA. You know, Ken, the last night of the year is sort of serious.

KENNETH. Oh come—don't *you* be serious.

(*A group of young people dance in, right. They chain-dance around the room, blowing horns, ringing bells, etc., then dance out, right.*)

SYLVIA. That looks like fun—but it really isn't.

KENNETH. Well, Grandma, maybe they think it is.

SYLVIA. Maybe they are trying to keep from thinking.

KENNETH. Oh bosh! You didn't use to be such a sobersides, Sylvia.

SYLVIA. I like fun, Ken, real fun—but this is so noisy and—and—you don't seem to get anywhere.

KENNETH. Let's go back and start over. (*He grabs her hand.*)

SYLVIA. Not yet!

KENNETH. Don't wait too long, or you may never go—(*He looks around wonderingly.*) What is this place anyway?

SYLVIA. I never saw it before.

KENNETH. How did you happen to come in here?

SYLVIA. Why—it just seemed to be the way to go—to get away.

KENNETH. Well it's a queer place—feels queer!

(*PATIENCE SEVERANCE has been standing beside the steps, right, since the dancers left. She is not seen.*)

SYLVIA. Not quite an hour before midnight.

KENNETH. And the grand entrance of the New Year!

SYLVIA. What are you going to make of the New Year, Kenneth?

KENNETH. Why, I don't know. What did I make of the last one?

SYLVIA. (*Rather sadly.*) That's it—what?

PATIENCE. (*Stepping forward.*) I can't find it. Everything is different.

KENNETH. Can't find—why—why—

SYLVIA. Who is this?

KENNETH. She must have lost herself from some fancy dress affair.

SYLVIA. Are you separated from your party?

PATIENCE. Party! What party? What would I be doing with a party?

KENNETH. But—

PATIENCE. I'm trying to find my cabin.

SYLVIA. }
KENNETH. } Cabin!

PATIENCE. It was right here—and the brook ran by the cow shed.

KENNETH. Cow shed!

PATIENCE. But the cabin was nearer the spring. Martin built it there so 'twould be easy to get water—and he trained the hop vines over the little stoop—

KENNETH. Does she know what she is talking about?

(DOLLY MADISON *appears, left, near the window.*)

DOLLY MADISON. My good woman, can I help you?

PATIENCE. (*Drops a curtsy.*) Nay, madam, I've made a mistake, I'm feared.

SYLVIA. (*To KENNETH.*) Who are these women?

KENNETH. How should I know? They look wacky—if you ask me.

SYLVIA. One of them seems so familiar. (*She thinks for a moment.*) I know—Dolly Madison!

KENNETH. What are you talking about!

PATIENCE. I could have sworn that this is where Martin and I came—young husband and wife—and built a little cabin of logs.

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DOLLY. A cabin, you say?

PATIENCE. Ay—we were young and high of heart—so we came to this new world.

DOLLY. It was not such a new world when I was here.

PATIENCE. There was a vast wilderness where Indians and wild beasts dwelt.

DOLLY. In my time there was warfare—and traitors—and they burned my home.

SYLVIA. Oh—what is this!

(The women turn and notice her for the first time.)

PATIENCE. A sweet maid.

DOLLY. And fair! Do you live here?

KENNETH. *(Laughing.)* Don't even suggest it!

SYLVIA. No, we came to a party at this hotel to celebrate New Year's Eve.

(SIR WALTER RALEIGH is seen near entrance right.)

KENNETH. Look, there is someone else.

DOLLY. 'Tis New Year's Eve, and in the hour before the stroke of midnight we may return to those places we once frequented.

PATIENCE. The time is very short, but I had a longing to see the cabin where my children were born.

DOLLY. And I, the inn to which I did escape when the White House was set a-burning—and where my dear husband found me.

SIR WALTER. Long, long before—I had seen this land—looking for fit places for our brave men to settle.

KENNETH. I ought to know that man!

SIR WALTER. Always was the Queen—God bless her—eager for homes to be established—towns to grow.

SYLVIA. What Queen?

SIR WALTER. Elizabeth! Her gracious Majesty. *(He sweeps off his hat and makes a low bow.)*

SYLVIA. And you?

SIR WALTER. Walter Raleigh, at your service, fair lady!

SYLVIA. Sir Walter Raleigh! This grows curiouser and curiouser.

KENNETH. I thought the Queen had you beheaded—if I'm not too personal.

SIR WALTER. Oh, not at all, dear fellow, but that is another story.

SYLVIA. You did explore parts of Virginia, didn't you?

SIR WALTER. Indeed. I named the land for Her Majesty. She knows now my devotion—her injustice—

PATIENCE. (*To DOLLY.*) You say your home was burned? The Indians burned ours once, and we escaped, and hid in the forest, though 'twas a bitter winter night.

SYLVIA. How terrible!

PATIENCE. Martin built another cabin, soon more neighbors came—and in numbers there is strength.

SYLVIA. Did the Indians come again?

PATIENCE. Oh, many times, and were driven off, as were the plagues of insects, and the sicknesses, when we learned better how to live in the new world.

SYLVIA. How could you stand it?

PATIENCE. Stand it? You must expect naught else in the wilderness—but it was a bustling village by the time my children's children came.

DOLLY. 'Twas more than a bustling village when I dwelt in the White House.

KENNETH. The British burned that, didn't they?

DOLLY. They did—but I stayed until the last minute I could—and (*She laughs.*) I carried the portrait of our great Washington under my petticoat when I left.

SIR WALTER. Brave lady!

DOLLY. And the draft of the Declaration of Independence, mind you! It fitted snugly with the rolled portrait.

KENNETH. Why, I saw that draft not long ago—a wonderful

old document!

SIR WALTER. (*Going up the steps to the window.*) Those lights—whence do they come?

KENNETH. From the signs in the street. (*To DOLLY.*) So you are the Dolly Madison who saved the draft of the Declaration, are you?

DOLLY. That and some other things.

SYLVIA. It took a lot of quick thinking—and courage!

KENNETH. That's what I think.

EDITH CAVELL. Courage! What is courage?

(*The others turn to look at EDITH CAVELL as she stands near the divan, left center.*)

SIR WALTER. (*Turning from window.*) Another of us here!

SYLVIA. I ought to know you. It seems to me I know all about you.

EDITH. I am Edith Cavell.

KENNETH. The English nurse!

SYLVIA. I read everything about her I could find after I saw the picture.

KENNETH. I saw the picture, too.

SYLVIA. And she asks "What is courage?" Why, reading about her is one of the things that makes me think tonight is so—so—silly.

SIR WALTER. Courage, madam, is sticking it out—and doing what one must do in spite of everything!

EDITH. But one must have convictions to stick to.

DOLLY. There are different kinds of courage—but you *must* have convictions.

(*AMELIA EARHART is seen standing at the entrance, right.*)

AMELIA. If you have convictions there is nothing else to do *but* stick to them. I think Sylvia is growing "convictions" like nice little fluffy wings.

SYLVIA. Amelia Earhart!

KENNETH. Look here! What *is* going on here? Where do all

these people come from?

AMELIA. We come from the unseen.

EDITH. This is a half-way place—neither here nor there.

AMELIA. (*Looking around.*) I have often been in this hotel before with my friends. I planned a flight, sitting at dinner in the next room.

EDITH. I have never called this great country home—nor visited its shores, but it has been in my heart.

SYLVIA. You mean you loved it—our United States?

EDITH. I loved the thought of its freedom, its strength, its welcoming hand to those who need refuge—not only now, but through the centuries.

AMELIA. It is a land where each year brings women a more equal opportunity with men. They should have, you know.

DOLLY. And that is your conviction?

AMELIA. Indeed it is. My last flight went to prove it.

SYLVIA. But you didn't come back.

AMELIA. I'm back, am I not? After all, the material body in the material world means little. It is just a short stop on the great journey.

KENNETH. The great journey!

AMELIA. Yes. You don't think one short span of living is enough, do you?

PATIENCE. Nay, but one must crowd that short span full to be ready for the next one.

(KENNETH *sits on the ottoman.*)

KENNETH. Well, this beats me!

PATIENCE. Why, young sir?

KENNETH. This is a crazy way to spend New Year's Eve—nuts! if you ask me!

SYLVIA. If you ask *me* I like these—these—these—*visitors* better than the bunch in there!

KENNETH. I guess I'll have to admit that I do too!

(*The visitors laugh, rather faintly.* DOLLY MADISON)

crosses the room and spreads her skirts as she sits on the divan by the entrance, right.)

DOLLY. That is a queer outfit, my dear.

AMELIA. You mean these flying clothes?

PATIENCE. Flying clothes! Do you mean to say you fly?

AMELIA. Of course. That was my work. To seek new paths in the vastness of the sky—and to prove that women can ride the air lanes as well as men.

KENNETH. But you came down.

SIR WALTER. Like a sea captain with his ship.

EDITH. But in spirit you will always sail the skies—through golden clouds—and storm and snow.

AMELIA. Yes, I know—perhaps as a legend.

SYLVIA. To encourage others!

SIR WALTER. (*Again looking out of the window.*) This is a marvelous sight!

(*RICHARD HALLIBURTON appears at the top of the steps, right.*)

RICHARD. Marvelous indeed—the lights seem more gorgeous than when I was last here.

KENNETH. Richard Halliburton!

SYLVIA. The adventurer! Wasn't he lost at sea?

RICHARD. To the world I was, Miss Sylvia.

SYLVIA. But you are here.

RICHARD. I, too, had a desire to watch the New Year in where *I* have been before.

KENNETH. Did you live here once?

RICHARD. Not to say *lived*—but I stayed here once—and spun my yarns about the wonders of the world.

KENNETH. I've read your books—and jolly good yarns they are!

SYLVIA. How wonderful to be able to paint such vivid pictures of the things you see!

RICHARD. It seemed to me that if I had the fun of seeing them

it might help the ones who couldn't if I told about them—so I put it all on paper.

SIR WALTER. Good idea. I thought the same once—long ago.

(*He starts down the stairs, RICHARD follows. They talk as they walk to the big chair, right.*)

SIR WALTER. I had some adventures, myself. Quite exciting, some of them.

RICHARD. Yes, I know you did. Reading about them started me wanting some of my own.

SIR WALTER. Very gratifying. (*He sits in the big chair, RICHARD leans over the back.*) Very gratifying indeed!

KENNETH. But was it worth while?

SIR WALTER. Worth while, young sir?

(*KENNETH leaps up from the ottoman and talks while he paces back and forth.*)

KENNETH. I don't know why you are here tonight—all of you who have left this earth—

DOLLY. We have told you—New Year's Eve.

PATIENCE. We are allowed to come.

AMELIA. The desire to visit old scenes.

KENNETH. But why are we the ones to see you—Syl and I?

EDITH. Perhaps you were ready.

KENNETH. Ready for what?

EDITH. Ready to see us.

DOLLY. We are all around you anyway. No one ever dies—really.

AMELIA. And often we touch. Oh, not physically—but mentally, spiritually, we touch you.

SYLVIA. Perhaps that is why I was so disgusted with the bunch.

KENNETH. But I wasn't!

RICHARD. Weren't you?

KENNETH. Why—well—of course I always want to be with Sylvia. (*He takes her hand.*)

SYLVIA. Silly Ken!

KENNETH. You know I do, Sylvia. And if you're going psychic—well, so am I.

SYLVIA. It is queer that you are the ones that have come.

KENNETH. Queer?

SYLVIA. Yes. Sir Walter, who visited this continent in quest of possible places for homes—

SIR WALTER. 'Tis true. I did so.

SYLVIA. Then Patience Severance who, with her husband, made a home here—

PATIENCE. Ay, in the wild forest we made our home.

KENNETH. And Dolly Madison. She did her bit—

SYLVIA. Holding the White House as long as she did—and then saving our country's treasures—

DOLLY. It was a very little bit—but 'twas in my heart to do what I could.

SYLVIA. And Nurse Cavell, who knew the horror of war—and who not only nursed the wounded but helped all she could escape the clutches of the brutal enemies—

EDITH. But, you see, I was convinced that those brave men must not die. I did not think to be heroic. It was my duty.

RICHARD. No hero thinks to be heroic.

SYLVIA. Our own beloved Amelia Earhart!

KENNETH. She certainly held a torch aloft.

AMELIA. If I did, who will catch it and carry on—Kenneth—Sylvia?

SYLVIA. Are we worthy to carry on?

AMELIA. Perhaps Life will decide that for you.

KENNETH. Then Richard Halliburton, who gave his adventures to the world of stay-at-homes.

SYLVIA. Gallant ghosts!

KENNETH. Listen—it is twelve o'clock!

(The clock begins to strike.)

SIR WALTER. Our time is up.

(SYLVIA runs up the steps. KENNETH follows. They appar-

ently open the window. The lights are brighter, but they focus on SYLVIA and KENNETH. The others grow dimmer and more shadowy until they are scarcely seen. The clock strikes twelve times; then bells, horns and shouts sound loudly.)

AMELIA. Now we must leave you.

SYLVIA. Farewell, dear Ghosts—who each has given some wonderful gift to the world—farewell.

ALL THE SHADOWS. Farewell—Farewell—

(A silence.)

SYLVIA. Now Ken, what about us?

KENNETH. Yes, what about us?

SYLVIA. What is our gift to be?

KENNETH. How do we know! We can make a start.

SYLVIA. Adventuring?

KENNETH. Adventuring—yes. Let's go adventuring—but let's go together.

(They clasp hands. The noise dies away.)

SYLVIA. Happy New Year, dear Ken.

KENNETH. Happy—Happy New Year!

CURTAIN

THE LOST HOUR *

A New Year's Puppet Show

BY ETHEL BLAIR JORDAN

CHARACTERS

SANTA CLAUS

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

BEN

TEDDY BEAR

PINOCCHIO

PIERROT

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16 *CELEBRATIONS FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY*

ANNA DOMINE NINETEENTWENTYSIX	COLUMBINE
LISA	JACK FROST
FIGURETTA	THE PRONOUNS, I, ME, AND MY

SCENE I

Red-and-white room. Bed in corner with SANTA CLAUS lying on it. Red fur-trimmed cap and empty toy bag lie on floor. Calendar on wall marked December 26. A knock at the door. SANTA CLAUS rolls over on bed. Another knock. He kicks one foot. A third knock.

SANTA CLAUS. (*Without sitting up.*) Come in!

(*The door opens slowly and very wide. A tall GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK stalks in, leaning on a cane. His hands point to 25 minutes to five, which gives his face a very sad expression. The top of his lid is pulled far down over his eyes. He sees SANTA CLAUS on the bed and turns to the door.*)

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. Ben!

(*In runs a little alarm clock. His hands point to 10 minutes past ten, which gives him a cheerful expression. He jumps on the bed and dances all over SANTA CLAUS' head. SANTA CLAUS sits up, and the little clock jumps down.*)

SANTA CLAUS. What the—? Who the—? Why the—? Oh, it's you, little Ben!

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. (*Striking floor with cane.*) And me, sir! And me!

SANTA CLAUS. (*Peevishly.*) I do think I might be allowed one week's sleep out of the year!

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. Pray, sir, do not talk of sleep now. I have the honor to inform you that I, Ding van Dong, of the old Dutch nobility, have been robbed of an hour! Robbed, by Pinocchio!

SANTA CLAUS. (*Quickly.*) You don't mean the Italian puppet

who wants so much to be a human boy! Dear, dear, that's too bad! But how did he steal your hour?

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. He cut it off, sir! Observe! (*He pushes his lid back, showing that the Roman numerals XII and I have been cut from his face.*)

SANTA CLAUS. Why didn't you protect yourself? You have hands!

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. (*Turning away and coughing.*) Well, the fact is—egad, sir! All great men have weaknesses. Napoleon wished to found a line of kings; Alexander the Great sighed for new worlds to conquer; and I, sir, I have long wanted to be a wristwatch.

SANTA CLAUS. What!

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. Certainly. It is very dull to stand in a corner where nothing ever happens. A wristwatch goes everywhere. Of course, I would have to reduce, and Pinocchio said if I would lend him an hour he would tell me how. But he ran away instead!

SANTA CLAUS. Well, it's your own fault and you must do the best you can.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. I see, sir, that you do not comprehend the full measure of this calamity. Anna!

(*Enter a pretty doll dressed in a white robe with a long white veil over her face.*)

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. Permit me to present Miss Anna Domine Nineteentwentsix, who cannot enter the world till my hour is found.

SANTA CLAUS. Why not?

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. Because, sir, her hour of entrance is from twelve to one on January 1st and that hour is gone!

SANTA CLAUS (*Rubbing his head.*) Dear me, dear me! This is serious! Pinocchio must be found at once and made to return this hour.

(*A knock at the door.*)

SANTA CLAUS. Come in!

(*Enter LISA and FIORETTA.*)

LISA. Good evening to you, Signor Santa Claus, Your Excellency, and to you, old signore, and to you, young signore, though you look more like a clock than a boy, but never mind; that's not the point. If you please, Excellency, there's been a terrible robbery!

SANTA CLAUS. Another? Who has been robbed?

LISA. Why, Fioretta here and—and—another, who is an honest, hard-working, good woman with much to do and little to say, who wrongs nobody and helps everybody, who—

SANTA CLAUS. (*With hands over ears.*) Who is this wonderful person?

LISA. It is—it is—this person! (*She points to herself.*)

SANTA CLAUS. Why don't you say it's yourself?

LISA. That's just it! — can't — have been robbed! — words taken away from —!

FIORETTA. Dear Santa Claus, let me explain. Lisa has had her personal pronouns stolen. She has no "I," "me," and "my"!

LISA. (*Weeping.*) The words this person (*Touching herself.*) always loved best, Excellency!

FIORETTA. As for me, I've had half of my laugh stolen. I used to laugh a great deal and always in two syllables. Now I only laugh in one. (*She laughs.*) Ha!

SANTA CLAUS. But who—

LISA AND FIORETTA. Pinocchio!

(*A knock at the door. Enter TEDDY BEAR wearing a policeman's belt and cap and holding PINOCCHIO by the arm.*)

ALL. Pinocchio!

TEDDY BEAR. (*Touching his cap to SANTA CLAUS.*) I see this young character a-chasin' over the ice-field in a against-the-safety-of-the-Constitution manner, so I took him up, sir, in case.

SANTA CLAUS. Quite right, Officer Bear. You may leave him to us. Here is a contribution for the North Pole Police Fund.

(TEDDY BEAR *salutes and goes out.*)

SANTA CLAUS. (*Holding up hand.*) Now, everybody sit down.

(*All sit except GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK, who leans against wall and PINOCCHIO, who stands before SANTA CLAUS.*)

SANTA CLAUS. (*Kindly.*) Now, my puppet, why did you steal the hour, the laugh, and the words?

PINOCCHIO. I took the hour to help Grandfather's Clock; I took the laugh to invest it wisely and double it for Fioretta; I took the words (*He giggles.*) because Lisa has no use for them!

ALL. Wicked Pinocchio!

SANTA CLAUS. (*Sternly.*) You are not telling the truth.

PINOCCHIO. (*Solemnly, raising right hand and turning back to audience.*) If I'm telling a lie, may my nose grow three inches! Oh! Oh! (*He claps hands to nose and whirls round. His nose has grown very long.*)

SANTA CLAUS. See what comes of lying!

PINOCCHIO. (*Falling on knees and holding up clasped hands.*) I'll tell the truth! I thought if I took a lot of unusual presents to the magician he would turn me into a human boy.

SANTA CLAUS. Instead of which you have turned yourself into a thief.

PINOCCHIO. I will never tell another lie.

SANTA CLAUS. So much the better, for every time you lie your nose will grow an inch.

PINOCCHIO. (*Sitting flat on floor.*) Oh, don't let it grow any more! Think what a lot of it there is to be frost-bitten! Think what an enormous cold I could have!

SANTA CLAUS. Then be careful! But if you want it short again you must give back the things you took.

PINOCCHIO. I can't.

ALL. What!

PINOCCHIO. I hid the words in the dictionary and the poor things were so thin and overworked (*LISA jumps up.*) that when I shut the book I couldn't find them again.

(LISA *shakes her hand at him.*)

FIORETTA. And my laugh?

PINOCCHIO. (*Hanging head.*) I did mean to return your laugh, Fioretta, but the north wind snatched it away from me and before I could catch him that silly bear cop arrested me.

FIORETTA. Never mind, Pinocchio; half a laugh is better than none.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. And my hour, graceless youth, my hour?

PINOCCHIO. (*Carelessly.*) Oh, that! I lost that sliding with the polar bears.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. All is lost!

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, wretched puppet, do you know what you have done? Look! (*He takes ANNA DOMINE by the hand and leads her to PINOCCHIO.*) This is Anna Domine.

PINOCCHIO. (*Touching his forehead and bowing.*) Good evening, your ladyship.

SANTA CLAUS. This is the New Year.

PINOCCHIO. She doesn't look like a very happy one.

SANTA CLAUS. No, because you have lost the hour through which she was to enter the world.

PINOCCHIO. Oh, I'm sorry; I chose that hour because I thought it wouldn't be missed—most honest folk are asleep by then—I never thought of this!

SANTA CLAUS. But you *should* think—how do you expect to be a human being if you don't think?

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. Tush! tush! Cease this idle talk! What of my hour?

SANTA CLAUS. (*Sadly.*) Your hours are numbered.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. Yes, yes, of course they are! Anybody can see that! But what's going to happen?

SANTA CLAUS. (*Very solemnly.*) The Old Year is dying; from his lonely couch in the window of his stately ice palace he gazes out across the far-off hills and sees the days glide past; five more

dawns will rise above the snow-crowned peaks and tint the grey, wild lands with rosy color; five more noons will blaze their way across the wintry sky and fill the world with splendid golden flame; five more nights will fling their black, star-spangled cloaks upon the air and flood the dark with lovely, silvery light; and then—

PINOCCHIO. (*In a whisper.*) And then?

SANTA CLAUS. Then—nothing. The Old Year dies, the night wheels on, and stops. There is no dawn, nor light, nor warmth. Far underground the little seeds will die of cold. Above the ground the little children will die for lack of warmth and light. The world is slowing down; the hour draws near when it must stop—forever.

PINOCCHIO. (*Falling on his knees again.*) Oh, no! no! I will find the hour! And the other things, too!

SANTA CLAUS. Go, then. Bring back the words and the laugh and your nose shall be short; bring back the hour because it is right.

PINOCCHIO. I will! In five days I will be back!

CURTAIN

SCENE II

JACK FROST'S house. Room hung in white, sparkling with frost. PIERROT and COLUMBINE sit huddled in chairs. Enter PINOCCHIO with bundle. He lets it fall.

PIERROT. (*Joyfully.*) Pinocchio! Our friend of former days,
Who acted with us in so many plays!

PINOCCHIO. Pierrot! Old friends! (*All shake hands.*) But why are you here?

PIERROT. Alas! All through the dreamy summer days
We danced and sang along the forest ways.

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We scorned all work. But Jack Frost came; since
then

He's held us captive in this icy den.

COLUMBINE. But what's the matter with your nose?

PINOCCHIO. I'm ashamed to tell you out loud. Come closer.

(*They put their heads together and PINOCCHIO whispers a minute.*)

PINOCCHIO. (*Out loud.*) However, I have the words in this dictionary. (*Points to bundle.*)

PIERROT. A dictionary! I've long wanted one.

If I had that, rhyme-making would be fun.

PINOCCHIO. No!

PIERROT. Please!

PINOCCHIO. Oh, take it!

(*PIERROT kneels by bundle. PINOCCHIO holds up small white bundle.*)

PINOCCHIO. The wind hid the laugh in this flag, but I found it!

COLUMBINE. A laugh? Let me see!

PINOCCHIO. No! (*COLUMBINE weeps.*) You need it more than Fioretta.

(*Gives her the bundle. She buries her face in it and begins to laugh, waving the flag, which is a Red Cross flag. PIERROT laughs. PINOCCHIO rubs his nose. Enter JACK FROST.*)

JACK FROST. What's all this? What do you want, Pinocchio?

PINOCCHIO. I heard you had my lost hour.

JACK FROST. Yes, it was turned in to me by Officer Seagull, of the Polar Investigation Squad.

PINOCCHIO. Give it to me!

JACK FROST. Not unless you'll work a week in my exterior decorating department. I'm short of window-pane painters.

PINOCCHIO. But this is the 28th! I can work only three days!

JACK FROST. Then you'll only get three-quarters of your hour. No use arguing. That's final.

PINOCCHIO. I suppose it can't be helped. Anna is not very fat. Perhaps she can squeeze through!

CURTAIN

SCENE III

SANTA CLAUS' room. *All sit as before. Calendar marked December 31st. Enter PINOCCHIO slowly, nose bandaged, the end sticking out. All spring up.*

ALL. Have you brought them?

PINOCCHIO. Not the words nor the laugh, and only part of the hour.

SANTA CLAUS. What good is part of the hour?

PINOCCHIO. I thought Anna might squeeze through that.

(Enter the PRONOUNS—a long black I, a short black ME and MY.)

PRONOUNS. Shut up in the dictionary
Next to "reciprocity"
We found this so salutary
That it seemed to "I," "My," "Me,"
We ought to help Pinocchio
Who tried to help us three.

(They run to LISA, who welcomes them.)

LISA. Oh, little pronouns! You shall never be overworked again!

(Enter COLUMBINE with flag. She gives it to FIORETTA.)

FIORETTA. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Why I laugh twice as much!

COLUMBINE. Of course. A laugh always increases when it is shared.

(PINOCCHIO's nose becomes short. He goes to door and brings in a hoop, one-fourth covered with paper.)

PINOCCHIO. Here's the three-quarters of an hour.

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(ANNA *tries in vain to squeeze through.*)

ALL. Oh, she can't!

(*Enter PIERROT, breathless.*)

PIERROT. One good turn deserves another!

I worked for you, my puppet brother,

And here's the missing quarter-hour

Which I have torn from Jack Frost's power.

(*He bursts the paper from hoop and ANNA steps through and drops her veil. She wears a crown.*)

ALL. Hail the New Year! Mirth and peace

Bless her as her days increase!

SANTA CLAUS. We who in this dream-world dwell

Sadly now must say farewell.

(*To PINOCCHIO.*) You, who shared our grief and joy,

Now will be a human boy.

But sometimes when the dusk is falling

Perchance you'll hear far voices calling:

A wild, sweet strain of elfin singing,

The chime of elfin bells a-ringing:

Dim memories of fairy days

Will drift before your glamored gaze.

(*To audience.*) May fairy blessings on you fall.

A happy New Year to you all!

WHAT ANNOYS *

A New Year's Eve Curtain Raiser

BY ELBRIDGE S. LYON

AUNTIE, *a noise*

JOHN, *his aunt*

DOROTHY, *no fun*

* For permission to use consult author, Chatham, N.J.

WILLIE, *repression*
DOCTOR, *nothing at all*

New Year's Eve in Auntie's room.

PROPERTIES: *A simple lady's bed room (the lady and the room). One door, one window, one bed, one comfortable, plenty of dressing gowns. A large horn and a fancy paper hat. Electric buzzer. A few problem children who are outside window thinking it IS New Year's Eve.*

Curtain rises with AUNTIE sitting up uncomfortably in bed. She fusses with pillows, etc. Looks at clock. Reaches over and pushes a button which buzzes off. Enter JOHN sleepily in dressing gown.

JOHN. Did you ring, Auntie? What is it? Happy New Year!

AUNTIE. Bah! Did you get the factory people to agree?

JOHN. Yes, yes, they promised not to blow the old whistle. I told you so this afternoon.

AUNTIE. And the church? You won't let them ring the bell, will you?

JOHN. No, I am sure about that.

AUNTIE. Then you're not sure about the factory whistle, are you?

JOHN. Well I promised the night watchman \$10.00 if he would forget it this once.

AUNTIE. Did you get a policeman to stay out in front of the house? Is he here now?

JOHN. I spoke to the chief about it.

AUNTIE. You are a good boy.

JOHN. I've always tried to be.

AUNTIE. It's been hard for you and Dorothy to have me here in your home, hasn't it?

JOHN. Not at all, it's been swell only we are so sorry for you. It must be terrible to live in dread of a noise all the time.

AUNTIE. It's awful. I know that when I die it will be in a thunder storm.

JOHN. But only one in a hundred million is killed by lightning.

AUNTIE. Oh, I'm not afraid of lightning.

JOHN. Thunder never hurt anyone.

AUNTIE. (*Feebly.*) Even the thought of it makes my heart stop beating.

JOHN. It's funny how one person dreads one thing while another dreads something else. Now I don't like water—

AUNTIE. Now please don't get off on that phobia talk, I'm a sick old woman and once had a horrible shock in an explosion. I can't help it. If you hadn't arranged to have the worst noises stopped tonight for the midnight celebration, I should pass on. I may do so anyway. I almost did last New Year's, though my brother, God rest his soul, had me taken to a farm where he said there couldn't be any noise except roosters; but a workman's boy in a cottage shot off a gun; he might as well have shot me. I almost wish he had; I haven't walked since.

JOHN. It seems to me that you would feel better if you would let us open the window more. It is stuffy in here all the time.

AUNTIE. Dorothy opens the window a few minutes every morning.

JOHN. But you sleep with it closed. We haven't any air-conditioning outfit, you know.

AUNTIE. I can't stand a draught.

JOHN. With only one window there is no draught. It must be (*Looks at thermometer.*) it is over 80 degrees in here.

AUNTIE. It doesn't feel too warm to me. It's my circulation.

JOHN. But Dr. Thompson says you lack ozone in your system, that comes from deep inhaling of fresh air.

AUNTIE. Dr. Thompson doesn't know anything. My father lived to be 94 and he never opened a window all winter. Everybody knows that night air is dangerous.

JOHN. Dorothy and I keep two windows open all night and

Willie sleeps on a porch.

AUNTIE. You'll see! Young people now-a-days think they are so smart.

JOHN. I wouldn't let Willie go out tonight. He is awful mad. I hope he is asleep, but I doubt it.

AUNTIE. Why anyone should think of making an awful noise in the middle of the night just because the year changes is more than I can see. What good is another year anyway?

JOHN. Maybe it is to celebrate having gotten rid of the old year.

AUNTIE. Well there's some sense to that; but no one should be allowed on the streets at twelve o'clock, certainly not Willie. Imagine a child like that.

JOHN. This is the first time since I was younger than he is that I haven't celebrated somehow.

AUNTIE. I know—you are a good boy. My, how I dread the next few minutes—are the shutters tight? Is the window locked? Please hang a blanket over the window. That might help. I know there will be a lot of noise in spite of all you have done.

JOHN. But you hear the factory whistle every morning and the church bell on Sunday.

AUNTIE. That is different. That's only for a minute. Now it is the combination; and goodness knows for how long—oh—I know I shall die—where are my pills? Hand me my pills.

JOHN. Now—now—there won't be any racket. Here, take a pill, take two pills. I'll put this comfortable over the window. (*Does so with much effort.*) There, that ought to make you all comfortable, ha, ha, how is that?

AUNTIE. You can joke at a time like this!

JOHN. There, there, I'm sorry. (*Smooths her forehead.*) Now we are all comfy—I mean quiet—er—

(*There is a deep silence then a crash in hall and a cry from WILLIE.*)

AUNTIE. Oh—I'm going to be sick.

28 CELEBRATIONS FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY

(Falls back against the head-board in a faint. JOHN goes to door and hauls in WILLIE who is fully dressed and has on a fancy paper hat and is hugging a huge horn.)

WILLIE. Let me go, Dad, please let me go.

JOHN. You young scamp. What do you want to do, kill your great-aunt?

WILLIE. Aw—she's been dead ever since she's been here. So have all of us.

JOHN. Willie! I'm ashamed of you.

(Enter DOROTHY in kimono.)

DOROTHY. What's all that noise? Willie, how dare you?

WILLIE. I slipped on the rug.

DOROTHY. *(Taking him in her arms.)* Oh, dear, you might have been hurt.

JOHN. Dorothy, Dorothy, the old lady's passed out—get a doctor—hurry.

(She lets go of WILLIE, looks at bed and runs out. WILLIE tip-toes after her. JOHN grabs him.)

WILLIE. Let me go!

JOHN. No you don't! Give me that horn. *(He takes hat and horn away from WILLIE.)* Now go to bed.

WILLIE. Aw this is a heck of a New Year!

JOHN. It's your own fault for slipping—better be careful next time.

WILLIE. Gee, Dad, can I?

JOHN. No, but I would if I were a boy.

WILLIE. O.K.! *(Sneaks out.)*

(JOHN looks uncertainly at hat and horn, lays them on bureau, tries to help his AUNT by fanning her, trickling water on her, trying to force water between her lips, rubbing her forehead. DOROTHY enters.)

DOROTHY. How is she? Do you suppose she is dead?

JOHN. The doctor, where's the doctor?

DOROTHY. He's coming. Lucky he was home and up.

JOHN. Lucky he lives only across the street.

DOROTHY. Dr. Thompson is sick but there was some substitute there and he said he would run right over; only he couldn't see any particular hurry if my Aunt was already dead. He is a queer one. I hope he is all right.

JOHN. I hear him. I'll go let him in.

DOROTHY. No, I'll go. You can stay here with—that. (*Exit.*)

(*JOHN gets a mirror and tries to hold it in front of old lady.*

Enter DOROTHY and DOCTOR.)

DOROTHY. This is a new doctor. He is here while Dr. Thompson is sick.

JOHN. How do you do Dr. new doctor. My Aunt—she's dead.

DOCTOR. I should think she would be in this foul air. (*Takes out stethoscope and listens to patient.*) She is not dead. In fact her heart is very strong. What happened?

JOHN. It was Willie, he fell on the stairs.

DOCTOR. Gracious. How is WILLIE?

(*DOCTOR is administering a hypodermic.*)

JOHN. She is afraid of noise and Willie made a noise so she—she— Say, Doctor, couldn't you leave her for a few minutes?

DOCTOR. "Leave her"—what for? Are you all crazy?

JOHN. Don't revive her till after midnight. She is frightened by noise. She has dreaded this New Year's eve all the year. I told her I had stopped the whistles and bells, everything. It was all a lie.

DOCTOR. If she is that frightened of noise an overdose of it is probably what she needs most. If a person will only take enough poison it won't do any harm. Just as if you hate the dentist the best thing to do is to go every day till you would miss something if you didn't go. Not that I would advocate such measures. Never could bear the dentist.

JOHN. Then you think maybe we have been too quiet for ten months?

DOCTOR. I don't know, my boy. If you drop one shoe, it's best

to hurry up and drop the other. There's no such fearsome noise as silence.

DOROTHY. Do you think she will die?

DOCTOR. Yes, in about ten years. She is coming around now—

AUNTIE. Who is that, who are you?

DOROTHY. It is a doctor, Auntie dear, come to help you.

AUNTIE. Is it all over?

DOCTOR. Mother and child doing nicely.

AUNTIE. What's that? Dorothy, who is this man?

DOROTHY. This is Dr. Hawthorne. Dr. Thompson is sick; so Dr. Hawthorne is here in Dr. Thompson's place who is sick. See?

AUNTIE. Who is sick, this man?

DOROTHY. No, Dr. Thompson.

AUNTIE. He always was. He said I wasn't sick when everyone knows I am a dying woman. Oh, the clock! It's one minute to twelve! My pills! Doctor, what shall I do? I can't stand it! Help!

DOCTOR. All right I will help. Now lie back, relax—that's right. Now, Mrs. Atkins, if you will trust me I would like you and your husband to leave me alone with your Aunt. We want quiet you know—go. (*He pushes them out into the hall and shuts the door.*) Now, Madam, I am not only going to help you but I am going to cure you once and for all.

(*Takes comfortable off the window, pushes aside the curtains, opens the window wide and shoves out the shutters. A faint noise is heard outside and it increases slowly at first.*

AUNTIE *sits up straight and looks at him in amazement.*)

AUNTIE. Oh, Doctor, how can you?

DOCTOR. Now we will all enjoy the New Year's together. Come, Madam, come to the window and see the happy crowds.

AUNTIE. I c—c—c—can't walk—

(*Pandemonium breaks loose as a gong sounds twelve.*)

DOCTOR. Come on, come to the window, I will help you. Here, let me put this comfortable around you. There, breathe God's

pure air. You are a young woman yet and handsome, come—

(She totters a few steps.)

AUNTIE. Why, Doctor, I'm walking. My, that air is good.

(Terrific din.)

DOCTOR. What did you say?

AUNTIE. *(Shouting.)* I said that air feels good.

DOCTOR. Makes me feel young, that cheering.

AUNTIE. What you say?

DOCTOR. I say I feel young.

AUNTIE. *(Coyly, giving him a push.)* Oh, go along with you.

DOCTOR. *(Waving out window.)* Rah—rah—hurrah!

(AUNTIE seizes the paper hat from bureau and puts it on the DOCTOR's head. She takes the horn and they parade around the room. Door bursts open and DOROTHY and JOHN come in.

DOROTHY joins in, knocking two candle-sticks together.

AUNTIE blows horn. The DOCTOR cheers. JOHN puts his hand to his heart and faints as

THE CURTAIN FALLS

POEMS

WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR

BY ELEANOR FARJEON

Hey, my lad, ho, my lad!
Here's a New Broom.
Heaven's your housetop
And Earth is your room.

Tuck up your shirtsleeves,
There's plenty to do—
Look at the muddle
That's waiting for you!

Dust in the corners
And dirt on the floor,
Cobwebs still clinging
To window and door.

Hey, my lad! ho, my lad!
Nimble and keen—
Here's your New Broom, my lad!
See you sweep clean.

THESE DESTINED MOONS

For New Year's Day

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

Of the unfolding year what can we know
Past peradventure? Some few certain things—

Young May will still be sweet with bloom and wings,
August her sumptuous fruits will not forego
Nor gypsy Autumn her barbaric show
Of gold and scarlet. Every twelvemonth brings
This splendid sequence. Then the signal rings
For the white curtain of the punctual snow.

But while these destined moons shall fill and wane
What of life's march? Shall we find joy, success,
New friends, new hopes, before leaves fade and fall?
Or trial, loss, perplexity, and pain?
Who knows? We can but strive for steadfastness,
Unfailing love, and courage most of all.

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

BY CARRIE WARD LYON

Distributor of plenitude and powers,
Who bringest corn to ear and seed to flowers,
Grant us more fruitful hours.

May we bring forth again of Thy creation,
Patterns of truth. To us and every nation
Give realization.

Let workers in the countryside or mart
Discern the whole in every smallest part,
Thy likeness in each heart,

Limned from within, no man may dare to trace
Nor yet destroy, as Pharaohs would erase
The old gods from their place.

POEMS

He only serves Thy brightness to restore
Whose soldiers tear Thy name from the church door.
Thou shinest more and more,

Now, as aforetime, veiled from our eyes,—
Who among men may pierce Thy dread disguise?
Alas! none till he dies.

Yet some by all forsaken save despair,
Do vision Thee while dreaming or in prayer
And know that Thou art there.

As Thou did'st come in shape of mortal kind,
Be born again, we pray, in mortal mind,
By wistful heart enshrined.

Distributor of Days, make us aware
Of Faith's eternal substance everywhere.
Dispel our want and care.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

Sunrise

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

The dawn is gray and chilly with the frost;
The old year's pulse now flutters, now is still;
And all our twelvemonth's deeds for good or ill
Pass into shadow, silent, one by one,
While, from the night wherein we wander lost,
The New Year rises with the rising sun.

A New Year? Nay, 'tis but the same old year,
The same remorseless round of sun and rain,

Of seasons in their order, joy and pain—
The old emotions playing upon strings
That wax a little older, drawing near
The final end of all remembered things.

Earth ages, and the very mountains nod
With years, while we who crawl upon their breast
Pass at the sliding sands' benign behest—
Hate fades, good fails, lust crumbles into clay,
And there is left but Faith and Love and God,
To whom a thousand years are as a day.

POEM FOR THE NEW YEAR

BY ELAINE V. EMANS

With sudden warmth my heart said, "Let us bring
New hope and courage unto the coming year,
And no despair and no unlovely thing."
And so we labored earnestly to clear
The hate and greed and pettiness away—
The anger, perfidy, and prejudice.
And brave and full of hope I turned to say,
"Surely no one is so prepared as this."

But "Ah," my heart said, "let our faith be steady."
And "Oh," my heart said, "let our love be deep,
And let us be compassionate and ready
To give of sustenance that we would keep."
I said, "And now?" And my heart answered, "Still
There is the Christ for following, if we will."

THE VICTORY

BY MILDRED M'NEAL-SWEENEY

It was my Time. The old hour struck,
The ancient self without my leave—
The old impatience came to pluck,
How briskly at my sleeve!

And one stood crying within my heart—
(It was not I)—“The strait is sore.
Thy strength is small. So yield. Thy part
Requires of thee no more.”

Then to the god we do not know,
Whose perfect name lies not within
Our speech, all speechless in her woe
My spirit fled, crying—“This is sin.

“Against his coming many times
Thou gavest a secret, golden power.”
Then sudden as the lark that climbs,
I sang, and in that dolorous hour

I stood with an immortal strength,
Looked out upon the dangerous way,
And singing trod its bitter length,
Scatheless, as even a mortal may.

AN OLD ENGLISH CAROL FOR NEW YEAR'S

The old year now away is fled,
The new year it is enterèd,
Then let us now our sins down-tread,

And joyfully all appear:
Let's merry be this day,
And let us now both sport and play:
Hang grief, cast care away!
God send you a happy New Year!

The name-day now of Christ we keep,
Who for our sins did often weep;
His hands and feet were wounded deep,
And his blessed side with a spear;
His head they crowned with thorn,
And at him they did laugh and scorn,
Who for our good was born:
God send us a happy New Year!

And now with New Year's gifts each friend
Unto each other they do send:
God grant we may all our lives amend,
And that the truth may appear.
Now, like the snake, your skin
Cast off, of evil thoughts and sin,
And so the year begin:
God send us a happy New Year!

NEW YEAR'S DAY

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

I come: I tread the changeful sea of Time
As Jesus trod the waters, I the last
Fair Titan of a dying race and past,
Young-limbed and perfect as the bells in chime.
In these young hands I hold the rune and rhyme
Wherefrom Man reads his destiny, to cast

New hopes upon the ocean's bosom vast,
New conquest and defeat; new good, new crime.
From all the aeons' wreckage and despond
 Strewn black about me over sea and land
 Build thou an ark to sail where He has trod.
I leap the last wave's summit: Look beyond;
 The sun is rising. Come, I take Man's hand
 And lead him one step nearer to his God.

FRAGRANT NEW YEAR

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

May Christmas greet you with the myrrh
Of melting wax and spicy fir,
 Breathing on you the frankincense
 Of Yuletide's veriest redolence;
And your New Year be furnished well
With outdoor things like these to smell:
 Crushed bark, the reek of heavy loam
 Pawed by a fox from his new home,
High ferns downtrodden, with a hint
Of deer about, a breath of mint,
 The tang of salt winds from far surf,
 Filtered all day through trees and turf,
Slow incense of red cedar logs
Trailing their smoke on orchid bogs,
 Rich rankness from that profiteer,
 The mushroom—with the atmosphere,
Sweet as a honeysuckled gate,
That warm wild strawberries create,
 And the deep-spiced olfactory fun
 Of massed pine-needles in the sun.

May smells as good as these combine
To bless your nose in Thirty-Nine.

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

BY ROBERT W. SERVICE

My glass is filled, my pipe is lit,
My den is all a cosy glow;
And snug before the fire I sit,
And wait to *feel* the old year go.
I dedicate to solemn thought
Amid my too-unthinking days,
This sober moment, sadly fraught
With much of blame, with little praise.

Old Year! upon the Stage of Time
You stand to bow your last adieu;
A moment, and the prompter's chime
Will ring the curtain down on you.
Your mien is sad, your step is slow;
You falter as a Sage in pain;
Yet turn, Old Year, before you go,
And face your audience again.

That sphinx-like face, remote, austere,
Let us all read, whate'er the cost:
O Maiden! why that bitter tear?
Is it for dear one you have lost?
Is it for fond illusion gone?
For trusted lover proved untrue?
O sweet girl-face, so sad, so wan
What hath the Old Year meant to you?

And you, O neighbour on my right
So sleek, so prosperously clad!
What see you in that aged wight
That makes your smile so gay and glad?
What opportunity unmissed?
What golden gain, what pride of place?
What splendid hope? O Optimist!
What read you in that withered face?

And You, deep shrinking in the gloom,
What find you in that filmy gaze?
What menace of a tragic doom?
What dark, condemning yesterdays?
What urge to crime, what evil done?
What cold, confronting shape of fear?
O haggard, haunted, hidden One
What see you in the dying year?

And so from face to face I flit,
The countless eyes that stare and stare;
Some are with approbation lit,
And some are shadowed with despair.
Some show a smile and some a frown;
Some joy and hope, some pain and woe:
Enough! Oh, ring the curtain down!
Old weary year! it's time to go.

My pipe is out, my glass is dry;
My fire is almost ashes too;
But once again, before you go,
And I prepare to meet the New:
Old Year! a parting word that's true,
For we've been comrades, you and I—

I thank God for each day of you;

There! bless you now! Old Year, good-bye!

NEW YEAR'S EVE

BY BLISS CARMAN

The air is pulsing as with crowding wings.
Migrant Ideals and valiant-hearted Dreams,
The Heavenly vanguard of eternity,
Muster to cross the frontier of new days.
A brave unhasting company, they throng
Out of old years with life's immortal zest,—
In gleaming panoply of seraphim
Advance these dauntless heralds of all good.
'Tis midnight hour. The clanging bells break forth.
The march of man has crossed the boundary
Into another year. Close up the ranks!
Our ancients bid, fare on! New Year, Salute!
The promise of the past is on your knees.
The glory of all time is unto God.

ESSAYS

NEW YEAR'S DAY

January First

BY CLARA J. DENTON

In a far-away land, in a long-ago time, lived some people who were called the Romans.

They were great fighters, and were never so happy as when war with their neighbors. Then, when they won in the fight, they generally did, because they had so many well-trained fighters, they took to themselves the land and everything else belonging to the people who were beaten.

You know, even in these wonderful days of the twentieth century, we are only beginning to think that there may be a better way to settle our troubles with the world than to shed human blood. So it is not strange that they knew no better in those far-off times.

Although these Romans were so warlike they had very lively imaginations, and, as they knew nothing of the one God who rules the universe, they fancied a god or a goddess in almost everything: the wind, the water, the trees, the flowers and so on. Each god or goddess was given a name, and all of these names and the stories about them fill a good sized book.

It is about one of these gods called Janus that we wish to tell you now. You will see, I am sure, that our month of January is named for this god.

All the statues of Janus were made with two faces, one look-

ing forward and one backward, because he represented the beginning of the year and also its end. Then he had a key in his left hand and a scepter in his right hand. The scepter showed his power, the key, that he opened and closed everything.

Since they believed all this about Janus, it was certainly very fitting to call the first month in the year after him and also to make the first day of that month, which we call "New Year's Day," a time of great feasting and rejoicing.

On this day they gave gifts to their friends, just as we sometimes do now. They were also very careful what they did on this day, believing they would do the same things throughout the year.

They built a temple to Janus and in the temple they held a great celebration on New Year's Day. There was another strange custom connected with this temple; it had immense gates, and when Rome was at war with another nation these gates stood open, but as soon as peace was declared the gates were closed with great rejoicings.

During the first seven hundred years of the life of the Roman nation these gates were closed but three times, which certainly shows that they loved war better than peace.

There is a story told that at one time the people wanted war very much, but their king wanted peace, and so he steadfastly refused to open the gates. Their great men met with the king and talked and argued the matter over and over, but the king would not give up. While they were thus wasting time and words, suddenly the gates were burst open; then, of course, the king gave up, for they all agreed that it was the goddess Juno, the greatest of all the goddesses, who wanted war, and so had to take the thing into her own hands. What do you think about it?

There is something for us to learn in the story of Janus; it shows us that on New Year's Day we ought to stop and think over the mistakes of the past year and then promise ourselves not to make the same ones in the next year to which we are

looking forward.

Another lesson that we may gain from this story is that it is well to keep the doors of our hearts and minds closed against evil words and thoughts, for, if these are kept out we will be saved much sorrow and trouble. So, you see, in that way, closed doors will mean to us peace and quiet, just as they did to the ancient Romans. But you must not think that the ancient Romans were the only people who celebrated New Year's Day. Every country in the world has its own way of rejoicing over the beginning of a new year.

The Chinese nation, which is even older than the Roman nation, makes much of the New Year. These people do not, however, follow our date exactly. Their new year begins several days later than ours, and their celebration reaches out over many days. At this time their houses are decorated with lanterns and gay colors, all work is laid aside, and the people appear on the streets dressed in their best suits. If anyone has no best suit he stays at home and hides, so that no one can see him until the holidays are over. People meeting on the street say, "Kung-hi"—I humbly wish you joy—or "Sui-hi"—May joy be yours—quite like our "Happy New Year." The men call on each other, but the women take no part in either making or receiving calls. The men receive calls from those below them in society and make calls on those above them. If that were the custom here, any man might call on the mayor of the town, but the poor mayor could not make any calls as he is the highest city officer, unless some of the state or county officers happened to live where he could reach them.

The Japanese new year customs are very like those of the Chinese, except that they have adopted our calendar, and so have their new year holiday begin on January first.

In Scotland the children of poor people go about on New Year's Eve begging bread from door to door, and this is one of the rhymes which they sing:

Hogamamanay trollolay

Give us your white bread and none of your gray.

The children are wrapped about with white sheets which they make into a sort of pouch in front, in which they carry whatever is given to them.

Ringling bells on New Year's Eve is an old English custom, which is now carried out in many parts of our own country. In some parts of England they used to ring muffled bells just before twelve o'clock and then at twelve o'clock they would take off the wrappings and ring the bells loudly. The muffled bells are rung to show grief for the dying year, and the unmuffled ones show joy over the coming of the new year so full of promise. Lord Alfred Tennyson has written some beautiful verses about this custom of ringing the bells. I will quote a few lines. They are taken from a long poem, called "In Memoriam."

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

In Germany, and also in Russia, much is made of New Year's Eve. The streets are decorated and brilliantly lighted, and the people gather there to make merry. Friends meet, and all are as gay as people can be when they set out to forget their cares.

In Russia, but not in Germany, the people wind up their merry-making near midnight by going to the church and "watching" for the coming of the new year.

In France and Spain New Year's Day is a time for making gifts, and in Paris it is one of the gayest days of the year.

The Persians give each other eggs on New Year's Day, for

just as no one can tell what sort of chick will come forth from the shell, so no one can tell what events the new year will bring.

The Druids, who were heathen priests living many centuries ago, made presents to people of branches of mistletoe on the first day of the year. It was to them a sacred plant; therefore, to give a piece of it on this day was to bring blessings to the receiver on every day throughout the year.

Our Pilgrim forefathers, about whom you hear so much at Thanksgiving time, did not keep this day in any way. They thought it was wicked to do so because the month with which it begins was named after the heathen god Janus. For the same reason, the Quakers, or Friends, refuse to call this month by its name, January, but instead, speak of it as "First month."

When the Dutch came to settle New York, they brought with them the custom of making New Year's calls, but their manner of calling was very different from the Chinese custom. The men, it is true, did all the calling, but, not on each other. I am sure they would have thought that a very stupid way of spending the day. On the contrary, they called on all their woman friends, both young and old, so in this way, every woman was sure to meet all her men acquaintances in the town, at least once a year. It was a dear old custom, full of cheer and good will, and many people were sorry to see it pass away.

Here are some lines by the great English writer, Thomas Carlyle, which seem appropriate to the new year, as well as to the new day. They are called.

TODAY

So here hath been dawning another new day,
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this new day is born,
Into eternity at night 'twill return.
Behold it aforesaid, no eye ever did,
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.
Here hath been dawning another new day,
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

NEW YEAR'S DAY

BY MARY I. CURTIS

The very first day of the year is a holiday—New Year's Day. Let's start the New Year right by finding out just why we celebrate this day. We all like holidays, but we might enjoy them more, perhaps, if we understood the reasons why we follow certain customs in celebrating different anniversaries.

For centuries, the different races of the world have celebrated the coming of the new year; but they have not all celebrated their new year at the same time. The ancient Egyptians commenced their year about the middle of June, at the time of the annual overflow of the river Nile. The Babylonians, some thousands of years before Christ, dated their new year at the time when the spring brought forth new life in trees and plants. And the early Romans also began their year in March, with the coming of spring, which seems to be really the time a new year should begin.

These people, in order to show their joy in the returning life of nature, made a great festival of New Year's Day. All quarrels were put aside on this holiday; differences were reconciled and friendships were renewed. Everybody greeted everybody else with wishes of health and good-will, and there was feasting in the homes of rich and poor.

Julius Caesar changed the date of the Roman new year from the end of March to the first day of January, and the first Christians kept this Roman New Year's Day, only they made it a religious festival instead of a day of joyous carnival.

Caesar had made some mistakes in his calendar, so Pope Gregory, about sixteen centuries later, corrected it. By this corrected calendar nearly all the Christian countries in the world still celebrate the first day of January as New Year's Day.

Eating and drinking have always been a feature of New

Year's Day, and in old times people used to give New Year's presents just as we give Christmas gifts. In this country and in England the custom has changed, and we give our gifts on Christmas instead of on New Year's Day, but in France and some other foreign countries the children look forward to New Year's Day for their presents. They think of Christmas Day as a church festival.

Long ago, in England, it was the custom to open the doors of all the houses at midnight, on New Year's Eve, so that the spirit of the Old Year might go out, and the spirit of the little New Year come in from the cold and warm himself.

As the Old Year goes out, he might as well make up a bundle of all our old bad habits, broken purposes, and foolish mistakes and take them right along with him. Then, in place of these things that we would all like to be rid of, the little New Year will bring us, for a New Year's gift, a nice, new resolution to make the coming year the best one we have ever had.

REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE

BY CHARLES LAMB

The Old Year being dead, and the New Year coming of age, which he does, by calendar law as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark, but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below, and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty.

It was stiffly debated among them whether the Facts should be admitted. Some said the appearance of such lean, starved

guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would behave himself in his cups. Only the Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns to light the gentlefolk home at night.

All the Days came. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table; with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the Twenty-ninth of February.

Cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours; twelve little merry, whirligig foot-pages that went all round and found out the persons invited, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few such movables, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, "Hail, fellow Day! well met!" only Lady Day seemed a little scornful. Yet some said Twelfth Day cut her out, for she came all royal and glittering and Epiphenous. The rest came in green, some in white, but old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping, and sunshiny Days laughing. Wedding Day was there in marriage finery. Pay Day came late, and Doomsday sent word he might be expected.

April Fool took upon himself to marshal the guests, and May Day, with that sweetness peculiar to her, proposed the health of the host. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table returned thanks. Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, struck up a carol, which Christmas Day had taught him. Shrovetide, Lord Mayor's Day, and April Fool next joined in a glee, in which all the Days, chiming in, made a merry burden.

All this while Valentine's Day kept courting pretty May, who sat next him, slipping amorous *billets-doux* under the table till the

Dog Days began to be jealous and to bark and rage exceedingly.

At last the Days called for their cloaks and great-coats, and took their leaves. Shortest Day went off in a deep black fog that wrapped the little gentleman all round. Two Vigils—so watchmen are called in Heaven—saw Christmas Day safe home; they had been used to the business before. Another Vigil—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the Eve of St. Christopher—seeing Ash Wednesday in a condition little better than he should be, e'en whipt him over his shoulders, pick-a-pack fashion, and he went floating home singing:

“On the bat's back do I fly,”

and a number of old snatches besides. Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold; the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Resolutions to Help Insure Happiness at Friendship School

BY MARY L. HAHN

September 5

Dear Diary:

Another school year has begun, and it is good to be back at Friendship School. Miss Perkins sounded a clever note when she wished us all a “Happy New Year”! We had great fun making resolutions, but underneath the fun there was a deal of earnestness. Miss Perkins has a way of stimulating fun that isn't just froth. At any rate I was in earnest when I resolved to quit being sorry for myself, and try to learn from situations instead of using them as an excuse for self-pity.

It was thrilling to hear some of the resolutions. Dear Ellen

Moore, who is always a friendly, understanding person, resolved to hunt for opportunities to enrich the job of living, giving several of us our cue. We all had a good laugh when talkative Sally Ryan announced, "I resolve to do less talking so that I shan't miss hearing the interesting ideas of my friends"; while almost in the same breath quiet Kathie Patterson said, "I resolve to do more talking than just casual greetings, because people seem to feel that casual greetings are all I want in return."

Some resolutions concerning hobbies and other recreations made us look forward to receiving generous contributions of New Year happiness for Friendship School. Helen Brown, whose activities in amateur theatricals gave us so much pleasure last spring, now promises us "spontaneous drama" (see Reference 1). Her brief explanation was: "Imagine a conflict, briefly discuss its dramatic possibilities, assign parts, and then let the actors give an impromptu demonstration of how the plot could be developed." We are all invited to attend the first meeting.

Mr. Green's resolution was also a generous one, about having regular weekly hikes, alternating one after school with another held on Saturday. Mrs. Cook was especially pleased that the hikes were not all scheduled for Saturday mornings, because that time has long been sacred to her gardening.

Some resolutions in which many of us joined concerned learning to know our pupils as individuals; and learning how to work and play healthfully, instead of struggling for comfort and health *after* intemperate work or play activities.

When Miss Perkins added her resolution, "to trust you all, pupils and teachers, more fully, just as God trusts each one of us," irrepressible Sally gave us a happy-new-year feeling by exclaiming, "That goes for all of us! Why not form a 'Trust Company' for Friendship School?"

September 12

Dear Diary:

A whole week since we've had a hob-nob! I've had considerable squaring to do with my self-pity resolution. Resolving anything in public is an advantage with reservations, for then the resolution just has to be put into practice.

This week a rainstorm gave me an opportunity to refrain from being sorry for myself, when it caused a hike to be postponed from Wednesday to Thursday *after* I'd promised to attend a pupil committee meeting. That hike was especially tempting because it was our first with a camp-fire supper, and I do so like to have a hand in outdoor cookery.

The effort to balance my feeling with my thinking brought me to a realization that if I allowed myself to be concerned with a part of the Parade of Life that was passing on the far side of the street I would miss most of the interesting features on my side. Consequently by Thursday afternoon I had determined not to miss any of the interest at the pupils' meeting. That committee's plans grew like Jack's beanstalk and afterwards I realized that we had all been stimulated by what the girls told of Mrs. Cook's suggestion to their sewing class of having a "Trust Company" and of their awed pleasure because "once Mrs. Cook had to be away but every girl worked hard the whole period!" I'm sure this stimulation would have been lacking if my thoughts and feelings had been less completely at the children's disposal. That meeting gave me a new vision of how much children appreciate being trusted, and also of a way to avoid the danger of being swamped by my personal feelings.

September 19

Dear Diary:

As the month proceeds I've had several financial opportunities to reject self-pity. Really, Diary, since my salary has been so drastically cut, I could be absolutely discouraged at the num-

ber of times I've had to repeat this discipline, if Cousin Carrie hadn't remarked, on a recent shopping trip, "You certainly seem to have all the money you need!" Somehow her remark gave me a feeling of affluence despite the fact that my purse was almost flat after doing the necessary shopping.

For months I've been helped by making a detailed but flexible budget (see Reference 2) and trying to find happiness in experiences rather than in things.

September 24

Dear Diary:

Want to hear about the results of one of the sharing resolutions? Last Friday the whole staff from Friendship School attended a workshop meeting of the Amateur Players and was initiated into the mysteries of "spontaneous drama." Before the discussion began, Helen announced that anyone who was chosen to be an actor was expected to respond with "I'll be glad to try." Then someone mischievously suggested, as the subject for our drama, "two small boys who couldn't resist the lure of the old swimming hole and their teacher and parents who thought the lads should have been in school."

When quiet Kathie Patterson was asked to be the mother, the distressed tone of her "I'll be glad to try" nearly wrecked the meeting, but not more so than did her interpretation of a disturbed but firm-minded mother of two truant sons. Despite the laughter we were duly impressed, for we recognized that Kathie must be *very* observing and understanding of the mothers of her pupils, and also that she had completely cast aside her usual timidity.

We all agreed, "The play's the thing," and the guests begged to be invited to the next workshop meeting.

October 2

Dear Diary:

Our happy New Year is moving rapidly along with that "old vagabond, Time," but we've managed still to keep in touch with our resolutions.

I felt that Miss Perkins' resolution about trusting us must have been in everyone's thoughts during her recent absence. In other years when she has been away, Friendship School has carried on much as usual, but this time there seemed to be a stimulating, or perhaps I should say challenging, atmosphere which I'm sure was the result of our unspoken thoughts of the "Trust Company."

October 5

Dear Diary:

Yesterday Katherine Lewis entertained us by telling of her encounters with the resolution to rest, early and often. She began by borrowing Dr. Barnes's copy of *You Must Relax* (Reference 3), and after diligent study she tried to put its precepts into practice. Katherine insists that before the year is over she will demonstrate complete relaxation, despite the fact that nothing short of a magic wand could produce a quiet resting place at school.

INTERESTING REFERENCES

1. Overstreet, Harry A.: *A Guide to Civilized Loafing* (Norton).
2. Write to your state university, Department of Home Economics, for information on budget-making.
3. Jacobson, Edmund: *You Must Relax* (McGraw-Hill).

GAMES

HARUSAKI

Japanese New Year Games

ARRANGED BY BLANCHE TALMUD AND FRANCES FRUNDAGE

Harusaki is not so much a ritual or holiday celebration as it is a collection of the delightful games of Japanese children. To be sure "about the time of the old style New Year's day when the winds of February and March are favorable to the sport, kites are flown, and there are few games in which Japanese boys, from the infant on the back to the full-grown and the overgrown boy, take more delight," writes M. Chaplin Ayrton in his book *Child Life in Japan*. In this book will be found drawings and descriptions of other games included in *Harusaki*.

Mme. Kimura, the Japanese dancer, was in America in 1924 when this scenario was in production at the Neighborhood Playhouse. As she gave many useful hints in regard to these games and dances, a fuller description of the action is given here to include her suggestions.

The musical score for the games and dances was made by Lily May Hyland, and can be obtained from the Neighborhood Playhouse, 16 West 46th Street, New York City. The Roman numerals following the word MUSIC in the scenario refer to the complete list of musical numbers to be found on pages 64, 65.

CHARACTERS

FOUR BIG GIRLS
FOUR LITTLE GIRLS
FOUR BOYS
TOY MERCHANT
LION

SCENARIO

Outdoors. Gold screens and a tori * form background. A pine tree stands on either side of the tori which is stage center.

The scene opens with the four big girls standing with their backs to the audience holding plum blossom branches over their right shoulders ready to dance. This dance is done by any number of couples. On either side of the stage two little girls are playing with dolls. After the dance the girls decorate the pine trees with the plum branches.

(MUSIC I: *Plum Blossom Dance*)

The big girls form the little children in line and play the Counting Song Game.

(MUSIC II: *Counting Song and Dance*)

This game is a sort of London Bridge for any even number of girls. Two diagonal lines are formed in opposite corners. The lines move forward toward a converging point, then move backward. The two leaders move forward and form an arch through which the groups file. When all have gone through they gradually form a circle, increase their speed and gaiety. This continues until the game is interrupted by the Hobby Horse riders. Their step throughout is a lilting shuffle, strictly rhythmic with head bobbing in tilted fashion. The song is sung in Japanese, the A should be sounded äh always.

KAZOÉ-ŪTÄ

(*Counting Song*)

1

Hi-tō-tsū tō yä—

Hito-youū äkūrēba nigiyakädé

Okazari tatetaru matsukazari, matsukazari

* Japanese temple arch.

2

Fu-tä-tsū tō yä—

Futäbä-nō-martsūwā iroyokuté, irōyōkuté
Sangäi-matsu-wa, kasugayama, kasugayama

3

Mittsu-to-ya—

Minasan-kono-hi-wa, rakuasobi, rakuasobi,
Harusaki-komadodé, hanéotsukū, hanéotsukū.

(English Version)

1

Firstly, ah, firstly,
If a night goeth by,
Then cometh the dawn, rejoicing,
Populous morning; joy of dawn,
Adorned with deep-green of the pines!

2

Secondly, ah, secondly,
The pine whose needles are renewed,
Are of lovely color, lively color,
Three tired pines,
Those are of Kasugayama,
Only of Kasugayama.

3

Thirdly, ah, thirdly,
Let us pray and merry-make,
For today is the day of prayer,
Today is the New Year,* New Year,
Let us play the häné, the häné.†

* Early spring.

† Battledore and shuttlecock.

The game starts slowly and increases in excitement and speed until it is interrupted by two little boys on hobby horses.

(MUSIC III: *Hobby Horse Game*)

Two little boys on Hobby Horses enter singing, and scatter the children much to their amusement and excitement. The little girls pretend they are frightened and scamper. All sing the song as they watch two boys enter on stilts, showing their skill in keeping a strict tempo with the music. The little Hobby Horse riders stand respectfully by. Towards the end of the song the boys on stilts exit followed by the riders.

HOBBY HORSE SONG

Hai! Shi! Do-Do
O(m) Ma(n)ga to ru

Hai! Shi! Do-Do
O(m) Ma(n)ga to ru

Hai! Shi! Do-Do
O(m) Ma(n)ga to ru

(MUSIC IV: *Toy Salesman*)

A toy salesman now enters from stage left, circles the stage with a grotesque running step and exhibits his wares in large tray suspended from his neck. The two older children run to him and show their coins and in rhythmic movement purchase two dolls for the little children, four balls for the next size group, and two battledores and shuttlecocks for themselves. The two little boys return and rush rowdily up to the salesman, who shoos them away. After showing their coins he allows one at a time to buy a top. The salesman, much pleased with his sale, bows to the children, who bow to him. He then circles the stage with the grotesque running step and exits stage right.

(MUSIC: *Interlude. Finger Play*)

One older girl and one of the little boys now challenge each other with the finger play game, a sort of "odds and evens" for the purpose of deciding which group might use the space to play in first. If the girl wins the girls play first, otherwise the boys do.

This game, "Ishiken," is played in this fashion. A closed fist represents a stone, the open hand a net, the fore and middle fingers a pair of scissors. If the stone and scissors appear, the stone wins, since it can't be cut; if the scissors and net appear, the scissors win; and if the net and stone appear, the net wins, since it can catch a stone. Two out of three chances win. In this game it is arranged so that the girls win. During the finger play all watch eagerly and indicate with their fingers the gains of either side. When the girls win they are elated, while the boys go off rather disconsolate.

(MUSIC V: *Battledore and Shuttlecock*)

The two older girls now play their game of battledore and shuttlecock, which is based on a shuffling movement of feet, and posturing of head and arms, only tossing the shuttlecocks at the end of the phrases and running after them, and making interesting patterns in coming together and passing each other. The dance finishes in the center of the stage in a posture.

(MUSIC V: *Ball Game*)

Now the four girls with four large balls come forward bouncing the balls in strict rhythm. They form a square and bounce the balls back and forth, and doing as intricate movements as possible, such as bouncing the ball and making a turn before catching it, and always keeping a formal pattern that has unity. The game finishes with one ball rolling through the tori, as the other girls move toward the right bouncing the ball and turning before catching it, so that each child, as she reaches her place, sits down on the ground. One girl runs through the tori after her ball and notices two boys coming toward her with a huge kite. She points to them and then starts the kite song.

(MUSIC VI: Kite Song)

All the children, excepting the boys, are now seated at stage right singing and clapping hands in rhythm as the two boys walk around showing their huge kite. One boy holds the kite and the other holds the long strands that form the tail. Towards the end of the song, the boy poises the kite as high as he can, then runs through the tori, followed by the other boy, who has let go of the tail.

KITE SONG

Ha(m)—ma chi-do-ri i-no to-mo-yo o-bu-ke-ye wa
 Ha—(m) ma chi-do-ri i-no to-mo-yo o-bu-ke ye wa
 Chi-ri-chi ri-ya
 Chi-ri chi-ri chi-ri-ya
 Chi-ri-ya chi-ri chi-ri

(MUSIC VII: Top Spinning)

One little boy now runs around winding his top, stops and spins it; he tries to catch it with the string when the other boy runs around winding his top. He tosses his top at the first boy's, causing it to stop spinning. The first boy gives him a push, which starts a fight. They are about to have a rowdy fight, when the girls rise.

(MUSIC: Interlude)

The oldest girl scolds them for fighting in so undignified a fashion and indicates their long sleeves, the symbol of the Sumari rank, at which they remove their kimonos in preparation to wrestle in the true Sumari fashion. They are dressed under their kimonos in the typical wrestling costume.

(MUSIC VIII A: Wrestling Song)

The children all stand back and sing the dignified wrestling song as the wrestlers walk around in a lunging step, showing their muscles.

WRESTLING SONG

I-ko-u-u-ka ma(i) Ra(n)-sho-o-o Ka-a-a
Yo-ne-ya ma-a
A-no ya-a-a

(MUSIC VIII B: *Wrestling Match*)

With the tallest girl acting as referee and moving a fan from side to side, the two boys do—very rhythmically—the movements of a typical wrestling match. The onlookers take sides and show much excitement. At the end of the match, when one boy has fallen, the referee indicates the winner. The children applaud him and help the boys put on their kimonos.

(MUSIC VIII C: *The Award*)

The group all sing as the referee presents the award (a sugar plum) to the winner, and then leads him triumphantly around as all the group bow respectfully. When he returns to center stage he lowers himself to his knees and salaams.

AWARD SONG

I-ko-u-u-ka ma(i) ka-a-a
Yo-ne-ya ma-a-a
A-no ya-a-a

(MUSIC IX: *Sun Tag Game*)

All play except the two boys who went off with the kite. Now one child in pantomime suggests that all line up for the game of Sun Tag, which is similar to our game of fox and geese. One, the fox, faces the line of geese. The smallest child is at the end of the line and the group moves in spiral patterns and tries to prevent the fox from catching the littlest child. There are four phrases for making the spiral movements and the small child falls at the end.

(MUSIC X: *Lion Dance*)

Two drummers (former kite boys) now enter drumming and

stand one in either side of the tori. The children all scatter, some right and some left. The lion (the salesman with a lion's mask on) enters slowly with a cat-like movement. He stops in the center, looks suspiciously around him, yawns lazily and stretches and settles down to sleep. The children appear frightened and keep away, although they know he is a masked lion. When he is quiet, the children from the left tiptoe toward him to pat him, at which he makes a sudden move at them, and then quiets down again. The children from the other side then move quietly toward him and he repeats the sudden move at them. This gradually leads into his rising and running from side to side, frightening them, at which they retreat, shrieking and laughing, but following him. He works his way toward the tori and exits, keeping up his play at them. They all form in line on stage and follow and retreat until curtain closes.

CURTAIN

NOTES

A. Properties

Lion's head	Tray for Merchant with:
4 plum blossom branches	2 battledores and shuttlecocks,
2 Hobby Horses	2 dolls
2 pairs of stilts	2 tops with strings
Kite	Small drum and sticks
Miscellaneous toys	Four large rubber balls
Prize for wrestler (a sweet)	Flute, fans, rattles, bean bag

B. Musical Numbers

- I. PLUM BLOSSOM DANCE
- II. COUNTING SONG AND DANCE
- III. HOBBY HORSE SONG
- IV. MERCHANT'S SONG
- V. GAME, BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK
- VI. KITE SONG

- VII. TOP SPINNING
- VIII. WRESTLING SONG
- IX. SUN TAG GAME
- X. LION DANCE

NOTE: *Musical arrangement by Lily May Hyland may be leased from the office of the Neighborhood Playhouse, 16 West 46th Street, New York.*

C. Book List

- CHILD LIFE IN JAPAN AND JAPANESE CHILD STORIES, *by M. Chaplin Ayrtton*. Heath: Boston, 1909.
- ONE HUNDRED FOLK SONGS OF ALL NATIONS, *by Sir Granville Bantock*. Musician's Library. Ditson: Boston, 1911.
- JAPANESE CHILDREN. This book may be obtained of The Toyodo, Tori Shingokucho, Kanda, Tokyo.

Celebrations for All Fools' Day

PLAYS

THE ELF AND THE BUTTERFLY *

A Play for All Fools' Day

BY MIRJANE STRONG

CHARACTERS

MR. SPIDER

FIDGET

LITTLE BUTTERFLY

MR. NORTH WIND

The scene is a field with one late patch of snow. There is a large spiderweb fastened to the grass at one side, and sitting in his web, snoring gently, is old MR. SPIDER, a muffler around his neck. Lying some distance away is a Monarch butterfly chrysalis—lovely pale turquoise marked with gold.

The elf, FIDGET, comes in, walking jauntily and whistling as he arranges a feather in his new red cap. He, too, is wrapped in a muffler. He sees MR. SPIDER.

FIDGET. (*Putting his cap on.*) Hello, Old Spider! How do you like my new red cap? (*He strikes an attitude. MR. SPIDER snores on. FIDGET looks at him closely.*) Asleep, eh? (*He chuckles and taking off his cap, tickles MR. SPIDER's nose with the feather. MR. SPIDER, in his sleep, brushes the feather away with one of*

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his long legs. FIDGET, amused, does it again. MR. SPIDER rubs his nose. FIDGET is ready to dodge, but MR. SPIDER sleeps on. FIDGET tickles him again. MR. SPIDER gives a great sneeze and wakes up. The elf is doubled up with laughter.) April fool!

MR. SPIDER. So it's you, you young scalawag! (*He reaches out for FIDGET, who dodges.*)

FIDGET. Ha! Ha! You can't catch me, Old Spider! You can catch flies and mosquitoes in your web but you can't catch Fidget! I'm too smart for you! (*He replaces his cap at a jauntier angle than ever, and skips away, laughing.*)

MR. SPIDER. You'll be too smart once too often! (*He goes to sleep again.*)

(*FIDGET makes a snow ball and is about to aim it at something in the distance when he sees the butterfly chrysalis.*)

FIDGET. Ho, what's this?—I say—the butterfly chrysalis has fallen off the milkweed branch. (*He looks up.*) It was hanging there. (*He points up.*) I wonder if she knows it? (*Leaning down to the chrysalis.*) Heigh, little butterfly, do you know you've fallen off the milkweed?

BUTTERFLY. (*From chrysalis.*) Is that what happened?

FIDGET. Did you hurt yourself?

BUTTERFLY. (*After a moment.*) I guess not.

FIDGET. That's good. What color are you going to be?

BUTTERFLY. I don't know. What color was my mother?

FIDGET. I don't know your mother.—Why don't you come out and see what color you are?

BUTTERFLY. I can't come out until Spring tells me to.

FIDGET. (*Raising his voice to a soprano.*) Why, I'm Spring, little Butterfly—come out! This is Spring calling you now!

BUTTERFLY. (*Doubtfully.*) Are you sure?

FIDGET. (*Grinning.*) Of course I'm sure, Little Butterfly! Come out, come out! The flowers are blooming and the soft breezes are blowing. (*He wraps his muffler closer.*) Come out!

BUTTERFLY. (*Joyfully.*) It's almost too good to be true! I've

waited so long! I'll be right out, Spring!

(FIDGET holds his sides with laughter at the joke he is playing and hides under a dead leaf to watch. Softly the tapering end of the chrysalis breaks open and LITTLE BUTTERFLY crawls slowly out. She does not look much like a butterfly yet. Her beautiful red-gold wings are crumpled close to her soft, slender black body. She yawns, stretches a little and gradually her wings unfold until she can flutter about—short tries at first and then more adventurous ones. FIDGET is enchanted with her.)

BUTTERFLY. (*Flitting about.*) Oh, it's wonderful to be out! (*Shivering.*)—but it's not very warm and I don't see any flowers. (*Lighting on the patch of snow and quickly getting off.*) Ohhhh! what's that awful cold, white stuff!

(MR. SPIDER wakes up at her shriek.)

MR. SPIDER. My Goodness, Little Butterfly—aren't you out early?

BUTTERFLY. (*Anxiously.*) Am I? It does seem cold.

MR. SPIDER. I should think it would! I didn't expect you for some time. How'd you happen to come out so soon?

BUTTERFLY. Why, Spring told me to.

MR. SPIDER. Spring? Humph! Spring won't be around here for a while!

BUTTERFLY. (*Very worried by now.*) Oh, but I know I heard a voice saying it was Spring!

MR. SPIDER. (*Cocking his eye around.*) You did, eh? Well, I suspect—

(MR. NORTH WIND is heard wailing. FIDGET looks concerned.)

BUTTERFLY. (*Terrified.*) Oh—what's that!

MR. SPIDER. That's old North Wind and I hate to think what he'll do when he finds you out.

(NORTH WIND howls again.)

BUTTERFLY. Oh, what will I do!

MR. SPIDER. (*Looking dubiously at his web.*) I'm afraid I can't offer you much protection. Here—(*Unfastening his muffler.*) You can have my muffler.

BUTTERFLY. (*Gratefully.*) Thank you, Sir!

(*She wraps it around her shoulders. NORTH WIND comes in with a great howl and bluster.*)

NORTH WIND. Woooooooooooo, hwoooooooooo! (*He stops in amazement as he sees the shivering BUTTERFLY.*) Whoooooat do I see? A butterfly? Yooooou'll be sorry yooooo're out, little lady!

BUTTERFLY. (*Her teeth chattering.*) I-I-I am!

NORTH WIND. Whoooooat do you mean by coming out so sooooooon?

BUTTERFLY. (*Trembling violently.*) Oh, please Mr. North Wind, don't blow so at me! Someone told me Spring had come.

NORTH WIND. (*Furiously.*) Spring! Don't tell me she's been trying to sneak in at this time of year! (*Roaring.*) Woooooooooooo!

MR. SPIDER. Go easy there, North Wind.

NORTH WIND. (*Angrily.*) What have you got to do with this?

MR. SPIDER. Nothing—but I could guess who has.

NORTH WIND. What d'you mean?

MR. SPIDER. Well, *Spring* hasn't been around here, that's a sure thing—(*Looking around.*) but there's a certain elf—(*Suddenly pointing to the dead leaf.*) There he is now!

NORTH WIND. (*Blowing the leaf over.*) Soooooo! (*Scornfully.*) That little thing in the red cap? So you've been impersonating Spring, have you?

FIDGET. (*Scampering away.*) April fool! You can't get me! You can't get me!

NORTH WIND. Whooo can't get you?

(*He blows at FIDGET, who skips about, laughing wildly. MR. SPIDER motions to his web. NORTH WIND, swelling out and filling his cheeks, blows FIDGET straight into the web, where he struggles in vain to get away.*)

FIDGET. Let me go! Let me go I say. I'll be good. It was just

an April fool joke. Please let me go, Mr. Spider.

MR. SPIDER. Oh, it's *Mister* Spider, now, is it? (*Surveying him coldly.*) I think that's a good place for you. You do too much mischief around here.

NORTH WIND. (*Coming over to look.*) Seems to me I remember you—you put an icicle down Spring's back—Ho! Ho! (*Catches himself and looks stern.*)

MR. SPIDER. (*Thoughtfully.*) Yes, I think I'll just keep you.

FIDGET. (*Thoroughly frightened.*) Oh, Mr. Spider, you wouldn't do that! You couldn't eat me!

MR. SPIDER. Oh, I *could*. (*Looking him over.*) I don't relish you though.

FIDGET. You're only teasing. Please let me go, Mr. Spider!

MR. SPIDER. I suppose you were only teasing Little Butterfly and now look at her. She'll freeze to death.

FIDGET. (*Horried.*) Oh, no she won't!—will she? (*To BUTTERFLY.*) Why don't you crawl back into your chrysalis, Little Butterfly?

BUTTERFLY. (*In tears.*) I can't. My wings won't fold up again.

FIDGET. (*Forgetting his own plight.*) Oh, somebody must do something! (*To NORTH WIND.*) Couldn't you go away? Then it would get warm!

NORTH WIND. (*Indignantly.*) *Me* go away! I should say not! I'm really sorry about the butterfly here, but I can't give up my job.

FIDGET. (*Almost in tears.*) But look at her shiver!

NORTH WIND. It's not my fault she's shivering. If meddlesome people like you would keep out of other people's business, she'd still be warm inside her chrysalis.

FIDGET. (*Angrily.*) I don't see why you have to come, anyway!

NORTH WIND. You don't, you impertinent nuisance! You don't, eh? Why, if it weren't for me, the flowers and the trees

would never go to sleep. They need sleep just like children.

FIDGET. (*Interrupting excitedly.*) I have it!

NORTH WIND. (*Annoyed.*) You have *what*?

FIDGET. You can blow Little Butterfly down South where it's warm and she can stay there until Spring comes.

NORTH WIND. (*Sarcastically.*) That's a wonderful idea except she'd freeze on the way.

LITTLE BUTTERFLY. My mother and father went South.

MR. SPIDER. Yes, but that was before it got cold.

(FIDGET is downcast for a moment—then he has another idea.)

FIDGET. I know! We'll get her some warm clothes! I can make her a little wooly jacket out of mullein leaves and some pussy-willow ear muffs—there are some right over there! Let me go, Mr. Spider! I'll bring them right back!

MR. SPIDER. (*Wisely.*) Oh, no you don't! I know your tricks! You're going to stay right where you are, young feller!

FIDGET. (*Desperately.*) I'll come right back, Mr. Spider—honest I will! I'll come right back here to your web if you'll just let me go and get Little Butterfly some warm clothes.

MR. SPIDER. (*Hesitating.*) No—I don't trust you. You're a slippery one.

FIDGET. I'll tell you what. You can spin a rope around me and keep hold of the end of it. (*Pointing.*) The mullein grows right over there!

BUTTERFLY. Please let him get it, Sir, I'm so cold!

MR. SPIDER. (*Slowly.*) Well, I guess there's no harm in that—I'll make a good stout rope! (*He fastens the rope around FIDGET'S waist and untangles his arms and feet from the web.*) There—(*He spins the rope out as FIDGET scampers off stage. They all watch him. He comes back almost immediately with two big flannel mullein leaves which he wraps around LITTLE BUTTERFLY, securing them with his muffler.*)

FIDGET. There! Isn't that nice and warm, Little Butterfly?

(*She smiles and snuggles down inside her "jacket".*) Now for your ear muffs and your mittens. (*He runs off again, returning with some soft pussy-willows and some white angora mittens.*) There—(*He puts the mittens on her cold hands.*)—milkweed-down mittens—from the plant you were hanging on—there was just this little bit left in one of the old seed pods. (*He looks at the two pussy-willows, puzzled for a moment, tries them over her ears, then runs to MR. SPIDER with them.*) Spin a string to hold these, will you, Mr. Spider? (*MR. SPIDER takes the pussy-willows and hands them back fastened together with a string to go across LITTLE BUTTERFLY'S head. FIDGET puts them on her.*) Now for a cap. (*He thinks a minute.*) I know!—A hepatica bud! That'll make her a nice furry cap! (*He runs off.*)

NORTH WIND. He won't find any hepatica up—not while I'm around!

MR. SPIDER. I'm afraid not.

(*FIDGET comes back, still looking all around the ground and under the dry leaves for the early buds. There is not one to be found.*)

FIDGET. (*To himself.*) What can I find for a cap! (*When the others are not looking, he takes off his own precious red cap, looks at it wistfully—then glances at LITTLE BUTTERFLY. He strokes the feather, shakes his head, puts his cap back on resolutely, and looks around the ground, harder than ever!*) There must be something!

NORTH WIND. (*Getting impatient.*) Hurry up there— I can't wait all day.

FIDGET. (*Running about faster.*) I'm hurrying— I'm sure to find one in a minute!

NORTH WIND. You won't find any buds this early. The little lady'll have to go without a cap. Are you ready, Butterfly?

FIDGET. (*Quickly.*) Oh, no she won't! (*Snatching off his cap.*) Here, Little Butterfly, take mine!

BUTTERFLY. Oh, your beautiful red cap!

FIDGET. (*Hastily shoving it into her hands lest he change his mind.*) No, it's all right—put it on! (*She puts it on.*) All right, North Wind—you're ready aren't you, Little Butterfly?

BUTTERFLY. Just a minute—I want to speak to Mr. Spider—(*She comes close and says in his ear.*) Do let him go, Sir—I'm sure he's sorry for what he did.

MR. SPIDER. (*Gruftly.*) Harrumph! Good bye, Little Butterfly!

BUTTERFLY. (*Smiling happily.*) You will, won't you? (MR. SPIDER *merely shoos her away but he is smiling.*) I'm ready now, Mr. North Wind.

(NORTH WIND *swells up and fills his cheeks out and blows a great gust toward LITTLE BUTTERFLY.*)

NORTH WIND. Hwooooooooo!

(LITTLE BUTTERFLY *sails gracefully around the stage and off.*)

BUTTERFLY. Good bye!

(*She waves her hand and is gone. NORTH WIND follows her, blowing as he goes. MR. SPIDER begins slowly reeling in the rope tied to FIDGET. FIDGET obediently climbs back into the web and sits down. MR. SPIDER studies him.*)

MR. SPIDER. (*Sternly.*) Well—?

FIDGET. (*Meekly.*) Well—?

MR. SPIDER. What would you do if I let you go?

FIDGET. I would thank you.

MR. SPIDER. Will you think before you play any more pranks on helpless little people?

FIDGET. (*Earnestly.*) Oh, I will, Mr. Spider! I never want to hurt anyone!

MR. SPIDER. I know. That's the way with most jokers but they don't think.—Well, I guess it was punishment enough for you to have to give up your new red cap. (FIDGET *turns away to wipe his eyes with his sleeve so MR. SPIDER won't think him a baby. MR. SPIDER has unfastened the rope.*) Well, why

don't you go?

(FIDGET, *looking down, finds that he is free. MR. SPIDER untangles his feet and he steps out.*)

FIDGET. (*Meekly.*) Thank you, Mr. Spider. I'll remember—
Good bye—

(MR. SPIDER *shoos him away and settles down to go to sleep again. FIDGET walks slowly off.*)

MR. SPIDER. (*Watching him with one eye open.*) Well, he'll be good—for a few minutes. (*He closes his eyes and begins to snore peacefully as the curtain falls.*)

NOTES ON PRODUCTION

If the play can be correlated with nature study, both should profit. The spider web can be made with heavy white cord from the original pattern by Mr. Spider. The ends of the web must be securely tacked to the walls or scenery so Fidget can struggle without dislodging them.

The chrysalis for Little Butterfly can be a cloth sack covered with robin's egg blue crepe paper. The markings are shining gold. Pictures can be consulted, but every child should have the opportunity, if possible, of watching the transformation of a real Monarch butterfly worm, not hard to find on milk-weed. The chrysalis is lovely beyond description!

The patch of snow can be crepe paper, the dead leaves cut from heavy brown wrapping paper, and mullein leaf cut from gray-green felt or flannel. The pussy-willows are cotton dipped in gray "Tintex" and fluffed out again.

COSTUMES

MR. SPIDER wears long black stockings on his arms and legs and has four extra legs made of black stockings stuffed with cotton and fastened to his fat, black body and to the web. Still another black stocking is drawn over his head

and sewed neatly across the top. Eyes can be sewn on. He is inactive except for two of his legs (arms).

FIDGET. Suggested costume: red cap, of course, blue jacket, brown breeches, hose and pointed shoes. (Crepe paper or stiff cloth.)

LITTLE BUTTERFLY wears black tights covering her completely, and a black skull cap with white velvet dots concealing her hair. Black wire antennae are fastened to the cap. Her wings must be made of cloth so they will fold and unfold. The black and white markings (Monarch butterfly) can be sewed or painted on. The wings are fastened to her arms.

NORTH WIND is completely enveloped in a slate grey hooded garment with odd streamers of the material. He has a very red face. He can fold his arms across his stomach beneath his garment and raise them when he prepares to blow, thus giving the impression of swelling up and then deflating when he lowers them.

APRIL EVENING *

A Play in One Act for April First

BY OLIVE PRICE

CHARACTERS

MITZI, *a girl of Old Vienna*

CAPTAIN FRANZ, *Mitzi's fiancé*

CHARLES LANNER, *a patriot*

OLGA

KATHIE

GRETCHEN

FRIEDRICH

HAL

CARL

} *young people of the
Viennese aristocracy*

* For permission to produce, apply to author, 101 Delaware Ave., Freeport, L.I.

TIME: *April 1, 1848.*

PLACE: *A terrace and garden on COUNTESS MARIE's estate.*

SCENE: *A terrace and garden on COUNTESS MARIE's estate just outside of Vienna.*

It is a night of youth and music and romance. Stars hang low—there is a moon—in short, it is April. . . . In the foreground is a terrace set with flowering shrubs and evergreens—and a white pergola, left, which presumably leads to the house. Across the stage from left to right in the background is a high brick garden wall with an archway or gate, center, leading to the highway. There are climbing vines upon it and trees overhanging.

As the curtain rises, strains of Strauss waltzes are heard from an orchestra offstage. The scene on the terrace is one of color, motion, delight. To the gay lilt of the music—three couples are waltzing—OLGA and FRIEDRICH—KATHIE and HAL—GRETCHEN and CARL.

GRETCHEN. (*As the music ends.*) "The Gold and Silver Waltz!" Nothing in Vienna creates as much excitement as a new Strauss tune!

KATHIE. (*Humming it gaily.*) This is so exquisite! What else could?

CARL. (*Laughing.*) Only one thing at the moment—or should I say—one person?

OLGA. The Man on the Black Horse!

FRIEDRICH. (*Smiling.*) How enchanting our people are! To Music, we give the Waltz,—to Fashion, the Empress Elizabeth,—and now to a revolutionist—a title as romantic as something out of legend!

KATHIE. But Friedrich! He may be a romantic person! Some say he is a Magyar!

HAL. (*Laughing.*) On the other hand, Liebling, he may be only a gypsy!

KATHIE. Nonsense, Hal! Nonsense! Have you ever heard a gypsy make speeches in a city square? What does he care about government? He knows no law but his own.

HAL. (*Laughing again.*) How naïve you are, Liebling!

KATHIE. (*Pouting.*) But the Man on the Black Horse must be one of culture! It has been reported he was entertained by King Ludwig in his castle on the Isle of Roses!

FRIEDRICH. You talk like a little goose! King Ludwig would entertain a barbarian if it amused him.

KATHIE. (*As MITZI enters on the arm of CAPTAIN FRANZ.*) I shall leave it to Mitzi to decide. See if she doesn't feel as I do.

MITZI. (*With pretty exasperation.*) If this is another April fool's joke—

(*She is tall and young and extraordinarily beautiful. Her brocaded satin dress is patterned after those of the Ladies of the Court; her fan and slippers are silver.*)

OLGA. But it isn't, Mitzi! It isn't! The argument concerns the Man on the Black Horse!

MITZI. But I know nothing about him! If I did I should call the police!

KATHIE. But how would you picture him? As a person, I mean?

MITZI. (*Gaily.*) Oh, tall and dark and daring! And I've heard it said by those who saw him in the park that he has a most attractive slant to his right eye!

KATHIE. Perhaps that's his eye for beauty!

MITZI. Oh, very much perhaps—!

KATHIE. (*Turning to the others triumphantly.*) You see! Mitzi feels as I do!

CAPTAIN FRANZ. Apparently, all that a man needs to be a success with women is to be a charming rogue! Luckily, I have his death warrant!

MITZI. (*Shocked.*) His death warrant! What has he done

to deserve that penalty?

CAPTAIN FRANZ. Mitzi, my child, speeches made against the king and his methods are Treason!

MITZI. But surely he can do no harm here in Vienna!

CAPTAIN FRANZ. The harm is already done. He has excited the entire population of Hungary to clamour for home rule! He's a follower of Francis Deak! (*As music is heard again off-stage.*) Now concern your pretty head no longer. They're playing "The Emperor's Waltz"! (*Holding his arms open to her.*) Your dance is really about to begin!

MITZI. But this we dance in the ball-room! It's to end with the coming of the King!

(*She lays her hand on his arm, dropping her fan as she does so. The act goes unnoticed by the others as she and FRANZ go out through the pergola. The rest follow, laughing and chattering. Meanwhile, a shadow is seen at the garden gate. It is that of CHARLES LANNER—a tall young man with a dark flashing type of good looks. He is not dressed in uniform as the other men are, but his clothes are for evening and in impeccable taste. For a moment he stands irresolute—then opens the gate and comes into the garden. He stands warily surveying its deserted appearance as MITZI re-enters the pergola. Quickly concealing himself back of some shrubbery, he watches her as she goes about looking for her fan. As she stoops to pick it up, he approaches her, smiling.*)

CHARLES. Good-evening, Fräulein.

MITZI. (*Turning, surprised but not displeased.*) Good-evening.

CHARLES. (*Bending down to pick up her fan.*) Allow me—

MITZI. Thank you. Thank you indeed,—but to whom do I have the honor?

CHARLES. What does it matter? This is April—this is a ball—and I am a guest—

MITZI. (*Insouciantly.*) Is it just that it's springtime—or do

you love creating a mystery?

CHARLES. (*Smiling.*) I love creating a mystery!

MITZI. Then why are you not in the ball-room? Mother's receiving there.

CHARLES. (*Delighted.*) Then you must be Mitzi! The daughter of Countess Marie!

MITZI. And what if I am?

CHARLES. You can help me tremendously!

MITZI. I think this must be a game—or is it another joke for April fool? (*Moving away coquettishly.*) If it is, pray excuse me! I seem to be a special target.

CHARLES. (*Following her.*) Would you call it a joke or an April fool's prank to save a man's life?

MITZI. (*Turning back to him suddenly.*) Who are you? You are more than just a—a guest.

CHARLES. Who I am does not matter. What I do in the next quarter hour does.

MITZI. Are the secret police after you?

CHARLES. (*Laughing.*) They have always been after me—but that does not mean much. What matters more is the life of my friend.

MITZI. Who is your friend?

CHARLES. A great patriot.

MITZI. (*Imperiously.*) But what have I to do with him? This is a ball—not a Viennese Court of Justice.

CHARLES. (*Roaring.*) A Viennese Court of Justice in the reign of Franz Joseph! My pretty child—what a fallacy!

MITZI. (*Disturbed.*) Do you know you are speaking against the Emperor and that he will be here tonight?

CHARLES. That does not stop him from signing death warrants!

MITZI. (*Staring at him strangely.*) Come here.

CHARLES. Gladly.

MITZI. Your face is in shadow. (*As she stands on tip-toe.*)

Let me look at you closely.

CHARLES. (*Mocking, as he turns toward the light that streams from the pergola.*) Does the Lady find me pleasing?

MITZI. (*Suddenly awed.*) You are the one that they call "The Man on the Black Horse!" There's a—a slant to your right eye!

CHARLES. (*Bowing with gallantry.*) Your discovery is charming!

MITZI. (*Backing away from him.*) You are wanted by the police for Treason!

CHARLES. If to aid the people is Treason—then every Magyar in Hungary—

MITZI. (*Interrupting.*) I should turn you over to Captain Franz!

CHARLES. (*Bowing again.*) If that should be the case then I shall die at the hands of the most beautiful girl in all Vienna! Many men have died less fortunately.

MITZI. How dare you—!

CHARLES. I dare to say all that's in my mind! (*Half with tenderness, half with bravado.*) Even dying men are granted that! I came here especially to find Captain Franz. He alone has the warrants that can send my friend and me to our deaths. He will find us not quite ready but that is beside the point. How did I know that in seeking him I should find April and springtime and music in looking upon your face?

MITZI. (*Half-charmed by his words.*) You speak of April and springtime and music when—

CHARLES. When I'm on the verge of being shot? (*Laughing ironically.*) That's a joke on me, my dear.

MITZI. This has been a day of jokes; but none so grim as this.

CHARLES. Jokes are merely a challenge to players. If I am smart, I outwit the trickster!

MITZI. (*Mockingly.*) Meaning, of course,—?

CHARLES. I find Captain Franz. I get the warrants. I tell you I love you—and we follow the stars across the border—

MITZI. We follow the stars! Impertinence! I am to marry Captain Franz!

CHARLES. (*Impetuously.*) Not if your heart beats faster when I speak of happier things! A long white road across the plains—gypsy fires like jewels in the night—dark mountains that sing a rhapsody . . . Life, Mitzi, life! Full and free—beautiful and dangerous!

MITZI. You can speak like this with Death so close at hand?

CHARLES. (*Laughing.*) There can be no death on April first. Life outwits it every time.

MITZI. (*Turning away.*) You are only fooling yourself, Sir. I belong to Captain Franz. And, after all, there's duty—

CHARLES. That's only an ugly word tonight—colorless as white wine—

MITZI. (*As CAPTAIN FRANZ appears on the pergola.*) You think so? We shall see!

CAPTAIN FRANZ. (*Calling.*) Mitzi! Mitzi!

MITZI. (*Concealing her fan in the folds of her dress.*) I'm in the garden, Franz.

CHARLES. (*Significantly.*) I shall be waiting in the shrubbery. (*With a warning note in his voice.*) But if you are too long—!

CAPTAIN FRANZ. (*Coming through the pergola.*) I've looked for you everywhere!

MITZI. I hurried away to find my fan.

CAPTAIN FRANZ. That seems a very little thing to make you miss "The Emperor's Waltz."

MITZI. Little things sometimes assume a very grave importance.

CAPTAIN FRANZ. How serious you have become! (*Laughing.*) Waltz-time isn't meant for that!

MITZI. I've still to find my fan.

CAPTAIN FRANZ. You probably left it in your dressing-room.

MITZI. No, I'm sure I didn't, Franz. Let's see—

CAPTAIN FRANZ. You surely have another!

MITZI. (*Very plainly playing for time.*) But this is silver and matches my gown!

CAPTAIN FRANZ. We'll look for it in the ball-room.

MITZI. I remember now! I put it in your wallet when we were dancing here tonight!

CAPTAIN FRANZ. My wallet! You couldn't have! But we'll see!

MITZI. (*As he takes it out of his inner pocket.*) It's such a little fan, you know. (*Taking the wallet from him.*) Here! I'll look myself!

CAPTAIN FRANZ. (*Indulgently.*) You women and your pretty trifles!

MITZI. It doesn't seem to be here though. (*As she unfolds a printed document.*) What is this, Franz?

CAPTAIN FRANZ. (*Annoyed.*) Careful, please. They're death warrants.

MITZI. Death warrants! (*Shuddering.*) Oh, how terrible!

CAPTAIN FRANZ. Put them back in the wallet, Mitzi.

MITZI. I will. (*As she suddenly screams and stands as if frozen with terror.*) Oh! Oh! Oh!

CAPTAIN FRANZ. (*Taking her by the shoulders.*) Mitzi! What's happened! What do you see?

MITZI. A—a man in a mask! He crossed the pergola!

CAPTAIN FRANZ. Wait! Do not move! I'll follow him!

(*She stands quite immobile, the warrants in her hand, as CAPTAIN FRANZ hastens away in the direction of the pergola—and an instant later—CHARLES appears joyfully from the shrubbery.*)

CHARLES. (*Extravagantly.*) Mitzi! You beautiful—!

MITZI. Take them! Hurry!

CHARLES. It's a short way to the border and my carriage is

waiting—

MITZI. (*Covering her face with her hands.*) Oh, why have I done this thing tonight?

CHARLES. (*As shots are heard in the distance.*) This is April first, my dear, and Life plays tricks with hearts that do not know the way to go!

MITZI. April first—and stars and fools—and Oh, the loveliness of it all! (*Remembering, as she gives him her hand and they go toward the gate.*) A long white road across the plains—and gypsy fires on the border . . . !

CURTAIN

WHO'S THE FOOL NOW? *

A Play

BY ELBRIDGE S. LYON

CHARACTERS

HORACE

MOTHER

FLORENCE

JIM

BILL

TOM

Library of a private house. About four o'clock any April Fool's afternoon.

HORACE *is curled up in a big chair reading a huge volume.*
MOTHER *passing through room left to right discovers HORACE;*
pauses. She is wearing hat and coat. \

* For permission to produce, apply to the author, Chatham, N.J.

MOTHER. Why, Horace, what are you doing indoors?

HORACE. Reading.

MOTHER. It's a lovely spring day. You run out and play.

HORACE. I don't want to.

MOTHER. You ought to want to. What are you reading?

HORACE. Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

MOTHER. Gracious. At four o'clock on the first spring day we have had, you sit here alone reading an old History book. You must go out. You'll never get well and strong. Look at you. You are only half as husky as your sister, Florence. How is it you do not want to play like other boys? Come, now; get out.

HORACE. No—not today.

MOTHER. What is the matter with today?

HORACE. Don't you know? It's April Fool's day.

MOTHER. Well, what of it?

HORACE. The boys are up to tricks and teasing folks.

MOTHER. Well, you ought to be doing it, too.

HORACE. I don't like to fool people.

MOTHER. You are fooling yourself. You should mix with other boys.

HORACE. Like Florence?

MOTHER. Well, Florence ought to play more with other girls, but anyway, she is well and happy.

HORACE. She is a tomboy.

MOTHER. While you are a — No, I can't say it, and I don't mean it, but you'll have to show me you are a real he-boy or I will have to think it. Come, now, outdoors for you.

HORACE. Pretty soon, maybe.

MOTHER. I am only asking you to go and play, not rake the yard or anything.

HORACE. All right, Mother, in a few minutes, as soon as I finish this chapter.

MOTHER. All right. Be in in time to wash for dinner.

HORACE. I will.

MOTHER. Good-bye, dear. I'll be back in about half an hour.

(Exit MOTHER right. HORACE slumps into chair and continues to read. Voices and laughter are heard outside. HORACE looks out window, throws book into chair and goes out left. Enter right, FLORENCE, JIM, TOM and BILL.)

JIM. Where is he?

FLORENCE. I don't know. I thought he went home from school. He usually sits in this big chair reading. No one hardly ever comes into this room except Father at night. He calls it the study, but Mother says it is the smoking room.

TOM. I wish Horace was here. It would be so easy to fool him. I'd like to try this box of tricks on him. I haven't been able to fool anyone all day.

BILL. Why is he so different from other kids?

FLORENCE. I don't know. Because his name's Horace, I guess. He hates it.

BILL. What difference does that make?

FLORENCE. I don't know.

TOM. He's stupid.

FLORENCE. He is not! He gets swell marks in all his lessons.

JIM. What does that get him? He doesn't have any fun.

FLORENCE. The teacher told Mother once that he has "interior complexes."

BILL. I know,—that is because he is so little.

TOM. Well, let's go make meows under old Miss Thompson's window.

JIM. O.K. Me-o-o-w.

BILL. Come on, Florence.

FLORENCE. Sure, I'm on. Wait till I get my roller skates. *(Goes out left.)*

JIM. She ought to have been a boy.

TOM. And Horace a girl.

JIM. He sure is a funny kid. I wonder where he is.

TOM. At the Public Library, probably.

(*Enter FLORENCE and HORACE, left.*)

BILL. Well, look who's here. Hello, Horace, old boy, how are you? Shake hands. (*Holds out hand. HORACE tries to take it, but BILL withdraws his hand.*)

FLORENCE. He was out in the kitchen.

JIM. Stealing cake, I'll bet.

TOM. That reminds me, I have some candy. Have a caramel.

(*Offers bag of candy to FLORENCE who takes one, removing paper and putting it in her mouth. BILL does the same. TOM passes bag to HORACE who takes one, removes paper and puts candy in his mouth and tries to chew. The others stare at him.*)

HORACE. (*Making faces.*) Ouch, this is as hard as a rock.

OTHERS. (*Guffawing.*) April Fool! April Fool!

HORACE. (*Removing candy and examining it.*) I might have broken a tooth on that.

TOM. Oh, it's only rubber.

HORACE. Rubber is made from the sap of certain trees mostly in Sumatra. The sap is called "latex" and when refined and coagulated makes what we call rubber. Rubber can be made into the softest or the hardest of substances.

JIM. You mean like a fountain pen.

HORACE. Yes, that is a good illustration. The outside is hard to the point of fragility, while the little bag inside that holds the ink is soft and pliable.

JIM. That's funny. I never thought of that.

TOM. I have a fountain pen. It makes it more interesting when you think out how it is made and is a useful article. See, it writes fine. Try it. (*He hands it to HORACE.*)

HORACE. Where did you get it?

TOM. It was a gift. Try it. Write on the wall.

FLORENCE. No! Don't you do that.

TOM. Gee, I forgot this was your house.

BILL. Here, write on the back of this magazine. Is that all right, Florence?

FLORENCE. I guess so.

(HORACE *tries pen and it squirts out of the top all over his hands.*)

HORACE. Oh! Oh! It squirted at me.

OTHERS. April fool! April fool!

HORACE. That is an unkind practical-joke. It might have ruined my clothes.

FLORENCE. Come on. Be a sport! Go wash it off before it dries.

HORACE. All right, but I don't think it's funny. (*Exit left.*)

BILL. It isn't right to tease him.

FLORENCE. I don't know. Mother wants him to get out and mix with other boys. It is Father who spoils him, says he wants Horace to get high enough marks to make up for his own low ones.

JIM. He seems so dumb, but knows so much. Funny, I call it.

TOM. He can't see a joke with a telescope. I've got four more tricks to use yet. My, those two worked swell!

BILL. (*Going to rear wall.*) What's this queer-looking box—a radio?

FLORENCE. Sure. It's a special home-made short-wave set. Dad built it.

BILL. I don't understand. It seems to be part of the wall.

FLORENCE. It is. The dials are here, but you get at it from behind. There is a closet in the other room full of tubes and funny-looking things.

JIM. Can we see behind?

FLORENCE. No, sir-ee. Dad would kill anyone even peeking in there. Besides, he keeps it locked.

TOM. What is a short-wave set?

FLORENCE. I don't know. Mother says she gets hers at the beauty parlor.

BILL. What can they get on this set?

FLORENCE. Oh, Turkey and Mars and the Moon.

TOM. Honest?

FLORENCE. Sure, any place. Dad says some day we will be able to pick voices out of the past like George Washington and Julius Caesar.

JIM. How do you turn it on?

FLORENCE. You'd better not.

BILL. Come on. Your mother is out. I saw her.

TOM. Horace would tell on us.

FLORENCE. He would not! I'll turn it on. (*Presses button. A little light shows. She turns dials and gets awful noises.*)

JIM. Sounds like Miss Thompson's cats.

BILL. } (*Together.*) Listen, listen. Keep quiet.
TOM. }

(*A faint weird voice is heard.*)

VOICE. Stand by for station announcement. This is the Island of Elba. The next voice you hear will be that of Napoleon Bonaparte.

(*Static.*)

JIM. Gee whiz!

BILL. }
FLORENCE. } Shut-up— Listen.
TOM. }

VOICE. (*This time a nasal voice.*) Witnesses of my humiliation, I hail you for your friendship in this, my dark hour. Let not your ambitions best your actions towards others. I had the world at my feet, yet was not satisfied. I did not need to march into Russia. Had I ever been satisfied with enough and not envied the rest, there would have been no Waterloo.

(*Pause.*)

TOM. That's wonnerful!

JIM. It's a miracle.

BILL. Shhh—

FLORENCE. I think it's—

(HORACE appears at door, left, with newspaper hat on sideways, one arm across his breast in Napoleonic fashion.)

HORACE. April fool! April fool! (*He prances into room.*)

Who's the fool now?

JIM. Nice work, old pal.

TOM. Gee, you sure had me fooled.

BILL. Me too.

FLORENCE. Even me, for a minute.

HORACE. Come on in the kitchen and have some cake.

(*They all go out door left.*)

HORACE. (*Voice from behind door.*) April fool! I ate it all up.

(*Sound of scuffling and overturned chairs.*)

CURTAIN

A MAD TEA-PARTY

DRAMATIZED FROM LEWIS CARROLL'S "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

PERSONS

ALICE

MARCH HARE

HATTER

DORMOUSE

PLACE: *In Wonderland.*

The MARCH HARE's house is seen in the rear. It has chimneys shaped like ears, and a roof thatched with fur. A long table is set out under a tree in the yard, and the MARCH HARE, the HATTER, and the DORMOUSE are seated at it, having tea.

Although the table is laid for many, the HARE, the HATTER, and the DORMOUSE are crowded close together near one end, with the DORMOUSE between the other two. The MARCH HARE and the HATTER are talking and resting their elbows on the head of the DORMOUSE, who is fast asleep. Seeing a big arm-chair at the end of the table next to the MARCH HARE, ALICE walks toward it, and starts to sit down. Up jump the MARCH HARE and the HATTER, and shout together.

MARCH HARE. }
HATTER. } No room! No room!

ALICE. (*Much surprised.*) There's plenty of room! (*She sits down in the arm-chair.*)

MARCH HARE. It wasn't very polite of you to sit down without being invited.

ALICE. I didn't know it was *your* table. It's laid for a great many more than three.

HATTER. (*Looking curiously at ALICE.*) Your hair needs cutting.

ALICE. (*Crossly.*) You should learn not to make rude speeches.

HATTER. (*Opening his eyes very wide.*) Why is a raven like a writing-desk?

ALICE. (*Brightly.*) Now we shall have some fun asking riddles. I believe I can guess that.

MARCH HARE. Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?

ALICE. Exactly so.

MARCH HARE. Then you should say what you mean.

ALICE. (*Hastily.*) I do—at least, at least I mean what I say. That's the same thing, you know.

HATTER. Not a bit the same! Why, you might just as well say that "I see what I eat" is the same thing as "I eat what I see"!

MARCH HARE. You might just as well say that "I like what I get" is the same thing as "I get what I like"!

DORMOUSE. (*Waking up for a moment, and talking in a squeaky little voice.*) You might just as well say that "I breathe when I sleep" is the same thing as "I sleep when I breathe"!

HATTER. (*Looking at the DORMOUSE.*) It is the same thing with you.

(*They are all silent for a few minutes, drinking their tea. Then the HATTER takes a big watch out of his pocket and looks at it very anxiously. He shakes it hard and then holds it up to his ear.*)

HATTER. (*Looking at ALICE.*) What day of the month is it?

ALICE. (*After thinking a moment.*) The fourth.

HATTER. (*Looking angrily at the MARCH HARE.*) This watch is two days wrong! I told you butter wouldn't suit the works of a watch.

MARCH HARE. (*Meekly.*) It was the best butter.

HATTER. (*Grumbling.*) Yes, but some crumbs must have fallen into the works, too. You shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife.

(*The MARCH HARE takes the watch from the HATTER and looks at it carefully. Then he dips it into his cup of tea and looks at it again. Next he shakes it and puts it up to his ear. All this time the HATTER seems very angry. ALICE then takes the watch from the MARCH HARE and looks at it closely.*)

ALICE. What a funny watch! It tells the day of the month and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!

HATTER. (*Rudely.*) Why should it? Does *your* watch tell what year it is?

ALICE. (*Promptly.*) Of course not; but that's just because it stays the same year for such a long time.

HATTER. Which is just the case with *mine*.

ALICE. (*Puzzled, but speaking politely.*) I don't quite understand you.

HATTER. (*Changing the subject suddenly.*) The Dormouse is asleep again!

(*He pours a little hot tea on the nose of the DORMOUSE.*)

DORMOUSE. (*Shaking his head, but without opening his eyes.*) Of course, of course. That is just what I was going to remark myself. (*He goes to sleep again.*)

HATTER. (*Turning to ALICE.*) Have you guessed the riddle yet?

ALICE. No; I give it up. What's the answer?

HATTER. I haven't the slightest idea.

MARCH HARE. Nor I.

ALICE. (*Somewhat angrily.*) I think you might do something better with the time than to waste it in asking riddles that have no answers.

HATTER. If you knew "Time" as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*.

ALICE. (*Very much puzzled.*) I don't know what you mean.

HATTER. (*Tossing his head in scorn.*) Of course you don't! I dare say you have never even spoken to Time!

ALICE. Perhaps not; but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.

HATTER. Ah, that explains it. Time won't stand beating. Now, if you'd only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning—just time to begin lessons; you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling. Half-past one, time for dinner!

MARCH HARE. (*Whispering to himself.*) I only wish it were.

ALICE. (*Thoughtfully.*) That would be very nice, certainly; but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know.

HATTER. Not at first, perhaps. But you could keep it at half-past one as long as you liked.

ALICE. Is that the way you manage?

HATTER. (*Shaking his head mournfully.*) Not I. Time and I had a quarrel last March—just before *he* (*Pointing at the MARCH HARE.*) went mad, you know. We were at a great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:

“Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you’re at!”

You know the song, perhaps?

ALICE. I’ve heard something like it.

HATTER. It goes on, you know, in this way:

“Up above the world you fly
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—”

DORMOUSE. (*Singing in his sleep.*) Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—

HATTER.	}	(<i>Both punching the DORMOUSE.</i>) Stop!
MARCH HARE.		

(*DORMOUSE stops singing, but keeps on sleeping.*)

HATTER. Well, I had hardly finished the first verse when the Queen bawled out, “He’s murdering the time! Off with his head!”

ALICE. How dreadfully savage!

HATTER. (*Wiping the tears from his eyes.*) And ever since that, Time won’t do a thing I ask! It’s always six o’clock now.

ALICE. (*Looking around the table.*) Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?

HATTER. (*Sighing.*) Yes, that’s it. It’s always tea-time now, and so we have no time to wash the things between whiles.

ALICE. Then you keep moving around the table, I suppose?

HATTER. Exactly so; as the tea-things get used up, we move

around to the next place.

ALICE. But what happens when you come to the beginning again?

MARCH HARE. (*Giving a loud yawn.*) Suppose we change the subject. I'm getting tired of this. I vote that the young lady tell us a story.

ALICE. (*Looking frightened.*) I'm afraid I don't know one.

HATTER.	}	Then the Dormouse shall tell us a story. Wake up, Dormouse! (<i>They pinch him on both sides at once.</i>)
MARCH HARE.		

DORMOUSE. (*Slowly opening his eyes.*) I wasn't asleep. I heard every word you fellows were saying.

MARCH HARE. (*Shouting at him.*) Tell us a story.

ALICE. (*Politely.*) Yes, please do.

HATTER. (*Rudely.*) And be quick about it, or you'll be asleep again before it's finished.

DORMOUSE. (*In a squeaky little voice.*) Once upon a time there were three little sisters, and their names were Elsie, Lucie, and Tillie, and they lived at the bottom of a well—

ALICE. (*Much interested.*) What did they live on?

DORMOUSE. (*After thinking a moment.*) They lived on treacle.

ALICE. They couldn't have done that, you know. They would have been ill.

DORMOUSE. So they were. Very ill.

ALICE. (*Looking puzzled.*) But why did they live at the bottom of a well?

MARCH HARE. (*Interrupting.*) Take some more tea.

ALICE. (*Crossly.*) I've had nothing, yet. So I can't take more.

HATTER. You mean you can't take *less*. It's very easy to take *more* than nothing.

ALICE. Nobody asked your opinion.

HATTER. (*Laughing at ALICE.*) Who's making rude speeches now?

ALICE. (*Taking some bread and butter, and then turning again to the DORMOUSE.*) But why did they live at the bottom of a well?

DORMOUSE. (*Thinking a long time.*) It was a treacle well.

ALICE. (*Getting angry.*) There isn't any such thing!

HATTER. } (*Pointing their spoons at ALICE.*) Sh!

MARCH HARE. } sh! sh!

DORMOUSE. (*Sulkily.*) If you can't be polite, you'd better finish the story for yourself.

ALICE. No, please go on. I won't interrupt you again.

DORMOUSE. And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—

ALICE. What did they draw?

DORMOUSE. Treacle.

HATTER. (*In a loud voice.*) I want a clean cup. Let's all move on one place.

(*With much noise, they move on. ALICE unwillingly takes the place of the MARCH HARE, who has upset the milk jug into his plate.*)

ALICE. (*To the DORMOUSE.*) But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?

HATTER. (*Crossly.*) You can draw water out of a water-well, and so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well, eh! stupid!

ALICE. (*Much puzzled.*) But they were *in* the well.

DORMOUSE. Of course they were—well in. They were learning to draw—(*The DORMOUSE is rubbing his eyes, yawning, and getting sleepier.*)—and they drew—everything that begins with an “M.” (*By this time the DORMOUSE is dozing, but the HATTER pinches him, and he wakes with a squeak and goes on with his story.*)—that begins with an “M”—such as mouse-trap, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are “much of a muchness.” Did you ever see such—a—thing—as—a—much—of—a—muchness? (*He puts*

his head on the table and instantly falls sound asleep.)

ALICE. (*Much puzzled.*) Really, now you ask me I don't think—

HATTER. (*Rudely.*) Then you shouldn't talk!

(*This rudeness is more than ALICE can stand. She gets up and walks off in great disgust, the HATTER and the MARCH HARE taking no notice of her. The last she sees of them, they are trying to put the DORMOUSE into the teapot.*)

ALICE. (*In a disgusted tone of voice.*) At any rate, I'll never go *there* again. It was the stupidest tea-party I was ever at in all my life.

POEMS

APRIL PLAYED A JOKE

BY ANNETTE WYNNE

April played a joke—
 she showed the best of weather
And all the little flowers came
 tripping out together,
Very airy, very small, dressed
 in summer laces;
Suddenly she nipped them all
 and chilled their dainty faces.

April, April, what a way!
What a wicked joke to play!
What if the flowers got frightened so—
They turned about and would not grow—
It would be your fault, O April, dear,
Please, don't play that game again this year!

HOW HE TURNED OUT

BY EDWIN MEADE ROBINSON

When he was young, his parents saw (as parents by the mil-
lions see)
That Rollo had an intellect of quite unequaled brilliancy;
They started in his training from the hour of his nativity,
And carefully they cultivated every bright proclivity.

102 *CELEBRATIONS FOR ALL FOOLS' DAY*

At eight, he ate up authors like a literary cannibal,
At nine he mastered Latin as the Latins mastered Hannibal;
At ten he knew astronomy and differential calculus,
And at eleven could dissect the tiniest animalculus.

At twelve, he learned orthometry, and started in to master all
The different kinds of poetry, the lyric and the pastoral,
The epic and dramatic, the descriptive and didactical,
With lessons theoretical and exercises practical.

Music he learned—the old and sweet, the up-to-date and hide-
ous;
He painted like Apelles and he modeled like a Phidias;
In language he was polyglot, in rhetoric Johnsonian,
In eloquence Websterian, in diction Ciceronian.

At last, with learning that would set an ordinary head agog,
His education far outshone his most proficient pedagog;
And so he entered life, with all its lore to lift the lid for him—
And what do you imagine that his erudition did for him?

Alas! I fear the truth will shock you, rather than amuse you
all—

To those who've read this sort of verse, the sequel is unusual.
This man (it's hard on humor, for it breaks the well known
laws of it!)

Was happier for his learning, and a great success because of it!

LOST CHILDREN

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

A little boy named Ben
Had a hole in his stocking

That was positively shocking
And big enough for ten;
And it grew and it grew
Till the little boy fell through,
And he never was heard of again!

A little boy named Paul—
No, I think his name was Bertie—
Was (excuse me please) so dirty
That while running through a hall
Where there wasn't any light
He got so mixed up with Night
That they can't ever see him at all!

But a little girl named Cis
Was so late to school each morning
(Though they gave her every warning)
That the lazy little miss
Cannot possibly be found
Though they've searched for miles around,
For she's back several years before this!

THE NUTCRACKERS AND THE SUGAR-TONGS

BY EDWARD LEAR

The Nutcrackers sat by a plate on the table;
The Sugar-tongs sat by a plate at his side;
And the Nutcrackers said, "Don't you wish we were able
Along the blue hills and green meadows to ride?
Must we drag on this stupid existence forever,
So idle and weary, so full of remorse,
While everyone else takes his pleasure, and never
Seems happy unless he is riding a horse?"

"Don't you think we could ride without being instructed,
Without any saddle or bridle or spur?
Our legs are so long and so aptly constructed,
I'm sure that an accident could not occur.
Let us all of a sudden hop down from the table,
And hustle downstairs and jump on a horse!
Shall we try? Shall we go? Do you think we are able?"
The Sugar-tongs answered distinctly, "Of course!"

So down the long staircase they hopped in a minute;
The Sugar-tongs snapped and the Crackers said, "Crack!"
The stable was open; the horses were in it;
Each took out a pony and jumped on his back.
The Cat, in a fright, scrambled out of the doorway;
The Mice tumbled out of a bundle of hay;
The Brown and White Rats and the Black ones from Norway
Screamed out, "They are taking the horses away!"

The whole of the household was filled with amazement;
The Cups and the Saucers danced madly about;
The Plates and the Dishes looked out of the casement;
The Salt-cellar stood on his head with a shout;
The Spoons with a clatter looked out of the lattice;
The Mustard-pot climbed up the gooseberry pies;
The Soup-ladle peeped through a heap of veal patties,
And squeaked with a ladle-like squeak of surprise.

The Frying-pan said, "It's an awful delusion!"
The Teakettle hissed and grew black in the face;
And they all rushed downstairs in the wildest confusion,
To see the great Nutcracker-Sugar-tong race.
And out of the stable with screaming and laughter—
Their ponies were cream-colored, speckled with brown—
The Nutcrackers first, and the Sugar-tongs after,
Rode all down the yard and then all round the town.

They rode through the street, and they rode by the station,
They galloped away to the beautiful shore;
In silence they rode, and made no observation
Save this: "We will never go back any more!"
And still you might hear, till they rode out of hearing,
The Sugar-tongs snap and the Crackers say, "Crack,"
Till, far in the distance, their forms disappearing,
They faded away, and they never came back.

GODFREY GORDON GUSTAVUS GORE

BY WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore—
No doubt you have heard the name before—
Was a boy who never would shut a door!

The wind might whistle, the wind might roar,
And teeth be aching and throats be sore,
But still he never would shut the door.

His father would beg, his mother implore,
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
We really *do* wish you would shut the door!"

Their hands they wrung, their hair they tore;
But Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore
Was deaf as the buoy out at the Nore.

When he walked forth the folks would roar,
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
Why don't you think to shut the door?"

They rigged out a shutter with sail and oar,
And threatened to pack off Gustavus Gore
On a voyage of penance to Singapore.

But he begged for mercy, and said, "No more!
Pray do not send me to Singapore
On a shutter, and then I will shut the door!"

"You will?" said his parents; "then keep on shore!
But mind you do! For the plague is sore
Of a fellow that never will shut the door,
Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore!"

JONATHAN BING

BY B. CURTIS BROWN

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went out in his carriage to visit the King,
But everyone pointed and said, "Look at that!
Jonathan Bing has forgotten his hat!"
(He'd forgotten his hat!)

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went home and put on a new hat for the King,
But up by the palace a soldier said, "Hi!
You can't see the King; you've forgotten your tie!"
(He'd forgotten his tie!)

Poor old Jonathan Bing,
He put on a beautiful tie for the King,
But when he arrived an Archbishop said, "Ho!
You can't come to court in pajamas, you know!"

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went home and addressed a short note to the King:
"If you please will excuse me I won't come to tea,
For home's the best place for all people like me!"

BALLAD

BY CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

PART I

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
A thing she had frequently done before;
 And her spectacles lay on her apron'd knees.

The piper he pip'd on the hill-top high,
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
Till the cow said, "I die," and the goose asked "Why?"
 And the dog said nothing, but search'd for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the square farmyard;
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard,
 The connection of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,
 As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips;
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
If you try to approach her away she skips
 Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair;
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
 Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

PART II

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks,
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks
 There is hope, but she didn't even sneeze.

She sat with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks;
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She gave up mending her father's breeks,
 And let the cat roll in her best chemise.

She sat with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks,
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And gaz'd at the piper for thirteen weeks;
 Then she follow'd him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep follow'd her, as their tails did them,
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And this song is consider'd a perfect gem;
 And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

SHOPPING ON PARNASSUS

BY PAN

I went to the Smart Shop
Where words are retailed and retailed
For vers libre poets.
And they showed me a tray of nouns.
 Let me see,
There were aloes and sandal and musk,
Sea popples and slit conch shells,
Anemones and algae,

Spume and spray;
There were heights and depths, throes and thrills, rouge
And drabs.
And they showed me a tray of adjectives, drooping-
Shouldered, half-virginal, wind-scattered, draped,
Undraped, ruffle-skirted, wan-green, ochre, yes,
And drab.
And I passed up the verbs and asked
To see the thoughts,
But,
So they told me, they were all out;
There was no demand;
I might find what I wanted
In the notions.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

BY LEWIS CARROLL

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun!”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.

You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand:
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “it *would* be grand!”

“If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“That they could get it clear?”
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“O Oysters, come and walk with us!”
The Walrus did beseech.
“A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:

Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:

Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick.
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!

Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

APRIL FIRST

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

Minerva, take your owl and get you hence.
Close fast your doors, all shops and banks and schools.
This is the great, the blessed Day of Fools!
A whole year we've been serious, earnest, tense;
Let's leap the traces—smash some prudent fence;
Away with books and brooms, all labor's tools;
Now, now, before our splendid ardor cools
Celebrate madly, spend our last ten cents!

Get out the car, or board the nearest trolley—
Wherever any whim suggests we'll go
And do the wildest silliest thing we know.
We'll laugh, play tricks, and rout black melancholy.
Hark—this is true—experience proves it so;
Not cap and bells but crowns, all crowns, are folly.

NONSENSE SONG

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

If you were a turkey gobbler,
And I were a kangaroo,
We would go to walk together,
You in pink and I in blue.
You would smile and I would simper,

Singing too ral loo ral loo,
If you were a turkey gobbler,
And I were a kangaroo.

If you were a pussy kitten,
And I were a flying kite,
We would sing a song together,
You in black and I in white.
We would trill and we would warble,
Till the people took to flight,
If you were a pussy kitten,
And I were a flying kite.

If I were the King of Goblins,
And you were the Fairy Queen,
We would dance a jig together,
You in red and I in green.
You would hop and I would caper,
Most delightful to be seen,
If I were the King of Goblins,
And you were the Fairy Queen.

AN OVERWORKED ELOCUTIONIST

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece;
And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.
So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head and still kept learning more.
And now this is what happened; he was called upon one week
And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak.
His brain he cudgelled. Not a word remained within his head!
And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My Beautiful, my beautiful, who standest proudly by,
It was the schooner Hesperus—the breaking waves dashed
high!

Why is this Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?
Under the spreading chestnut tree, there is no place like home!
When freedom from her mountain height cried 'Twinkle little
star.'

Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels,
My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills, ring out wild bells!
If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be,
The curfew must not ring tonight! Oh, woodman, spare that
tree!

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! and let who will be
clever!

The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!"

His elocution was superb, his voice and gestures fine;

His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line.

"I see it doesn't matter," Robert thought, "what words I say,
So long as I declaim with oratorical display."

THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT

BY EDWARD LEAR

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree

The Quangle Wangle sat,

But his face you could not see,

On account of his Beaver Hat.

For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,

With ribbons and bibbons on every side,

And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace,

So that nobody ever could see the face

Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

The Quangle Wangle said
 To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"Jam, and jelly, and bread
 Are the best of food for me!
But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"
 Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree
 Mr. and Mrs. Canary;
And they said, "Did ever you see
 Any spot so charmingly airy?
May we build a nest on your lovely Hat?
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Oh, please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best,
 Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree
 Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl,
The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,
 The Frog and the Fimble Fowl
(The Fimble Fowl, with a corkscrew leg);
And all of them said, "We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely Hat—
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
 Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And the Golden Grouse came there,
 And the Pobble who has no toes,
And the small Olympian bear,
 And the Dong with a luminous nose.

And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,
And the Orient Calf from the Land of Tute,
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat—
All came and built on the lovely Hat
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

And the Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
“When all these creatures move
What a wonderful noise there’ll be!”
And at night by the light of the Mulberry Moon
They danced to the flute of the Blue Baboon,
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree,
And all were as happy as happy could be,
With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

HOW A CAT WAS ANNOYED AND A POET WAS BOOTED

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

A poet had a cat.
There is nothing odd in that—
(I *might* make a little pun about the *Mews*!)
But what is really more
Remarkable, she wore
A pair of pointed patent-leather shoes.
And I doubt me greatly whether
E’er you heard the like of that:
Pointed shoes of patent-leather
On a cat!

His time he used to pass
Writing sonnets, on the grass—

(I *might* say something good on *pen* and *sword*!)
While the cat sat near at hand,
Trying hard to understand
The poems he occasionally roared.
 (I myself possess a feline,
 But when poetry I roar
He is sure to make a bee-line
 For the door.)

The poet, cent by cent,
All his patrimony spent—
 (I *might* tell how he went from *verse* to *worse*!)
Till the cat was sure she could,
By advising, do him good.
 So addressed him in a manner that was terse:
 "We are bound toward the scuppers,
 And the time has come to act,
Or we'll both be on our uppers
 For a fact!"

On her boot she fixed her eye,
But the boot made no reply—
 (I *might* say: "Couldn't speak to save its *sole*!")
And the foolish bard, instead
Of responding, only read
 A verse that wasn't bad upon the whole.
 And it pleased the cat so greatly,
 Though she knew not what it meant,
 That I'll quote approximately
 How it went:—

"If I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree"—
 (I *might* put in: "I think I'd just as *leaf*!")

"Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough"—

Well, he'd plagiarized it bodily, in brief!
But that cat of simple breeding
Couldn't read the lines between,
So she took it to a leading
Magazine.

She was jarred and very sore
When they showed her to the door.

(I *might* hit off the *door* that was a *jar*!)
To the spot she swift returned
Where the poet sighed and yearned,
And she told him that he'd gone a little far.
"Your performance with this rhyme has
Made me absolutely sick,"
She remarked. "I think the time has
Come to kick!"

I could fill up half the page
With descriptions of her rage—

(I *might* say that she went a bit *too fur*!)
When he smiled and murmured: "Shoo!"
"There is one thing I can do!"
She answered with a wrathful kind of purr.
"You may shoo me, an' it suit you,
But I feel my conscience bid
Me, as tit for tat, to boot you!"
(Which she did.)

The Moral of the plot
(Though I say it, as should not!)
Is: An editor is difficult to suit.
But again there're other times

When the man who fashions rhymes
Is a rascal, and a bully one to boot!

APRIL FOOL

BY ELEANOR HAMMOND

Small April sobbed,
"I'm going to cry!
Please give me a cloud
To wipe my eye!"

Then, "April fool!"
She laughed instead
And smiled a rainbow
Overhead!

THE PERILS OF INVISIBILITY

BY W. S. GILBERT

Old Peter led a wretched life—
Old Peter had a furious wife;
Old Peter, too, was truly stout,
He measured several yards about.

The little fairy PICKLEKIN
One summer afternoon looked in,
And said, "Old Peter, how-de-do?
Can I do anything for you?"

"I have three gifts—the first will give
Unbounded riches while you live;
The second, health where'er you be;
The third, invisibility."

"O, little fairy PICKLEKIN,"
Old Peter answered, with a grin,
"To hesitate would be absurd,—
Undoubtedly I choose the third."

" 'Tis yours," the fairy said; "be quite
Invisible to mortal sight
Whene'er you please. Remember me
Most kindly, pray, to Mrs. P."

Old Mrs. Peter overheard
Wee PICKLEKIN's concluding word,
And, jealous of her girlhood's choice,
Said, "That was some young woman's voice!"

Old Peter let her scold and swear—
Old Peter, bless him, didn't care.
"My dear, your rage is wasted quite—
Observe, I disappear from sight!"

A well-bred fairy (so I've heard)
Is always faithful to her word:
Old Peter vanished like a shot,
But then—his suit of clothes did not.

For when conferred the fairy slim
Invisibility on him,
She popped away on fairy wings,
Without referring to his "things."

So there remained a coat of blue,
A vest and double eyeglass too,
His tail, his shoes, his socks as well,
His pair of—no, I must not tell.

Old Mrs. Peter soon began
To see the failure of his plan,
And then resolved (I quote the bard)
To "hoist him with his own petard."

Old Peter woke next day and dressed,
Put on his coat and shoes and vest,
His shirt and stock—but could not find
His only pair of—never mind!

Old Peter was a decent man,
And though he twigged his lady's plan,
Yet, hearing her approaching, he
Resumed invisibility.

"Dear Mrs. P., my only joy,"
Exclaimed the horrified old boy;
"Now give them up, I beg of you—
You know what I'm referring to!"

But no; the cross old lady swore
She'd keep his—what I said before—
To make him publicly absurd;
And Mrs. Peter kept her word.

The poor old fellow had no rest;
His coat, his stock, his shoes, his vest
Were all that now met mortal eye—
The rest, invisibility!

"Now, madam, give them up, I beg—
I've bad rheumatics in my leg;
Besides, until you do, it's plain
I cannot come to sight again!

“For though some mirth it might afford
To see my clothes without their lord,
Yet there would rise indignant oaths
If he were seen without his clothes!”

But no; resolved to have her quiz,
The lady held her own—and his—
And Peter left his humble cot
To find a pair of—you know what.

But—here’s the worst of this affair—
Whene’er he came across a pair
Already placed for him to don,
He was too stout to get them on!

So he resolved at once to train,
And walked and walked with all his main;
For years he paced this mortal earth,
To bring himself to decent girth.

At night, when all around is still,
You’ll find him pounding up a hill;
And shrieking peasants whom he meets,
Fall down in terror on the peats!

Old Peter walks through wind and rain,
Resolved to train, and train, and train,
Until he weighs twelve stone or so—
And when he does, I’ll let you know.

THE BAKER'S TALE

FROM THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK

BY LEWIS CARROLL

They roused him with muffins—they roused him with ice—
 They roused him with mustard and cress—
 They roused him with jam and judicious advice—
 They set him conundrums to guess.

When at length he sat up and was able to speak,
 His sad story he offered to tell;
 And the Bellman cried "Silence! Not even a shriek!"
 And excitedly tingled his bell.

There was silence supreme! Not a shriek, not a scream;
 Scarcely even a howl or a groan,
 As the man they called "Ho!" told his story of woe
 In an antediluvian tone.

"My father and mother were honest, though poor—"
 "Skip all that!" cried the Bellman in haste.
 "If it once becomes dark, there's no chance of a Snark—
 We have hardly a minute to waste!"

"I skip forty years," said the Baker, in tears,
 "And proceed without further remark
 To the day when you took me aboard of your ship
 To help you in hunting the Snark.

"A dear uncle of mine (after whom I was named)
 Remarked, when I bade him farewell—"
 "Oh, skip your dear uncle!" the Bellman exclaimed,
 As he angrily tingled his bell.

"He remarked to me then," said that mildest of men,
"If your Snark be a Snark, that is right:
Fetch it home by all means—you may serve it with greens
And it's handy for striking a light.

"You may seek it with thimbles—and seek it with care;
You may hunt it with forks and hope;
You may threaten its life with a railway-share;
You may charm it with smiles and soap—'

("That's exactly the method," the Bellman bold
In a hasty parenthesis cried,
"That's exactly the way I have always been told
That the capture of Snarks should be tried!")

"But oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day,
If your Snark be a Boojum! For then
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be met with again!'

"It is this, it is this that oppresses my soul,
When I think of my uncle's last words:
And my heart is like nothing so much as a bowl
Brimming over with quivering curds!

"It is this, it is this—" "We have had that before!"
The Bellman indignantly said.
And the Baker replied, "Let me say it once more.
It is this, it is this that I dread!

"I engage with the Snark—every night after dark—
In a dreamy delirious fight:
I serve it with greens in those shadowy scenes,
And I use it for striking a light:

"But if ever I meet with a Boojum, that day,
In a moment (of this I am sure),
I shall softly and suddenly vanish away—
And the notion I cannot endure!"

MY RECOLLECTEST THOUGHTS

BY CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL

My recollectest thoughts are those
Which I remember yet;
And bearing on, as you'd suppose,
The things I don't forget.

But my resemblest thoughts are less
Alike than they should be;
A state of things, as you'll confess,
You very seldom see.

And yet the mostest thought I love
Is what no one believes—
That I'm the sole survivor of
The famous Forty Thieves!

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE CROCODILE

BY LEWIS CARROLL

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
And neatly spreads his claws,

And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!

SIR BAILEY BARRE *

BY W. S. GILBERT

A complicated gentleman allow me to present,
Of all the arts and faculties the terse embodiment,
He's a great Arithmetician who can demonstrate with ease
That two and two are three, or five, or anything you please;
An eminent Logician who can make it clear to you
That black is white—when looked at from the proper point of
view;
A marvelous Philologist who'll undertake to show
That "yes" is but another and a neater form of "no."

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

BY EDWARD LEAR

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar.
"Oh, lovely Pussy, oh, Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!

* Was Sir Bailey born on All Fools' Day?

Oh, let us be married; too long we have tarried:

But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day,

To the land where the bong-tree grows;

And there in the wood a Piggy-wig stood,

With a ring at the end of his nose,

His nose,

His nose,

With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling

Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."

So they took it away and were married next day

By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined on mince and slices of quince,

Which they ate with a runcible spoon;

And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,

They danced by the light of the moon,

The moon,

The moon,

They danced by the light of the moon.

THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES

BY EDWARD LEAR

The Pobble who has no toes

Had once as many as we;

When they said, "Some day you may lose them all,"

He replied, "Fish fiddle de-dee!"

And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink

Lavender water tinged with pink;

For she said, "The World in general knows

There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!"

The Pobble who has no toes
Swam across the Bristol Channel;
But before he set out he wrapped his nose
In a piece of scarlet flannel.
For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe—provided he minds his nose."

The Pobble swam fast and well,
And when boats or ships came near him,
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell
So that the world could hear him.
And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,
When they saw him nearing the farther side,
"He has gone to fish for his Aunt Jobiska's
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

But before he touched the shore—
The shore of the Bristol Channel,
A sea-green Porpoise carried away
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
And when he came to observe his feet,
Formerly garnished with toes so neat,
His face at once became forlorn
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,
From that dark day to the present,
Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,
In a manner so far from pleasant.
Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,
Or crafty mermaids stole them away,
Nobody knew; and nobody knows
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes
Was placed in a friendly Bark,
And they rowed him back and carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.
And she made him a feast at his earnest wish,
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;
And she said, "It's a fact the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

THE AUTHOR OF THE "POBBLE"

BY EDWARD LEAR

How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!
Who has written such volumes of stuff!
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough.

His mind is concrete and fastidious,
His nose is remarkably big;
His visage is more or less hideous,
His beard it resembles a wig.

He has ears, and two eyes, and ten fingers,
Leastways if you reckon two thumbs;
Long ago he was one of the singers,
But now he is one of the dumbs.

He sits in a beautiful parlour,
With hundreds of books on the wall:
He drinks a great deal of Marsala,
But never gets tipsy at all.

He has many friends, laymen and clerical,
Old Foss is the name of his cat:

His body is perfectly spherical,
He weareth a runcible hat.

When he walks in a waterproof white,
The children run after him so!
Calling out, "He's come out in his night-
gown, that crazy old Englishman, oh!"

He weeps by the side of the ocean,
He weeps on the top of the hill;
He purchases pancakes and lotion,
And chocolate shrimps from the mill.

He reads but he cannot speak Spanish,
He cannot abide ginger-beer:
Ere the days of his pilgrimage vanish,
How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!

A BALLADE OF BALLADE-MONGERS

(After the manner of Master François Villon of Paris)

BY AUGUSTUS M. MOORE

In Ballades things always contrive to get lost,
And Echo is constantly asking where
Are last year's roses and last year's frost?
And where are the fashions we used to wear?
And what is a "gentleman," and what is a "player"?
Irrelevant questions I like to ask:
Can you reap the *tret* as well as the *tare*?
And who was the Man in the Iron Mask?

What has become of the ring I tossed
In the lap of my mistress false and fair?

Her grave is green and her tombstone mossed;
But who is to be the next Lord Mayor?
And where is King William, of Leicester Square?
And who has emptied my hunting flask?
And who is possessed of Stella's hair?
And who was the Man in the Iron Mask?

And what became of the knee I crossed,
And the rod, and the child they would not spare?
And what will a dozen herring cost
When herring are sold at three halfpence a pair?
And what in the world is the Golden Stair?
Did Diogenes die in a tub or cask,
Like Clarence, for love of liquor there?
And who was the Man in the Iron Mask?

ENVOY

Poets, your readers have much to bear,
For Ballade-making is no great task,
If you do not remember, I don't much care
Who was the Man in the Iron Mask.

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD

BY WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one was nine;
If the pony rode his master,
If the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cats had the dire disaster
To be worried, sir, by the mouse;

If Mamma, sir, sold the baby
To a gypsy for half a crown;
If a gentleman, sir, was a lady,—
The world would be Upside-down!
If any or all of these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be Inside-out:

Chorus

Baa-baa, black wool
Have you any sheep?
Yes, sir, a packfull,
Creep, mouse, creep!
Four-and-twenty little maids
Hanging out the pie,
Out jumped the honey-pot,
Guy Fawkes, Guy!
Cross latch, cross latch,
Sit and spin the fire;
When the pie was opened,
The bird was on the brier!

A FOLK-TALE

STEALING THE SPRINGTIME

An American Folk-Tale Retold

BY FRANK B. LINDERMAN

"The snows will soon come," said Two-comes-over-the-hill, looking gravely at the sparkling lodge-fire. "But the Winter does not last as it once did. I will tell you why. Of course Skinkoots * had a hand in what happened to change the Seasons. It was Skinkoots who started it all. And we are glad he did, for now the Summer stays with us six Moons.

"Listen! The snow was deep. It bent the trees. It covered the ice on the lakes until they looked like parks in the forest. Every Person was thin, even those who store up food for the Winter. The busiest of these could not gather enough food during the short Summer to last him through the long Winter.

"Skinkoots was walking on his snow-shoes. He was hungry, and asked at every lodge for something to eat. At last he came to the lodge of an Old Woman. This Old Woman was the Pine Squirrel-person, and she gave him some food. The food was wild-rose hips which she had gathered during the Summer-time. She did not have many left, and she cried when Skinkoots ate the last one.

"'Oh, dear, what can I do? It will not be Spring for a long time. I shall die!'" she wailed.

"'What is that you are saying?'" asked Skinkoots, licking his chops.

* The Coyote.

"'I said there is no more food and it is Winter. I shall starve. Oh, what shall I do?'

"'Do? Why, cry, of course! Cry hard! And when the Persons come here and ask you why you cry, do not answer them. Just keep on crying. Finally I will come in and ask: 'Do you say there will be no more food for a long time?' And you must say: 'Yes.'"

"Skinkoots went out of the lodge and the Old Woman began to cry. Persons came to her lodge and asked: 'Why do you cry?' But she would not answer them. She just kept on crying, crying, crying, until in came Skinkoots.

"'What is going on here?' he asked of all the Persons there.

"'This Old Woman is crying, and she will not tell us why she cries. That is all,' answered somebody, across the fire.

"'Say, you,' said Skinkoots, looking at the Old Woman, 'do you say there will be no more food until Spring?'

"'Yes,' wailed the Old Woman, 'that is what I said. What shall we do to bring back the Springtime?'

"'Well, I will see about this,' said Skinkoots, and went out of the Old Woman's lodge.

"There was a village of many lodges. It was far away and strong. The Persons who lived there kept the Summertime tied up in a Moose-skin bag. They kept all the Seasons that way. They used to untie the Winter and let him stay out twelve months sometimes. This was because they liked him best. But so much Winter made it hard for the other Persons, and something had to be done about it.

"Skinkoots knew about all this, and he travelled steadily until he had found the Softest-walker, and the Farthest-thrower, and the Strongest-one among all the Persons he knew. He said to them: 'The Springtime is in a Moose-skin bag that hangs in the Chief's lodge over that way.' And he pointed North. 'Let us go and steal that bag and untie it. But we must not get hold of the wrong one, for there are three bags hanging

there. We must steal the bag that holds the Springtime and not make a mistake, or we shall mix things.'

"'Good,' said the Grizzly Bear. 'I shall have a hard time travelling. I am so sleepy and heavy. But I will help you. Lead on.'

"'Yes,' said Skinkoots, 'you are the Strongest-person. Your Medicine is powerful. Come with us.'

"And so these four started for the strange village. All the Persons followed to learn what was going on.

"At last they came to the village. It was nearly hidden by the deep snow, and looked bad under the stars.

"'Hey, you Persons, hide yourselves on that hill,' said Skinkoots, pointing to a big black tepee with white smoke coming from its top.

"'Yes, we see it,' said the Grizzly Bear and the Softest-walker and the Farthest-thrower, craning their necks and pricking up their ears.

"'Well, that is it,' said Skinkoots, 'and you must be careful. Listen! There will be an Old Woman in that lodge. She is a loud talker, and you must be careful not to let her talk much. Remember this.

"'Here, Softest-walker, take this pitch, and when you get inside sit by the lodge-fire and pretend to warm your hands, but melt the pitch; melt the pitch in your hand. When the pitch is soft and very sticky you must ask: "Where is the Springtime, Old Woman?"'

"'She will say, "It is hanging there," and point to the bag. Then you must stop her mouth with the hot pitch and hold it there until it sticks *tight*. Then the Old Woman will not be able to speak. The hot pitch will stop her words. When you have done this, take down the bag that holds the Springtime and throw it outside. Have you listened?'

"'Yes,' answered Softest-walker, 'I have listened.'

"'Now *you*, Farthest-thrower, listen to me,' said Skinkoots,

speaking fast. 'When this Person throws that bag outside the lodge, you grab it. Grab it quick! And throw it far; farther than you ever threw a thing before. Throw it over that way.' And he pointed to the hill where the other Persons were hiding. 'Well, that is your job,' said Skinkoots. 'Have you listened, Farthest-thrower?'

" 'Yes,' answered Farthest-thrower, 'I have listened.'

" 'And now *you*, Strongest-one,' he said to the Grizzly Bear, 'go over there on that hill among the others. When the bag comes you catch it. Catch it and *tear* it. Tear it *quickly*! That is all you have to do. Have you listened, Strongest-one?'

" 'Yes,' answered Grizzly Bear-person, 'I have listened.'

" 'Well, then get at your job. I will be over there to watch what is going on. Now be careful, all of you. And remember my words!'

"Softest-walker went to the lodge and slipped inside with the ball of pitch in his hand. He did not make a sound in his walking.

"Farthest-thrower sat down on the snow piled up by the door. He could hear all that went on inside, too. And he listened.

"Softest-walker sat down by the fire and held his hands over it. Yes, he held them where the ball of pitch would get hot.

" 'The weather is cold, Old Woman,' he said, looking up at the three bags hanging on the lodge-poles.

" 'Yes, it is,' she answered, without even looking at him.

"The pitch was growing soft now. It was pretty sticky already, so Softest-walker asked: 'Where is the Springtime, Old Woman?'

" 'That is it, hanging over your head,' she answered, pointing to the bag.

"Swow! Softest-walker stopped the Old Woman's mouth with the hot pitch, and held it there!

"Oh, ho! She tried to speak! She tried to scream! But the hot pitch stuck tight and held back her words, just as Skin-

koots had said it would. She tried to run outside, but Softest-walker pushed her back and grabbed the bag.

"Oh, ho! He grabbed the bag! The Old Woman threw her arms around him, but he managed to shake her off, and toss the bag out through the door, where Farthest-thrower was waiting for it.

"Oh, ho! He grabbed it! Lifted it high and threw it! Up—up it went, and over the other lodges.

"Both Softest-walker and Farthest-thrower saw it sail to the hill as they ran away after it. They saw Grizzly Bear catch the bag and tear it open, felt the soft Winds touching their faces, even before they reached their friends on the hillside. Oh, ho! It was *Springtime!*

"The snow was melting by the time Softest-walker and Farthest-thrower caught up with the other Persons, who were running away with the Springtime.

"Ho!"

ESSAYS

ALL FOOLS' DAY

April First

BY CLARA J. DENTON

Some writers say that this name comes from the word *aperio*, "I open," because it is the time when buds begin to open. Other writers claim that because the Romans gave the names of gods and goddesses to many of the other months, therefore April comes from *Aphrilis*, or Aphrodite, which were the Greek names for Venus, and this goddess is supposed to have especial charge of the month of April.

The Anglo-Saxons, who were more practical, called it the Ostermonth, because it is the time of cold east winds. Oster means East.

I am sure we all love this month of the early spring, in spite of its strangely mixed weather, because in this month there are always some bright, warm days which bring the early birds and flowers.

Shakespeare speaks of the "uncertain glory of an April day," and sometimes I think one reason why we love April so well is because she gives us so many surprises. Often opening in tears and gloom, but before night gladdening us with a burst of sunshine and blue sky. Here are some of the old sayings about April:

A cold April the barn will fill.

April showers bring May flowers.

When April blows its horn,
It's good for both hay and corn.

The reason for the latter saying, no doubt, lies in the fact that when the wind blows well throughout the month it dries out the winter moisture from the ground, making it fit for plough and seed. There is usually a grain of truth in these old sayings that have been repeated for so long a time.

Children wait impatiently for the coming of April First. They think it rare fun to shout "April Fool!" at the unsuspecting child or person whom they have tricked. There may be fun in these tricks when they harm no one. But remember, a trick ceases to be funny when it brings sorrow, trouble or pain to another.

When you are planning to play some prank on a friend or companion, stop a moment and ask yourself how it would seem to have the same trick played upon *you*. The "golden rule," you perceive, applies here as well as everywhere else.

The custom of playing tricks on April First is so old that no one knows certainly just when or why it began. Some writers even say that it began when Noah made the mistake of sending the dove out too soon over the waters, and that the custom of sending people on fruitless errands was begun in memory of Noah's deliverance from the deluge.

The Romans held a feast called the "Feast of Fools" which was much like the "All Fools'" of recent times, although it was held at an entirely different time of the year.

The Hindoos in Asia have a festival which lasts for several days, closing on the 31st of March, and at this time they play all sorts of pranks on people, calling the ones who are tricked, "Huli fools."

The French, it is said, followed this custom before the English did, and as the English way of keeping their "All Fools' Day" is much like the Hindoo way of making "Huli fools," it looks as if the French learned the custom from the Hindoos,

and then the English copied it from the French.

In France they call the one who is tricked an "April Fish," that is a young fish easily caught. In Scotland they call him an "April gawk," gawk meaning a simpleton.

In "Poor Robin's Almanac," a book printed in England more than one hundred years ago, there was given this bit of verse:

It is a thing to be disputed,
Which is the greatest fool reputed,
The man who innocently went
Or he who him designedly sent.

There is not much poetry in this little rhyme, but we must admit it holds much truth.

Here is a story in which the practice of April fooling was helpful instead of hurtful:

A certain Duke of Lorraine, whose name was Francis, was, together with his wife, held as a prisoner, at a place called Nantes in France. They decided to make an attempt to escape. They dressed themselves as poor country people; he carried a brick-layer's hod on his shoulder, she carried a basket of rubbish on her arm. At an early hour in the morning they passed through the gates of the city. But there happened to pass by a woman who saw their faces and knew them, and she ran at once to one of the sentinels and told him that the man and woman who had just passed out the gate were Duke Francis and his wife. Then the sentinel chanced to remember that it was the morning of April First, so he threw his head on one side, winked his eye knowingly, and shouted "April Fool" at the woman.

The story was considered so good that it was told from one to another, until it reached the Governor's ears, his suspicions were aroused and he set about finding out as to the truth of the matter. It was then too late, however, for the prisoners were beyond his reach.

How fine it would be if all "April Fooling" turned out as well as that. Set your wits to work this year and see if you cannot think of some *kind* tricks to play on people.

APRIL FOOLS' DAY

BY RUTH E. YOUNG

April Fools' Day is one of the gayest in our school. The afternoon preceding the first of April, we enter into an agreement that no jokes are to be perpetrated during school hours, and that no jokes are to cause unhappiness to anyone. On April first we start the day with a brief picture study lesson, using Frans Hals's "The Lute Player," and study the part played by the fool or jester in castle and hall in medieval times.

For literature in the senior grades we study such jesters as Wamba, from *Ivanhoe*, or Touchstone. In the junior grades we sketch jesters' caps and bells and model jesters' baubles. Our reading lesson consists of carefully selected jokes, and our language lesson of riddles. In the primary grades we cut out large fools' caps, carefully lettering on them "April Fools' Day."

When the bell rings for dismissal, the children are led to discover that the heaps of pebbles on the sand table are really excellent imitation pebbles made from candy. This invariably proves a joyous climax to a very successful day.

PARTIES AND GAMES

THINGS TO DO AT APRIL FOOL AND OTHER FOOLISH PARTIES

BY THERESA HUNT WOLCOTT

In arranging for an April Fool Party, invitations may be sent out on cardboard cut in the shape of a fool's cap, ornamented with a sketch of a clown or a jester, and bearing the following words:

Please accept this invitation.
Hasten here with expectation,
 Though the eve be dry or rainy,
 warm or cool;
For we'll spend a time most jolly,
Merry pranks and mirth and folly—
 So we'll celebrate with frolics
 "April Fool."

Or, the invitations to this party may be in themselves jokes. They may be inclosed in a series of envelopes, one inside of another, graduated in size from the largest size to card envelopes, and as many as possible in number. The date and place of the party may be written on a very tiny card and inclosed in the last envelope.

The guests may be received by a youth dressed as a jester, who gives to each one a fool's cap of brown paper. The jester's costume consists of a red blouse with full bishop sleeves and long, pointed yellow cuffs, and a full, gathered, double skirt, halfway to the knees, made in pointed scallops, alternating red

and yellow, with a jingling gold bell sewed on each scallop. One stocking is red and the other yellow, one foot is thrust into a red sandal and the other into a yellow one, with a bell on each sharply pointed toe. Around his waist is a red leather belt. A yellow jester's cap, with red rim and with bells on the hood, and a red cape with yellow lining complete his dress. The costume is made of glossy sateen, the sandals of Canton flannel. It would be a good play to have him announce to the guests as they arrive that the hostess is not at home, immediately adding to this remark: "Please come in and wait." They should then be directed to rooms where they may remove their wraps.

To find partners for supper, let the "fool" hold a bunch of long pieces of ribbon in his hand, clasping them in the middle. The gentlemen pull from one side and the ladies from the other, the two holding the ends of the same string being partners.

For a trick at the table, tie all the chairs together with a strong cord, and each guest, standing behind his or her chair, in vain attempts to draw it out. After finding themselves caught the fun is over and all are seated to enjoy the feast.

TRICKS AND FAVORS

The funniest dinner trick is played with a long rubber tube which has a little bulb at each end. Put one bulb under someone's plate, beneath the tablecloth, and bring the tube around under the table to your own place. When you squeeze the bulb at your end of the tube, the bulb under the plate puffs out and lifts the plate. Thus you can make the plate hop up and down in a very weird and unearthly fashion, and no one will suspect how this is accomplished. Such tricks may be purchased in novelty shops.

April Fool favors may be distributed as little presents in little boxes, but have these tiny boxes in nests of larger ones.

When the person opens the first box and finds only a second one, and in the second only a third, he may think there is nothing at all within. The last one, however, contains a prize.

To entertain the guests during the serving of refreshments, request each to tell the most foolish thing he ever did, and give a prize for the most foolish answer. Suitable prizes would be Max Pemberton's "Queen of Jesters" for the fortunate lady, and Victor Hugo's "Man Who Laughs" for the lucky man. "A Foolish Dictionary," by Gideon Wurdz, would also be suitable. For booby prizes, wands with "fools' heads" of gingerbread would be amusing.

STUNTS FOR ENTERTAINING

For the All Fools' Day entertainment the carnival spirit should be kept in mind, and it adds greatly to the enjoyment and fun of the occasion to invite the company to come in comic costumes, with paper false-faces. It might be suggested to the guests that these costumes be pieced together of odds and ends rather than anything costly or elaborate. And if prominent or historical characters are impersonated, they should be in caricature. Most of the company can be relied upon to think out laughable devices in honor of the date.

Have one of the family stationed at the doorway to announce the guests in their assumed characters as they arrive. The announcer may use a papier-mâché megaphone, which will cause no end of amusement if the room is small. Many of the characters will come in groups, when, of course, the announcements become doubly funny owing to the amusing combinations.

In honor of the day the hostess might impersonate Folly, arraying herself in as ludicrous a manner as possible, and handing to each arriving guest one of the familiar little baby rattles representing a jester on a stick (or a home-made substitute for this). Not until this gift is accepted does the new-

comer notice the tiny card attached thereto, which calls upon him or her to perform some antics for the amusement of the company.

These stunts should be different for the men and women. For instance, a man may be requested to illustrate in pantomime how a girl puts up her hair, while a girl whistles a tune, rolls an umbrella or sharpens a pencil. These performances will keep the company amused and interested until all the guests are on hand.

The Trick Pencil

On entrance each guest is requested to inscribe his or her name on a tablet provided for this purpose, and each is given a trick pencil that bends when one attempts to write. In the dressing room there are placed on the toilet table, flour for face powder, imitation cakes of soap, mirrors which distort the features, and any other such tricks the hostess may plan with which to "catch" her guests.

"Fixing" the Wraps

Someone who is "in the secret" attends to the wraps and overcoats in the dressing rooms. This is accomplished by putting a spool of white cotton into each upper coat pocket. Thread the loose end of thread into a needle, and bring the needle out through the pocket to the underside of the coat and out again on the lapel of the coat. Unthread the needle and leave about an inch of white thread hanging there. Every guest will be caught trying to pick off the innocent thread! He probably won't pull out many yards of thread before he will see the joke. Another way to play the trick is to put the spool into the hostess' pocket, and leave the end of the thread showing on the dress, from which every guest is likely to attempt to remove it, which will result in all sorts of ridiculous complications.

Paint Signs and Pitfalls

On the woodwork on both sides of the doorway tack large placards on which has been written in big letters "Beware of the Paint."

Paint, it unquestionably is, but, as likely as not, dry for years. Just the same, the guests will keep away from it until they appreciate the joke.

At the living-room door arrange prominently, so as to extend a greeting to the newcomer even sooner than the hostess does, a dummy figure with outstretched hand. On the table, or elsewhere within reach, have an open box of candy surmounted by a placard, with skull and crossbones, which reads: "Poison. Use with Care"—or any other nonsense that rises to mind.

Pitfalls and snares for the unwary are all around. A silver coin is glued to the floor. A handkerchief is fastened to the floor. A vase of artificial flowers have a little snuff or pepper sprinkled on them—those who smell will sneeze. An artificial mouse is attached to a curtain. Slyly pin papers, bearing different inscriptions, on the backs of some of the guests. One may read: "Please tell me my name." All who read it will tell him his name, which becomes monotonous. "Please poke me gently," "Please make me laugh," "Please hold my hand"—these and many other foolish things will seem funny on All Fools' Day.

"It Is to Laugh"

"It Is to Laugh" is a very lively game for an April Fool Party. The players form a circle, taking hold of hands, and circle around one of the players who is blindfolded and holds a staff or a cane. When he raps on the floor with the cane they all stand still. He then points the cane toward someone, saying: "It is to laugh." The person touched by the cane, or nearest to it,

places the end of the cane close to his mouth and laughs. If his name is guessed by the player in the center they change places and circle again; if not, they circle until the player in the center succeeds in naming the owner of the laugh.

Each guest is provided with a sheet of white paper and scissors and is asked to cut out a goose. After all are cut pin them to a sheet of black calico, and select judges to choose the best. This produces a great deal of fun, as some of the figures are oftentimes grotesque. For the best goose is given a large china or bisque goose in a nest of cotton; beside it a yellow china or candy egg, bearing this inscription: "The goose that laid the golden egg." The one making the most ridiculous goose receives a tall jester's cap, bearing the words, "What a goose!" which he or she must wear throughout the evening.

One room may be devoted to the Great White Prophet. Here is a huge draped figure all in white, with a white mask and seated on a high white throne. The guests are brought to this room one by one and told that they must kneel down before the Prophet, and, bowing three times, must repeat: "Great White Prophet, what have I done?" The answer comes in a sepulchral voice: "You have made a fool of yourself."

You might next announce that you have a picture that you would like to show, that it has given you a great deal of pleasure, and doubtless will give the others as much. Withdraw a curtain, revealing a mirror with "April Fool" written on it with soap, when you have one or two expectant persons in front of it.

In the same room might be arranged an Art Gallery, using the following Fake Exhibits:

Fake Exhibits

"Fifty Views of Washington"—Fifty two-cent stamps.

"Fifty Views of the Panama Canal"—Fifty Panama stamps.

"Fifty Points in Colorado"—A sketch of Colorado with fifty dots.

"Among the Rockies"—Several rocking chairs (doll furniture and others).

Place a large letter "C" on each end of a strip of cardboard which must stand north and south. The letter at the north end is "The North Sea," and "Below the North Sea" is the lower letter.

General Cobb and his Colonels—A cob of corn.

The Bust of a Commentator—A potato.

The American Elevator—A yeast cake.

The Rose of Castile—Castile soap in rows.

A Swimming Match—A match in a glass of water.

The Peacemakers—A pair of scissors.

Study in Black and White—A piece of chalk and coal.

A Diamond Pin—A dime and pin.

A Pair of Slippers—Banana peels.

Extracts from Many Pens—A penwiper.

The Unopened Letter—The letter "O."

Burlesque Tableaux

Burlesque tableaux of well-known historical or legendary incidents will be found a capital form of amusement. Although they should be thought out, they need not necessarily be rehearsed in advance. This entertainment should come as a complete surprise to the larger portion of the guests—that is, to all but those who take part.

Let the announcer give the title of the tableau in stentorian tones, with his megaphone, just before the folding doors are opened or the curtains drawn back.

For the tableaux you might try "Bluebeard's Wives." Bluebeard is seen standing, sword in hand, while around him on the curtain hang the heads of the ill-fated spouses. To produce the

heads, cut holes in the sheet and let the actors thrust their heads through these, after which fasten the loosened hair to the curtain around the head with a safety pin. This tableau would be startling were it not for a sign reading, "We Suffered in the Cause of Votes for Women," or anything else which is innocent and gives the tableau a humorous twist.

Another one might be "Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh" in the cloak-spreading incident—greatly marred by the enormous pasteboard noses worn by the knight and the queen, while Elizabeth carries a large umbrella for which history offers no excuses.

Follow this with a "Midsummer Night's Dream," where you can show a sleeper, in funny cotton nightcap with large tassel, awakened from his peaceful slumber by an elephantine mosquito made of raw cotton and crêpe paper. The dreamer's panic is vividly suggested by his attitude.

"Cinderella" and the little glass slipper must not be overlooked. In this tableau the prince kneels before the celebrated heroine of the chimney corner and extends upon his hand a tiny slipper, while Cinderella extends in competition a foot padded out to proportions truly gigantic in comparison.

APRIL FIRST REFRESHMENT NOVELTIES

The decorations consist of spring flowers and ferns, yellow and white predominating, it being the nearest approach to sunlight and giving opportunity to use the bright little crocuses and daffodils, with white narcissuses to give delicate tones. For the table these colors should also prevail. In the center place a large white or yellow cake surmounted by a toy jester's figure, with white and yellow ribbons festooned from his pointed cap to the table below, held in place by small white cotton geese. Vases of daffodils and narcissuses, and yellow shades for lamps or candles, may be used should the day be cloudy. China of

white and gold would add a charm to this table. White and gold bonbon dishes, or ordinary dishes might be covered with crêpe paper, some yellow, some white, tied with white and yellow ribbons. These should contain small candies hidden under a layer of white beans, coffee grains, rice or other grains.

Ordinary refreshments may be served on dishes not ordinarily used for that particular purpose. Use bowls or soup dishes instead of cups and saucers, vegetable dishes, cups, etc., where plates or platters should be used. The clever hostess will, no doubt, think of many ways, wise and otherwise, to serve refreshments on such an occasion.

Another good idea for table decoration is a wonderful "floral" centerpiece composed of potato and radish roses nestled amid parsley and celery-top foliage. The place-cards may be adorned with miniature coin purses, empty save for a card, inscribed "April Fool." The napkins should be folded in the form of fool's caps, and the favors might be miniature jester's baubles consisting of small bisque doll heads dressed in cap and bells and fastened to the ends of short, ribbon-wound wands. Jester's sticks may be sticks of red and white peppermint candy tied with strips of red baby ribbon, to which tiny bells are attached.

Red and White Menu

If your color scheme is red and white for your table, carry out the same idea in your menu, which would be:

Lobster Canapé
Cream of Celery Soup
Chicken en Casserole, with Vegetables
Lettuce Salad, Garnished with Beets and Mayonnaise
April Fool Dainty
Cream Cheese and Crackers
Coffee

The "April Fool Dainty" may be vanilla or lemon sherbet, ice, or ice cream frozen in cone shapes. These are each covered with a miniature fool's hat. As this course is served, the hostess might warn her guests of the significance of the day, and she may rest assured each guest will lift the little hat ever so gingerly.

April Fool Menu

Blue Points on the Half Shell		
Bouillon	Crackers	
Salted Nuts		
Roast Pork Tenderloin	Fish	Apple Sauce
Dressing	Potato Puffs	
Duck	Fruit Salad	
Bavarian Cream	Coffee	Fancy Cakes

"Blue points on the half shell" are half eggshells with points on them made with blue pencil. "Bouillon" is plain water, the "crackers" are fire crackers, and the "salted nuts" the nuts belonging to iron bolts, heavily sprinkled with salt. The "duck" is a square of duck cloth, while the "fruit salad" is a bona-fide dish served in orange cups, the cut-off piece being replaced so as to conceal the contents. The "fancy cakes" are sample cakes of toilet soap. Guest-size or hotel-size cakes may be used. If one wishes to serve a complete menu, substitutes for the mock dishes may be served as soon as they are removed from the table.

Other Mock Dishes

Other mock dishes suitable for menus of this kind are: Hot chocolate with whipped cream, which is bouillon served in chocolate cups with a spoonful of salted, stiffly-beaten white of egg floating on the surface; assorted cakes (fish cakes); jelly with whipped sauce (jellied tomato salad with whipped cream

mayonnaise).

Among other dishes, mock baked beans and brown bread may be served. Small beanpots may be filled with peanuts which have been salted without removing the red skins, and chocolate cake may be baked in a baking-powder can and cut in rounds, after the manner of brown bread.

Some clever April Fool candies will create a good deal of fun and are easy to make. Try April Fool caramels, which are made by cutting candles or paraffin in squares and coating it with chocolate. Some imitation chocolate chips may be mixed in with some real ones. They are made by dipping tiny chips and bits of wood in melted chocolate. You might also coat some little round wads of cotton batting with chocolate, resulting in some old-fashioned chocolates or chocolate marshmallows.

April Fool nuts may be served also. Open some English walnuts carefully, take out the meats, and put inside the shell some wee favor or a little folded paper, saying: "April Fool." Tiny dolls, little bits of paste jewelry and miniature animals are all appropriate surprises. Each shell may contain a penny or a dime if you like. Glue the shells together, and no one will suspect that the nuts are not what they seem.

Peanuts, also, make good trick nuts. Halve them, fill them with tiny presents or jokes, or else have them empty and glue them together once more.

Other Menus

Sliced Samples

(Bread and Butter)

Separated Similars Served with Cool Impudence

(Baked Beans and Chili Sauce)

Hidden Tears à la Dumb-Bell

(Pickled Onions on a Toothpick)

Swelled Swimmers

Nuts Without Shells

(Fried Cakes)

(Doughnuts)

Boston's Overthrow—No Grounds for Complaint
(Tea)

Chip Off the Old Block	Spring's Offering
(Toothpick)	(Water)
Snow Drift	Cherub's Diet
(Ice Cream)	(Angel Cake)

	Tea	
	Pie à la Mode	
Tapioca Pudding		Hamburg Steak
	Fruit Salad	
Crackers		Nuts
	Coffee	

The first course appears on the last menu as "tea" (the menu appears to be served backward on account of the misleading names. This is another time the guests are fooled, because they think they have to eat a dinner served backward, whereas it really follows the usual order). The "tea" is beef bouillon made from bouillon cubes. Pour the bouillon from a teapot and serve in teacups. Serve with this little cubes of white bread from a sugar bowl, cut to represent loaf sugar. If the bread is cut and dried a little it aids the illusion.

Second course, "pie à la mode" and "tapioca pudding." For "pie à la mode" bake a meat pie, using the regulation piecrust in a pie plate, with chicken, veal or some such meat as filling. Serve like pie, and place cones of mashed potato to represent the ice cream on the top of each piece. Serve with this the "tapioca pudding," which is scalloped corn with an unsweetened meringue baked on the top.

Following this course comes "Hamburg steak." This is a most realistic salad, served in paper meat dishes, which may be obtained from your butcher. Make a salad of chopped pickled beets with a little chopped cabbage and the whites of

two hard-boiled eggs. The yolks, mixed with oil and vinegar, are used for the dressing. Mold each portion into the semblance of raw Hamburg, place on a square of paraffin paper in the paper meat dish, and garnish with a sprig of parsley. The dish is now complete, resembling raw Hamburg so much that the guests begin to eat very gingerly.

Following this are what appear as a "fruit salad" and "crackers"—orange jelly, and what looks like "mayonnaise dressing" is a thin custard; the crackers are long, thin, sweet wafers. Passed with these, simply because their appearance could not be omitted, are little almond-shaped confections. And for the sake of better digestion a demi-tasse of black coffee may be served.

This is really a very easy dinner to serve, as everything may be prepared in advance and heated when ready to serve.

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM

First of April parties have grown in popularity because they afford such a good chance for practical joking that is not harmful, and I want to tell you about an unusual kind of supper to be served on that night. The account of such a supper as it came to me said that the guests were invited to a "Chicken Supper," but instead of being served roast or fricasseed fowl they were served the kind of supper a chicken would like—corn dishes, lettuce, in salad, etc. The tablecloth and napkins bore the chanticleer design.

For a fools'-day dinner, the centerpiece is a take-off on the flower-float centerpiece now in vogue. A low glass dish is filled with vinegar-tinted water, in which macaroons growing on wire stems, with leaves of leeks, rise from a flower block made of a large potato. On the rim of the bowl are perched two birds, each made of one large and one small radish fastened together with toothpicks. The stems of the radish leaves, cut about three

quarters of an inch long, form tails, and slices of radish the outspread wings. Toothpick beaks and clove eyes complete them. Similar birds are made to perch on the rims of the water glasses, and their beaks are slit to receive the place-cards.

The candlesticks, of brushed brass, are decorated with yellow ribbons tipped with jester's bells. The menu for this supper is:

	Fool's Cup	
	Fried Sole	
First-of-April Roast, with Celery and Fried Scallops		
	Jester's Sherbet	
Egg Salad		Ice Cream

"Fool's Cup" is a fruit cup served in glasses with stems. A dunce figure with a nut for a head, and a foolscap, is dressed in a full skirt of yellow crêpe paper, which conceals the glass, and is tied in around the foot with yellow ribbon. If the glass proves to be empty the fun will be increased. The ice cream is frappé coffee served in sherbet glasses instead of cups.

Fried sole is really a favor for the ladies. A lamb's-wool sole that is used as a powder pat is "served" garnished. The genuine fish course is brought in later.

First-of-April Roast. The roast is a turkey made entirely of almond paste (marzipan) and tinted with caramel coloring. It is solemnly sliced and handed around, the genuine roast being brought in later with accompaniments.

This Roast would be made to order for you by a confectioner.

The fried scallops quoted in the menu are really pieces of egg-plant cut with scalloped edges, cooked and served with the real roast.

Jester's sherbet—so called because it is served in sherbet glasses. It is really a fruit salad with the top covered smoothly with whipped cream garnished with a nut. The cups are placed in little fluted paper cases and have paper doilies underneath.

The handles of the cups are decorated with jester's bells attached to yellow ribbons.

Egg salad. In this instance it is a pudding. Blanc-mange is molded in eggshells and served on lettuce leaves, with soft custard to simulate mayonnaise. The blanc-mange used in the egg salad, and the café frappé may be made according to recipes in any good cookbook.

OTHER "APRIL-FOOL" DISHES

April Fool's Table. In the centre of the table make a circle of tulips in the middle of which place a stool which can be made of either wood or paper top with wooden sticks and paper strips glued to simulate rounds. Buy a clown head and put this onto a doll's body so as to get arms and feet. Make a paper cap of white paper and dot it with red paper dots and also put a tassel made of the same coloring on the top of the cap. Around his neck place a white paper ruche with red dots on one-half and for a dress make one of grey cambric dotted with pink on one side. He should then be made to stand on the stool with ribbons held in his hand which lead to long narrow candy boxes covered with gold foil paper to look like the proverbial gold brick. The boxes hold bonbons or nuts. At each place is a yellow dunce cap with the words "April Fool" in red letters, to be worn by the guests during the meal. These cover the plates and serve as favors and place cards. No article of food is visible—this is part of the April Fool. The knives, forks, and spoons are tied in fringed paper bonbon cases and stood on end. Around the extreme edge of the table runs a red paper ribbon from which hang odd lengths of red ribbon with tiny bells on the ends.

All Fools' Cake. This is an excellent dish to serve with dessert on April first and is sure to be appreciated. Either an inverted tin pan with the bottom removed, or a circular band of

stiff white cardboard may serve as the sides of the cake, while a circle cut from heavy paper is pasted smoothly over the top. Next cover the cake smoothly with plain white icing, leaving a circular spot about the size of a silver dollar on the top. Cut away the paper from this spot, place the "cake" on a serving dish concealing a pile of small, nonsensical favors and draw narrow red and green ribbons attached to them through the top opening. Fasten a tiny brass bell to the end of each ribbon, cover the opening with a fool's cap of white paper ornamented with red rosettes and the "cake" is ready to serve. Send to the table with a knife to keep up appearance until the last minute when the hostess gives the invitation to each guest to select a bell and pull a "plum" from the cake.

"Cooky Clowns" or the Circus Cooky are always acceptable for an April Party. Make any good cooky mixture, roll thin and cut in fantastic shapes such as clowns and prancing bears and other animals. Bake carefully and when cool cover with plain icing. Features and any finishing touches may be added as soon as this is hard by means of a tiny brush dipped in melted chocolate.

April Fools' Caps. Mash and season to taste hot boiled potatoes, mould to represent tall pointed caps and decorate with the letters "Fool" cut from canned Spanish peppers. Remove a portion of potato from the bottom of each cap, fill the cavities with creamed veal or chicken and arrange on an individual serving dish. Reheat and garnish with parsley before sending to the table.

"Dunce" Cream. A novel dessert for April first may be arranged in this way. Chill and whip a pint of heavy cream, sweetening to taste and adding chopped nuts or candied fruit if desired. Heap this in a glass dish and place it in the middle of a large serving tray; around it arrange inverted ice cream cones decorated with paper bands bearing the word "Dunce." Serve a generous spoonful of the cream in a "cap" to each person.

"Apple Fools." Wash and core a number of fine red apples, allowing one for each person. Fill the centres with a mixture of chopped walnuts and preserved pineapple, sprinkle with sugar and bake until tender but whole, basting frequently with a syrup of sugar and water. Set aside until thoroughly chilled. Then with a bit of white icing mark a comical face on each apple and heap with stiff meringue to simulate a cap. Serve with pineapple syrup.

April Apples. Select large, perfect apples, cut in halves cross-wise and scoop out the centre leaving only a thin shell. Line these with crisp heart leaves of lettuce, fill each nest with apple and nut salad, and replace the tops of the apples, pressing them down to conceal the dividing lines as much as possible.

Haystack Ice Cream. This is decidedly out of the ordinary, but not difficult to serve. Place a small mound of any preferred flavor of ice cream on each plate, and sprinkle with shredded cocoanut which has been browned in the oven, stirring often to prevent burning. Tiny pitchforks thrust into the stacks add a realistic touch.

Fake Crullers. A very realistic "cruller" is made of brown crêpe paper and "sugared" with chalk. To make the paper crullers take a five-inch strip of newspaper and wind around the hand, to make a padding of the right size and shape, with a hole in the center; cut a one-inch strip of brown crêpe paper and wind it to the desired shape and thickness. Coat sparingly with white shellac; before the shellac thoroughly dries, dust with talcum powder or with chalk for sugar.

Chicken Pie. This is intended as a prize for the winning partners in a game. While the crust is real the contents are feathers and cotton.

The Bottomless Basket. This has a thin paper in the bottom, which is fastened only on one side. When lifted the contents, of course, will drop. It may be developed either for individual use or four of them may be placed on the table to hold bonbons,

nuts, etc.

The Iceblock. Where ice cream is served at the party this cake of ice, which is really a cover made of paraffin paper, may be placed over it just before serving.

It is formed by pasting together for top and sides pieces of paraffin paper of sufficient size to cover a block of ice cream. The tongs are made of wire wrapped with black crêpe paper; a bow of the black crêpe paper may be added, or not, as desired.

QUOTATIONS SUITABLE FOR PLACECARDS AT AN APRIL-FOOL PARTY

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

"The man that loves and laughs must sure do well."

"One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span
Because to laugh is proper to the man."

"How much lies in laughter; the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man."

"We must laugh before we are happy for fear we die before we laugh at all."

"And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life."

"As merry as the day is long."

" 'Tis ever common that men are merriest when they are from home."

"But a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

"I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to
make me sad."

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

"Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossoms that hang on the bough."

"Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."

"As Tammie glow'ed, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious."

"A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then does
not misbecome a monarch."

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

"Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world."

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

APRIL FOOL AGAIN

BY J. ZIMMERMAN EDWARDS AND HAZEL CARTER MAXON

Send out invitations for a party to be held at a certain place and time. When the guests arrive, let them find the house well lighted but a sign on the door which says, "Sorry, my error! Go to the home of ——— on ——— Street!"

Keep on being perfectly crazy by backing to the door to let in the guests when they arrive at the designated address, and request each guest to back in also. Have all the pictures hung upside down or hindside before and beg or borrow such signs as Detour Ahead, Keep Off the Grass, No Loafing Allowed. Vases boldly exhibit dish mops and potato mashers; small tables are inverted; mirrors are sadly cracked with soap lines.

Ask the guests to register as they arrive. For the purpose present a baseball bat with a pencil taped to the large end. The names are written on a large sheet of paper placed on the floor. Each person is then given a long strip of paper and a pencil and told to get the left-handed signature of everyone else.

Announce a co-ordination test. Seat the guests in a circle and hand each one a slip bearing one of the commands below. Each person in turn is asked to try his special test:

Point to the west and name two Presidents of the United States.

Hop on one foot and give the sum of twelve and nine.

Pat your head and repeat the Golden Rule.

Rub your stomach and name the largest river in the world.

Place your hands on your knees and laugh.

Right about face and count by tens to two hundred.

Wink your right eye and spell Constantinople.

Pull your nose and name the capital of Brazil.

Make a face and subtract twenty-three from forty.

Point to your head and give the abbreviation of mountain. (The answer to this of course is em-tee.)

Suggest a cakewalk which turns out to be a contest in walking to a given goal holding wet cakes of soap on the blades of knives.

Sometimes during the course of the evening let Loof Lirpa (April Fool backward) dressed as a clown arrive unexpectedly. The guests are introduced to him with impressive ado and requested to act contrary to him. If he sits down, the rest stand up; if he laughs, they are to be decidedly gloomy; if he talks, they are silent.

"Fooling the public" is the great game of make-up, so let your guests see how good they are at the art. Assign one room to the boys and another to the girls, and in each room provide cosmetics: cold cream, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, powder, rouge, ten-cent-store combs. On the walls put up magazine pictures of well-known people, individual in looks, to be copied.

In another room which is darkened, hang up an old sheet with a square cut out of the center. Let each person pass behind the sheet and peer through the frame. Someone throws a flashlight on the face, and the others must guess whose it is.

Serve refreshments to one guest at a time from the beginning. Make no explanations whatever; simply serve one good-natured guest first. He probably will let his ice cream melt while waiting for the others to be served, but that is his misfortune. A few minutes later, serve someone else while the games go on. Keep this up throughout the evening until all are served.

GAMES FOR APRIL FOOL'S DAY

BY BERENICE MUELLER BALL

FOOL IN THE CIRCLE

One player is chosen to be the Fool in the circle. If there are more than twenty players, two Fools should be chosen. The Fool sits tailor-fashion on the floor, and the others form a circle around him, saying, "Fool in the circle, can't catch me!" He tries to tag one of them; if he does, that player becomes the Fool. At no time may the Fool leave his sitting position until he has tagged someone.

APRIL FOOLING

An April Fool is chosen who leaves the room while the remaining children decide upon some verb expressing action. The Fool is called back. He questions each child in turn, trying to ascertain the verb. He says, "How do you April Fool?" "When do you April Fool?" "Am I April Fooling?" and so on. The child questioned must give a true answer without revealing the verb itself. If the answer he gives reveals the verb, that child becomes the Fool. If the Fool cannot guess the verb after asking a question of every player, he is told what it is, and asked to perform some feat; and another Fool is chosen.

"APRIL FOOL!"

The players form as large a circle as possible, hands joined. One player, the Fool, runs around the outside of the circle, and separates any two players. These two players must then turn and run in opposite directions around the circle. When they meet each other, they must shake hands and say "April Fool!" three times. Then they continue running. Meanwhile the Fool has

stepped into one vacant place. The first runner to return takes the other place; the second becomes the Fool.

THE GAME OF FOOLS' EXCHANGE

BY LETTIE C. VANDERVEER

A note with each invitation tells guests to bring something they want to get rid of wrapped so as to disguise its identity completely. When the time comes for the game of "Fools' Exchange" a circle is formed and packages passed from one to another; anyone fancying a package may keep it and leave the circle. When the hostess calls "Exchange closed," all must keep packages held then by them. Then comes the fun of being fooled by the unexpected contents of the newly acquired package.

Celebrations for May Day

A PLAY AND A MASQUE

SPRING CLEANING *

A Play for May Day

BY GRACE DORCAS RUTHENBURG

SCENE: *Fairyland at housecleaning time. Grapeleaf tables and cockleshell footstools piled on top of each other in quite a mess, just as they are on earth when it is time to clear out the closets and put the furs away in mothballs. In fact there is quite a mothbally smell about.*

PERKALIP and POKATHUMB are trotting around busily shaking out rabbit skins and unpacking Spring Paint.

Before the curtain goes up you can hear KOCKACHOO sneezing: "Kockachoo! Kockachoooooooo!" When the curtain does get up, you see him doubled in a heap right in the middle of the stage. PERKALIP and POKATHUMB bustle about paying him no attention at all, and neither do the ODDS and ENDS who are horribly busy polishing the doorknob on the Gate to Fairyland.

KOCKACHOO. Kockachoooooooooooo . . . Ow! Mothballs! (*He wipes a streaming eye.*)

ODD. (*Skirmishing with a broom.*) Cold in the head? (*He skirmishes unfeelingly.*)

KOCKACHOO. (*Feeling for his handkerchief.*) Do. (*A puff of dust swarms down on him. Squealing.*) Oww!

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ODD. (*Wagging his duster lightly while KOCKACHOO tries to dance out of the way.*) Mouse? I thought I heard one. Where's the Fairy Cat?

KOCKACHOO. (*Still dancing.*) It's dot a bouse. It's moth— (*He sneezes.*) . . . Kockachoooooooo!

ODD. I have the very thing for you. Pink ones. You take them every three hours. Always cure me—

(*He offers KOCKACHOO his box of lozenges.*)

KOCKACHOO. (*Backing off.*) It's dot a cold. It's house— (*He sneezes.*)

ODD. (*Putting his box away with a ruffled air.*) Oh, of course if you want to be ill . . . (*He goes back to his broom and brings hosts of dust swarming down.*) We have to be clean for May Day, you know.

KOCKACHOO. (*Feeling for his handkerchief. He has tried the left and right hand pocket, also the hole in the lining of his coat where he has been known to stick it, also up his sleeve and down his neck.*) Kock—

SUE SALLY MARIE. (*Sticking her head out from under a grapeleaf chair which is upside down, of course.*) I beg your pardon!—

KOCKACHOO. You're quite excusable. What for?

SUE SALLY MARIE. For coming in. I couldn't find anything to knock on.

KOCKACHOO. There never is anything to knock on in Fairyland. K-kock-kockachoooo!

SUE SALLY MARIE. (*Crawling out.*) You poor thing! Have you got hayfever?

KOCKACHOO. (*With dignity.*) Pardod be, but I'b not a thig. I'b a vairy, ad it's dod hayfever. It's bothballs. (*He continues to hunt frantically but without success.*)

SUE SALLY MARIE. (*Handing him hers.*) Here, use mine. I've got a clean one. You don't mean to say there are mothballs even in Fairyland?

KOCKACHOO. (*Grabbing the handkerchief gratefully, thanking her with his eye.*) Are there! Just sbell 'em! They're getting ready for Bay Day, ad the dust they've raised!

SUE SALLY MARIE. Getting ready for May Day?

KOCKACHOO. You dow! Housecleading!

SUE SALLY MARIE. Do they houseclean even here?

KOCKACHOO. (*Somewhat resentfully, but after all he is miserable.*) Certedly! How do you thig we keeb clead?

SUE SALLY MARIE. Housecl—but that's why I ran away.

KOCKACHOO. (*Amazed.*) Ran—

ODD. (*So amazed that he drops his featherduster and cracks it.*) Ran—

SUE SALLY MARIE. I hate housecleaning. It's full of suds. I crawled under a rug they'd laid out to air and came away to Fairyland. Only I thought you'd be sitting on honeysuckle leaves eating pineapple custard.

ODD. (*Witheringly, considering his really sweet nature.*) Oh, *did* you!

SUE SALLY MARIE. I tried to sit on a honeysuckle leaf once, but I fell through. I *would* like to be a fairy.

FRECKLEMAKER. (*He is the Herald when not engaged in making Freckles. Entering, chest up.*) The Queen! The Queen! Make way for the Fairy Queen! Her Majesty Straightnose-goldeneyebeautifulteethlovelyhair will hold her morning court! Make way . . . make way for the Queen! (*He crosses and goes out still announcing.*)

SUE SALLY MARIE. What did he say her name was?

(*The FAIRIES are gathering.*)

PERKALIP. (*Making way.*) Shhh! We call her Woggles.

(*The FAIRY QUEEN enters followed by the Wingcarriers, who remove her wings from their trunks and attach them to her shoulders as soon as she is seated. The trunks are closed and carried out. The other FAIRIES, assembled, range themselves about for daily court. As the name of each is called*

he steps forward and curtsies according to his nature.)

WOGGLES. Let us have the roll.

FRECKLEMAKER. The roll! . . . The roll! . . . Let us have the roll!

WOGGLES. Where is the Lord High Chamberlain?

(There are echoes offstage as FRECKLEMAKER goes out calling "Where is the Lord High Chamberlain? Where is the Lord High Chamberlain to call the roll?" He returns alone.)

POKATHUMB. *(Stepping forward and bowing.)* If it please your Majesty, the minnows are biting well. I think the Lord High Chamberlain has gone fishing.

QUEEN. Let him be fined seven sunflower seeds and a pocketful of plums. Hepzibah, call the roll.

FRECKLEMAKER. *(As HEPZIBAH, a plumpish fairy with tortoise shell glasses, opens the ledger.)* Stand by! Stand by! Hepzibah, maid-of-all-work to the Queen, will call the roll! . . .

HEPZIBAH. *(Putting on her spectacles.)* Perkalip!

PERKALIP. *(Stepping forward one step.)* Yes, Queen Mother!

WOGGLES. Is everybody on earth smiling perkily this morning?

PERKALIP. All, Queen Mother *(Hesitating.)* . . . excepting one.

WOGGLES. Try to remedy that by nightfall.

PERKALIP. Yes, your Majesty.

HEPZIBAH. Pokathumb?

WOGGLES. Are all the babies' dimples made?

POKATHUMB. Two apiece as you ordered, and some in the chin besides, O Queen, though I still have a few elbows to attend to.

HEPZIBAH. Frecklemaker!

FRECKLEMAKER. I have becomingly freckled fourteen noses this morning beside my housecleaning chores.

HEPZIBAH. Earwasher.

EARWASHER. The ears of the man in the moon are pinkishly

clean, and I have also washed his bald spot.

HEPZIBAH. Odds and Ends!

(*They curtsey as one man.*)

QUEEN. Have you put away the rabbit skins and polished the knob on the Gate to Fairyland?

ODDS AND ENDS. We have, Queen dear.

QUEEN. And weighed the scales of the wiggly snake?

ODDS AND ENDS. We have.

QUEEN. Did you take down the sun and dust behind it?

ODDS AND ENDS. We did.

QUEEN. And shake the rugs in the moss parlor (*They bow.*) and shine the stars (*They bow.*) and put mothballs in the winter mousefurs?

KOCKACHOO. (*Sneezing.*) They did! Kockachoooooooo! They did, indeed!

QUEEN. Has anyone been overlooked in the rollcall? If so, please raise your hand. (SUE SALLY MARIE *raises hers.*) And who are you, my child?

SUE SALLY MARIE. And it please the court, my name is Sue Sally Marie, and I've *always* wanted to be a fairy.

WOGGLES. But, my dear, that is rather difficult.

SUE SALLY MARIE. I know it.

WOGGLES. You will first have to submit to eating a pasty made of the petals of four thousand buttercups.

SUE SALLY MARIE. Yes, your Majesty.

WOGGLES. Next you will have to have your eyes re-painted so that you can fly into the sun without blinking.

SUE SALLY MARIE. Yes, O Queen.

WOGGLES. Then you will have to wear a shrinking cap until you can crawl through a melon blossom without needing to wriggle.

SUE SALLY MARIE. I'll put it on now.

WOGGLES. Providing you will promise always to go back to earth promptly when your mother calls you, I see no reason

why you should not be a fairy.

SUE SALLY MARIE. Thank you, O Queen. When shall I eat the buttercups?

QUEEN. Hepzibah! Where is she? Bring forth the Golden Pasty, the Sun Blink Paint Box, and the Shrinking Cap for the Melon Blossom Test.

HEPZIBAH. (*Efficient soul that she is, comes running in with a pencil behind her ear, somewhat short of breath.*) I have ordered them, O Queen.

(*The LACKEYS enter, the first carrying the Golden Pasty, the second the Sun Blink Paint Box with palette and brushes, and the third balancing the Shrinking Cap and the pumpkin flower for the Melon Blossom Test. The first offers the pasty while the second sets to work with a large brush and the third fits the cap from behind. The Fairy drums begin to roll.*)

SUE SALLY MARIE. What's that?

LACKEY. (*Fitting the cap.*) The Fairy drums! They always roll like that when a fairy's being made.

PERKALIP. (*Stepping forward looking really sad.*) O Queen—

WOGGLES. Yes, Perkalip?

PERKALIP. I regret to say, O Queen, that this ceremony cannot take place. (*The FAIRIES stop and stare at her in consternation.*) I regret to say, O Queen, that there is a bylaw which states that anybody that has lost his smile cannot enter into the bonds of good fairyship.

HEPZIBAH. (*Looking up the bylaw in the ledger.*) That is so, O Queen.

PERKALIP. I regret to say, O Queen, that the person I spoke of this morning who was unprovided with a smile is Sue Sally Marie.

QUEEN. Really?

PERKALIP. I regret to say that before leaving home this morning she threw her smile away.

QUEEN. Sue Sally Marie, is this true?

SUE SALLY MARIE. But they were housecleaning!

QUEEN. I am afraid there is nothing for it. Stop the drums.

(The drums, which have been rumbling merrily, suddenly stop.)

KOCKACHOO. *(Coming forward and bowing his best bow.)*
Your Daintiness!

QUEEN. Yes, Kockachoo?

KOCKACHOO. If your Daintiness will recall, last year my own smile was badly cracked in the course of the mothball season—

POKATHUMB. So it was!

KOCKACHOO. I mended it myself with a little early dew and a rosebud stamen.

PERKALIP. She has to find it first.

ODDS. *(To SUE SALLY MARIE.)* Where is it?

SUE SALLY MARIE. I don't know.

QUEEN. Think! Has none of you seen it?

PERKALIP. There is one person who might know—

FAIRIES. Who? Who?

PERKALIP. But she lives seven hills and two houses away.

ODDS AND ENDS. We know! We know! Rumpelstilzkin!

HEPZIBAH. As you well know, she hasn't answered rollcall for nine hundred and forty-two years.

PERKALIP. During which time she has paid a fine of nine plums every day. She must be getting low on plums by now.

(Facing southwest, the FAIRIES stand with their shoulders together and call, first softly, then louder, then louder still until their voices sound like a wind.)

FAIRIES. Rumpelstilzkin! *Rumpelstilzkin! RUMPELSTILZKIN!* *(They wait.)*

SUE SALLY MARIE. *(Softly.)* Who is she?

PERKALIP. She's a middle-aged sort that makes a living selling soapbubbles and appleblossom tarts.

FAIRIES. *(Chanting softly.)*

Rumpelstilzkin, hear us sing.

Come, oh come on spider-wing.
Bridle bird and saddle bee,
An earthling here has need of thee.

(RUMPELSTILZKIN *appears as casually as if she came to rollcall every morning, carrying a bevy of soapbubbles like a host of red and yellow and blue balloons.*)

WOGGLES. Hepzibah, complete the roll!

HEPZIBAH. Rumpelstilzkin!

RUMPELSTILZKIN. Here!

FAIRIES. Rumpelstilzkin! Rumpelstilzkin! A soapbubble, Rumpelstilzkin!

(*She gives them soapbubbles.*)

WOGGLES. We understand you have been absent from roll-call every morning for nine hundred and forty-two years . . . (RUMPELSTILZKIN *bows.*) during which time you have paid a fine of nine plums every day.

RUMPELSTILZKIN. (*Murmuring.*) I *am* running a little short of plums.

WOGGLES. The court is willing to make an agreement with you. If you can tell us the whereabouts of a smile belonging to this earth-child here, the court is willing to return to you seven hundred handfuls of your plums.

(RUMPELSTILZKIN *bows and beckons to ENDS.*)

RUMPELSTILZKIN. Fetch me my thinking cape out of my satchel.

(ENDS *brings it.*)

FAIRIES.

Rumpelstilzkin, look, oh look!
In every cranny, every nook.
In heather-heap and pansy-pile
Find, oh find the earthling's smile!

RUMPELSTILZKIN. (*Pacing back and forth with the thinking cape about her.*) I see nothing.

FAIRIES.

Rumpelstilzkin, search, oh search!
Under briarwood, over birch.
Over balsam, under berry.
Turn the earth-child to a fairy.

RUMPELSTILZKIN. (*Pacing.*) I see nothing.

FAIRIES.

Rumpelstilzkin, look again!
Through haunts of fairies, haunts of men!
Fallow furlong, meadow-mile,
Find, oh find the earthling's smile!

RUMPELSTILZKIN. She must have crossed over running water.

FAIRIES. Did you?

SUE SALLY MARIE. No! . . .

RUMPELSTILZKIN. Think! Did you stop to look into any rainbarrels?

SUE SALLY MARIE. No.

RUMPELSTILZKIN. Or watering troughs? (SUE SALLY MARIE *shakes her head.*) Or springs or ditches or creeks or culverts or briths or fords or lakes or lochs or puddles or pools or ponds?

SUE SALLY MARIE. I only jumped the gutter.

FAIRIES.

Has her mother never taught her
Smiles are lost in running water?
Since all water once was tears,
That is what a fairy fears.

RUMPELSTILZKIN. A smile lost in running water may have traveled to the ends of the world by now.

FRECKLEMAKER. (*Announcing.*) The Lord High Chamberlain! The Lord High Chamberlain returns from fishing with a noble string of splendid minnows!

CHAMBERLAIN. (*Bowing to right and left.*) My apologies to all. (*He kneels before the QUEEN.*) Your Majesty! . . . (*Ris-*

ing on one knee.) But look what I found—swallowed complete by a fine fat minnow! (*He holds up what looks like the lower half of a little gold false-face. It is an unmistakable smile.*)

SUE SALLY MARIE. My smile! My smile!

WOGGLES. Hepzibah! Cancel the Lord High Chamberlain's fine!

LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAIN. (*Bowing.*) Thank you, thank you.

WOGGLES. And restore to Rumpelstilzkin fourteen thousand plums.

RUMPELSTILZKIN. (*Bowing.*) Thank you indeed.

WOGGLES. And bring forward the Golden Pasty, the Sun Blink Paint Box, and the Pumpkin Flower for the Melon Blossom Test!

(The fairy drums begin to rumble as the LACKEYS enter chest up bearing the paraphernalia. The curtain comes down, but a lavender and gold soapbubble wanders under and floats out over the heads of the audience to remind them that there honestly is such a place as Fairyland.)

A MASQUE OF MAY MORNING *

BY W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

WINTER

THE SNOWDROP

THE PRIMROSE

THE VIOLET

THE CELANDINE

* If a copy of the original edition of this play (published by John Lane, London) is available, the twelve designs in color, by the author, will offer valuable suggestions as to costumes, colors, and groupings. For the right to produce, apply to the author, care Dodd, Mead & Co., 449 Fourth Ave., New York City.

THE ANEMONE

THREE PERSONAGES IN GREEN

APRIL

MAY

THE SPIRIT OF THE ROSE

VOICES OF THE SNOW

CHORUS OF THE MAY DEW GATHERERS

[In a woodland clearing stands a small stage. Thick green boughs form a screen at the back. Steps on either side lead up on to the stage. Round it is a stretch of green sward encircled by the dim tangles of the wood. Among the trees soft voices sing as the white-robed figure of WINTER comes slowly out of the shadows and moves over the grass towards the stage.]

THE SONG OF THE SNOW-FLAKES

Down through the air we softly sweep,
Feathers that fall from wings of sleep,
Bearing the kisses of cloud and sky
To hush the world with lullaby.

Lullaby.

Silence we bring, a silver seal
Closing the founts of woe and weal.
Sorrow and pleasure, or smile or sigh,
Alike we lull with lullaby.

Lullaby.

[WINTER passes on to the stage. Her long white hair falls over trailing robes of glistening white.]

WINTER'S SONG

White-haired Winter, the nurse, am I.
Hush! Hush! The world's asleep.
Softly tread, O ye passersby,

Lest she wake in the dark and cry;
Darkling wake and weep.

Lullaby, lullaby.
Sleep sound and deep.

Warm and soft in your bed you lie.
Hush! Hush! Snows are white.
Draw the curtains over the sky
With only a glimmer to kiss you by
When nurse puts out the light.
Lullaby, lullaby,
White little world; good-night.

Waken soon to the sun on high,
Life and love, joy and pain;
But ere the days of the year go by
The world to her white-haired nurse will sigh,
"Sing me the old refrain!
Lullaby, lullaby.
Rock me asleep again."

Finger on lip I guard the sleeping world;
I that am Sleep and Silence. In the air
All sound hangs frozen, save the slumber song
Of the tall pine's eternal hush-a-by.
Over my great white floor no footfall rings,
Men pass as shadows moving silently.
Brown robin pipes a song beneath his breath
And in the woods the echoes lie asleep.
None may awake the world while I keep watch;
No noisy bird, no flower—

A VOICE.

O mother, wake!

I am so frightened! I am in the dark!
Is it not daylight yet?

WINTER.

Who cries aloud,
Breaking the silver silence?

A VOICE.

Mother dear,
I must get up! I cannot stay in bed!
I am so very very wide awake.

[The SNOWDROP climbs slowly out of the ground. She is in white with a little green cap.]

Time to get up!

WINTER.

O little phantom flower!
The frozen world is smiling in her sleep;
You are her dream of Spring.

SNOWDROP.

I am no dream.
I heard the great Sun call and I am here.
Men name me Snowdrop, first-born of the year.

THE SNOWDROP'S SONG

I am the Snowdrop, first up-peeping,
First of flowers and vernal things.
I crept out while the world was sleeping
To feel the sun and to try my wings.
In a land of shadow I linger lonely;
A-flutter I hang on my tiny stem.
For Spring's first footfall I listen only,
A strayed white pearl from her diadem.

WINTER.

What are you doing here, you wakeful child,
Up all too early? Here's no sun for you.
Run back to bed; I'll have no flowers here!
Flowers indeed!

SNOWDROP.

Dear nurse, be kind to me.
See me. I am so little of a flower.
A chilly star by Frost's white fingers formed,
Tracing his barren blossoms on the pane;
One of your snow-flakes that has found a stem
And grown a tiny, tiny golden heart.

WINTER.

I'll have no flowers here. Be off to bed.

SNOWDROP.

But, nurse, I cannot go to sleep again.
The night is spent, it passes in the wind;
For the dim gates of morning are ajar
And dawn peeps through them. See, beyond the hills
A faint light quickens—nurse! Is that the Sun?

WINTER.

Aye, 't is the Sun! Now, Snow-flake, hide yourself!
Frost flower, beware, his burning kiss is death.
Creep close beneath my mantle.

SNOWDROP [*springing forward*].

No! No! No!

It is the Sun! The Sun! It is the Sun!

[*From below comes an echo of many VOICES.*]

THE VOICES.

It is the Sun! The Sun! It is the Sun!

SNOWDROP.

My waking kindred call. This way! This way!
Up to the Sun! Up! Up! Up to the light!

THE VOICES [*nearer*].

Up to the light! Up to the light!

WINTER.

Be still,
You restless little flower! My drowsy spell
Is broken. All the children are awake,
And I shall never get them back to bed!

THE VOICES [*close at hand*].

Up to the Sun! Up! Up! Up to the light!

[*Up out of the earth the flowers climb, slowly and only half awake. PRIMROSE in yellow, VIOLET in blue, CELANDINE in orange and gold.*]

SONG OF THE WAKING FLOWERS

PRIMROSE.

Faint with the wonder of birth,
Shaking the sleep from our eyes,
Up through the gloom of the earth
We rise. We rise.

CELANDINE.

Up through the frost and the rime,
Gathering strength as we go;
Up to the pride of our prime
We grow. We grow.

VIOLET.

Narrow and chill was the bed.
Seeking our father the Sun,
Up from the land of the dead
We run. We run.

PRIMROSE.

Dim with the dreams of the night,
Dull with the dust of the mould,
Us in thy garment of light
Enfold. Enfold.

ALL THREE.

What though we stay but a while,
What though we pass with the May!
Grant us the gold of thy smile
Today. Today!

[*The SNOWDROP moves forward, greeting them.*]

SNOWDROP.

Welcome, dear kindred! What a brave array!
Purple and gold and saffron! Deign you speak
To me who never thought to deck myself,
But in my white smock ran to meet the light?

VIOLET [*kissing SNOWDROP*].

So we have found you, little runaway.

PRIMROSE [*kissing her*].

Good morning, truant.

CELANDINE [*with dignity*].

You may kiss my hand.
Fall back two paces, now, a curtsy please.

Thank you. You are not versed in etiquette,
But a Princess must think about such things.

SNOWDROP.

How are you called, sweet sisters newly found?
I have forgot—or I have never known;
For we but dwelt together in that land
Where dreams are born and flowers have no names.

PRIMROSE.

Dear, I am Primrose.

VIOLET.

I am Violet.

CELANDINE.

I claim precedence. I am Celandine.

CELANDINE'S SONG

In a golden gown
Fare I so fine;
Golden is my crown,
Queen Celandine.

First of royal line,
High my renown,
Princess Celandine,
Queen Golden Gown.

All men bowing down,
By right divine
Of my golden gown
Crown Celandine.

[CELANDINE *passes*; PRIMROSE *moves forward*.]

SONG OF THE PRIMROSE

Yellow stars in the grass,
Yellow stars in the sky.
Heaven can see its face in a glass
While sweet spring days go by.

Yellow stars on the earth,
Yellow stars in the air.
Which of these is of worthier worth?
Which is the fairer fair?

Yellow stars in the glade
Long for stars of the sky,
But ever the splendours pale and fade
To the earth star's opening eye.

Waking star in the blue,
Sleeping star in the green;
Never may meet or greet the two
With the day and the night between.

Each of the golden rout
Fares on the ancient way;
And the great stars burn their ages out
And the Primrose lives its day.

[*The PRIMROSE passes. VIOLET moves forward.*]

SONG OF THE VIOLET

In my hooded cloak of blue
Meekly I appear.
In my eyes a smile for you,
In my heart a tear.

Fair the day and blinding bright;
Over bright meseems.
There was not so strong a light
In the land of dreams.

Gallant Primrose gazes up
Boldly to the sky,
Straightly stands the Buttercup,
Golden crest on high.

Only I, the Violet,
Go with drooping head.
I can never quite forget
Dreamland and the Dead.

Dear dead folk, who understand
Quiet communings.
I cannot forget the Land
Of Forgotten Things.

Underneath my cloak of blue
If you care to peer,
You will find a smile for you;
You will find a tear.

[WINTER comes forward angrily, shaking her white mantle.]

WINTER.

More tears than smiles for you, O foolish ones
Untimely risen. Mother earth still sleeps;
Your little babbling tongues cannot avail,
To pierce the thickly woven web of dreams
Which I draw round her. Still my frost can nip,
My snow-clouds gather in the heavy air!

Now pining droop, and, shivering in the cold,
Repent too late your disobedience!

[*The FLOWERS huddle together crying.*]

THE FLOWERS.

The cold! The snow! The darkness! O! O! O!
Close petals all! Creep underneath the leaves!
'T will pass! 'T will pass!

[*A horn sounds without.*]

WINTER.

Again the silence broken!
What wender winds his horn?

PRIMROSE [*joyfully*].

It is the Wind!
The merry Wind, the flower's playfellow.
When Spring's feet falter and the air grows chill,
He makes mad music on the sounding pipes,
So that we dance and dance, and quite forget
White Winter's cold and all her cruelty.

THE FLOWERS.

It is the Wind! Our playfellow, the Wind!

VIOLET.

And see who runs before with flying feet,
Blown like a feather through the gusty air;
Fragile Anemone, the Wind's white child,
Nimblest and lightest dancer in the wood.

[*ANEMONE runs in, panting.*]

ANEMONE.

O, I am out of breath. But never mind!

Have you all partners? Am I very late?
My father's pipes are droning on the hill;
Soon he'll be here with all his minstrelsy.

THE ANEMONE'S SONG

The Wind is blowing! The Wind is blowing!
He bends the trees at his fancy's whim;
But ever and now a light kiss throwing
To me, his child, in the woodland dim.
The curtseying clouds are all advancing,
While up in the sky the Wind is dancing,
And I, Anemone, dance with him.

See; I move like a fine town lady,
My father taught me the modish way;
Down in the copses thick and shady
I open the ball with him today.
Make my curtsey with airs and graces,
Hands across and then back to places,
Set to partners and "balancez."

Hear the music of pipe and fiddle!
Come to the ball and dance with me.
Up the centre and down the middle,
Threading the needle away go we.
While the tunes ring out to our merry mumming,
"Flower o' the Broom," and "Spring's a-coming,"
Mark your steps with a one, two, three!

[ANEMONE *pauses breathless*. PRIMROSE *comes to her*.]

PRIMROSE.

Light foot, light heart, laughing Anemone!
We all will learn our steps.

CELANDINE [*taking VIOLET aside*].

Pray pardon me.

Is the young lady—er—professional?

Who did she say her father was?

VIOLET.

The Wind.

CELANDINE.

Yes, but which Wind? One knows so many Winds.

VIOLET.

South-west, I fancy.

CELANDINE [*reassured*].

Ah, that would explain—

Very bohemian. Southern temperament.

—I'll bow to her.

[*Does so, quite unobserved by ANEMONE.*]

ANEMONE.

The dance! Begin the dance!

The guests are bidden and the lights are lit.

Daisy and Cowslip, Squill and Daffodil,

Bold Dandelion and tall Buttercup,

And even little Eyebright, all accept.

The Milkmaids, too, whom some call Lady's Smocks.

CELANDINE.

Milkmaids! Not really! But—how very mixed!

That is the worst of these provincial balls,

One never can be sure whom one may meet.

—I don't suppose there'll be a soul one knows.

[*The FLOWERS join hands and dance as they sing.*]

SONG OF THE DANCING FLOWERS

Pipe for our dancing, O playfellow Wind!
Our steps are light and our cheeks are aglow.
What though the Winter prove cold and unkind!
O gaily pipe as we dance to and fro!
 Laughing, singing,
 Swaying, swinging,
Louder the music and madder the measure!
 Turning, tripping,
 Rising, dipping,
Merry with motion and panting with pleasure.
Pipe for our dancing, O playfellow Wind!
Our steps are light and our cheeks are aglow.
What though the day should prove cold and unkind!
O gaily pipe as we dance in a row.

Whispering Wind, with a message for me,
A word for me from the Spring and the Sun;
Will they not dance with us here on the lea?
O bid them haste, for the ball is begun.

 Prattling, playing,
 Swinging, swaying.
Leaves all a-flutter and petals a-flying!
 Waving, whirling,
 Twisting, twirling,
While the mad music is singing or sighing.
Pipe for our dancing, O playfellow Wind!
Our steps are light and our cheeks are aglow.
Skies will be blue again, Spring will be kind.
O gaily pipe as we come and we go!

Wind of the West, with a smile and a sigh,
A crown of light and a cloak of the rain,

See, at thy bidding the clouds hurry by!
The sun rides forth in the heavens again!
 Hurrying, hustling,
 Rippling, rustling.
Wind, give us leave. Draw a breath for thy blowing.
 Fluttering, flushing,
 Babbling, blushing,
Petals flung wide and each yellow heart glowing!
Pipe for our dancing, O playfellow dear!
Our hearts are light as the flight of our feet!
Send us the Sun and the Spring o' the year,
When days are golden and life is complete.

[The dancers break up their ring and are scattered laughing over the stage.]

PRIMROSE.

Well done! Ah ha! We've danced the clouds away.

CELANDINE.

Thanks, my brave piper!

VIOLET [*listening*].

Hush! Be still awhile.

I hear the song of Sorrow in the wood;
A sound of weeping.

SNOWDROP.

Weeping! What is that?

PRIMROSE.

What is't, to weep?

CELANDINE.

I do not know.

SNOWDROP.

Nor I.

VIOLET.

How should you know the bitter taste of tears,
You laughing blossoms wreathed for festival,
The fairest jewels in the crown of Joy?
How should you hear the fall of Sorrow's feet?
But all familiar is her step to me.
O'er me she bends when, clasped in fingers cold,
I sweetly die upon a dead maid's breast
And with her fade away into the dark,
I, who am watered by the tears of men.
Awhile forbear the dance and hush your tune,
For hither through the wood comes one who weeps.

[In the woods behind the stage a voice is heard singing to an ancient air.]

THE SONG OF APRIL TEARS

The weeping woods are wet
In the shadow of the sky,
With a sad heigh-ho and alack a well-a-day.
The clouds are weeping yet,
And a-weeping, too, am I.
With a sad heigh-ho and alack a well-a-day.
For a little maid will pout
And a little maid will cry,
Though she know not what about
And she cannot tell you why.
With a sad heigh-ho and alack a well-a-day,
With a sad heigh-ho and alack a well-a-day.

[All the FLOWERS, much interested, repeat the burden.]

With a sad heigh-ho and alack a well-a-day,
With a sad heigh-ho and alack a well-a-day.

[*The voice draws nearer.*]

And so I sit and sigh,
Though the world is very fair,
With my sad heigh-ho and alack a well-a-day.
O fain am I to fly
To a castle in the air,
With a sad heigh-ho and alack a well-a-day.
But why I long to go,
And whither I'd away
I truly do not know
And I really cannot say.
With a sad heigh-ho and alack a well-a-day,
With a sad heigh-ho and alack a well-a-day.

[*All the FLOWERS, deeply touched, repeat the burden.*]

With a sad heigh-ho and alack a well-a-day,
With a sad heigh-ho and alack a well-a-day.

[*Out of the wood comes a girl of fourteen, moving towards the stage. Over a flower-broidered gown she wears a black cloak lined with silver.*]

WINTER.

These are but foolish April's ready tears.
'T is April, ever whimpering for naught;
Hugging her little sorrow to her heart
And fondly smiling when the baby cries.

CELANDINE.

Green April! Month of leaves. The flowers' friend!

PRIMROSE.

She comes toward us with a sigh half breathed,
That trembles into laughter on her lips,
And dewy eyes, blue bright with tears unshed.

VIOLET.

How fair she is—and sad. O fairer far
Than all my bright-faced playmates of the field.
Come, let us run to her and comfort her!
She is so sweet.

WINTER.

Aye, aye, she's sweet to you,
Taking your first brief look in Sorrow's face.
So fair seems Sorrow to the eyes of Joy.

[*The FLOWERS run to APRIL, taking her hands as she passes up on to the stage.*]

APRIL'S SONG

O joy, O joy! The air is mad with singing;
Clear calls the mavis, day is but begun.
Through silver mist, about the wet mead clinging,
Green lies the meadow land, bright with sun.
Hark, in the coppice Spring's glad pulse a-beating.
Gaily rings the note,

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

From wood to wood peals on the merry greeting,
"Out! out! For fields are green and skies are blue!"

O sorrow, sorrow for the cloud-banks growing!
Sorrow for the mavis, hushed his refrain.
Through barren branches bleak winds are blowing,
Black lie the meadow lands, blind with rain.

Hark, in the wild wood Spring's sad heart a-throbbing.
Dully sounds the note,

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Weeps every flower, for the great sun sobbing,
For the golden sun who has proved untrue.

Sorrow and Joy, sweet Joy is Sorrow's brother,
Move through the meadows ever hand in hand.
Sorrow and Joy; I know not each from other,
Decked as with diamonds, rainbow spanned.
Hark, in the woodland Spring's shrill trumpet calling.
Loudly swells the note,

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

While on my face the last warm tears are falling,
Sunshine is gold again and skies are blue.

[*The FLOWERS crowd round APRIL, caressing her.*]

VIOLET.

Dear little lady, welcome. Dry your eyes.
Nay, do not weep.

APRIL [*laughing*].

My children, take no heed.
I weep for pleasure and I laugh for grief;
A wayward wanton I.

PRIMROSE.

Are you the May?
May, whom the green earth waits for?

APRIL.

No, not May,

But May's own sister, April, and I come
Against her coming to adorn the world,
To dress it all in green and perfume it,

To wash the flowers' faces and to swell
The tinkling music of a thousand streams.

CELANDINE [*to SNOWDROP*].

April? I've heard of her,— O yes, she moves
In a much better set, and really knows
All the best people; relatives of mine,
Lady Spring's Trumpeter, Sir Daffodil,
Gold King-Cup too, and Crown Imperial!

SNOWDROP.

But where is May? Will she not come to us?

APRIL.

Hush! Speak we softly when we speak of May.
She lies a prisoner in the Other Land,
The world within the world, the Fairies' Realm.
Thrice in the year unlocks the Ivory Gate,
At vigils of All-Hallows and of John,
And this May-Eve which darkens overhead.
Thrice in the year come forth the Elfin Folk
To walk with mortals on the common earth,
And with them May, the changeling, fares along.
Let her but linger till the morning break,
The sun's first ray enchains her here awhile
And wins the world a month of Fairy Land.

PRIMROSE.

How can we stay her?

CELANDINE.

Fly away, black night!

VIOLET.

O quickly come, Tomorrow! Rise, dear Sun!

APRIL.

Nay, she will linger at the wood's dim heart,
Careless of dawnlight, busied with a spell;
The strong constraining of the Enchanted Dew.

CELANDINE.

A spell?

VIOLET.

Enchanted Dew?

PRIMROSE.

A Fairy Tale!

ALL.

O tell us! Tell us! Come, begin, begin!

WINTER.

I have not patience with these tale-tellers;
Filling the children's heads with foolishness
So that they cry and fall awake o' nights.

APRIL [*gently*].

Yet hear the tale of May's Enchanted Dew.

[*The FLOWERS cluster round APRIL, sitting at her feet.*]

The dew-drop is the Fairies' looking-glass,
And, on May-Eve, the dainty Elfin dames
So deck and prank themselves for festival
That not a drop of dew in all the wood
But holds the shadow of a Fairy face,
Locks in its heart the Elfin loveliness
And guards its magic beauty till the day.

PRIMROSE.

But—of the spell? What wonder works the charm?

APRIL.

If on May morning, just before the light,
In this same Dew a maiden bathe her face,
There's none so homely, none so favourless
But glows, a living splendour at the dawn,
With a mysterious beauty not of earth.
But let men-folk beware; for who has gazed
Deep in a dew-drop's heart when May is born
Must ever wander as the pale moon's thrall,
Lost in a world of shadow and a dream
From which no morrow brings awakening;
For he has looked upon a Fairy's face
And never more may be at peace again.

PRIMROSE.

But hark! A stir within the silent woods!

SNOWDROP.

A tread of tiny feet—a strain of song!

VIOLET.

Wide fly the Dreamland Gates and, spell-bound yet,
May moves towards us through the mists of morn.

APRIL.

Nay, speak not to her; she's a Fairy Maid
Till the first sunbeam strike her. In the air
Thin Elfin pipes are sounding. All the train
Of Fairydom moves with her. Hide your eyes!
'T is not for you, the sun's gay pageantry,
Marshalled beneath his fulgent oriflamme,
To look upon the Children of the Moon!

[*The FLOWERS all crouch to the ground, covering their faces.*
APRIL stands watching.]

Slowly she comes. Already in her ears
The Fairy music falters and the songs
Fall faint and echoless; each spirit face,
To her grown dim and all fantastical,
Shows as a dream at dawn. The eyes alone
Gleam brightly, fixed upon her in farewell;
The mournful Elfin eyes that cannot weep.
Hush! They are here. Lie close and speak no word.

[The FLOWERS crouch down, drawing their robes over their heads. At the back of the stage appear three tiny figures clothed in green and leading with them a tall pale maiden. She is clad in a long green mantle, and on her head is a crown of emeralds. Between her hands she bears a crystal bowl filled with clear water. Her eyes are dim with dreams and her step slow and languid. The three FAIRIES lead her forward, speaking their rhymes.]

SONG OF THE MAY FAIRIES

FIRST FAIRY.

Speak your last spell, Sister May,
Look your last on Fairy Land.
Still within our realm you stray
Fairy fettered foot and hand.
Fairy laws you must obey—
Speak your last spell, Sister May.

SECOND FAIRY.

Once again but wave the wand;
Tread the magic circle round.
Never more your feet may stand
In the ring of charmed ground.
With the dawning of the day
Fairy Land will fade away.

THIRD FAIRY.

Now, your Fairy life fulfilled,
Speak the Blessing of the Dew;
Magic drops by elves distilled
While the white moons waned and grew.
In the east the morn is grey—
Speak your last spell, Sister May.

[The FAIRIES take the crystal bowl from MAY and bear it before her. She dips her hands into the water and sprinkles drops over the ground, murmuring her spell as if half asleep. They pass thus round the stage.]

THE SPELL OF THE MAY DEW

MAY.

Magic Dew
I bestrew.
Maidens all
At my call,
Vigil keeping,
All else sleeping,
Ere the day break
Each a way break
Through the greenwood.
All unseen would
Maidens enter.
From the centre
Of each flower
Shake a shower;
Bathe your faces,
All dead graces
From each dewdrop
Shall anew drop.

Only sprinkle,
Every wrinkle
Fades away.
When 't is done, rise
In the sunrise
Fair as day!

[*The spell concluded, MAY still stands as if in a dream.
The FAIRIES gather round her, stripping her of her green mantle and emerald crown.*]

SONG OF THE DEPARTING FAIRIES

FIRST FAIRY.

We must leave you, Sister May,
Wave the trees in morning's breath.
'T is the tryst of Night and Day,
'T is the kiss of Life and Death.
Fairy days for you are done;
Lose the Moon and gain the Sun.

SECOND FAIRY.

Falls from you our ancient lore,
Fade our secrets from your mind.
Of the Fairies know no more
Than the rest of mortal kind.
Name us never at the noon,
Children of the mystic moon.

THIRD FAIRY.

Lay aside the cloak of green;
Render up the Elfin Crown;
Kirtled stands our Fairy Queen
In a mortal maiden's gown.
Lost to us our Sister May!
Mortal maiden, go your way.

[Her Fairy apparel gone, MAY stands in a long gown of plain white. From the woods around come the first notes of the May Chorus, very faint in the distance. A flush comes into the cheeks of MAY. Her eyes grow bright and she steps eagerly forward. While she speaks the May Music moves nearer.]

MAY'S BIRTH SONG

MAY.

Fairer and more fair!
Golden and more gold!
In the earth and air
Glories manifold!
Mighty sun dispel
Dews of dawn, and soon.
Fain am I to dwell
In thy highest noon.

THE FAIRIES [*retreating*].

O farewell, farewell!
Back, behind the moon!

MAY.

Open eyes for me!
Bird song in my ear!
Blind was I—and see!
Deaf was I—and hear!
Hail, O happy day!
Hasten not thy flight.
Ever let me stray
Down thy paths of light!

THE FAIRIES [*disappearing*].

O, away, away!
Back, into the night!

[The FAIRIES vanish. In the woods the May Chorus swells out loudly. While it is sung the FLOWERS, led by APRIL, flock round MAY, decking her with a wreath and a flowering sceptre.]

THE MAY SONG

VOICES OF GIRLS.

May morn is breaking
Up in the sky,
Green earth awaking
Smiles a reply.
Come we a-Maying,
Risen anew,
Blindly obeying
The Spell of the Dew.

VOICES OF MEN.

Fair maidens flying,
Weaving a spell,
Follow we prying;
Heed yourselves well!
O'er the hill brimming
Rises the day;
Join we in hymning
The praises of May.

VOICES OF CHILDREN.

Queen of the wild wood!
Heart of the spring!
Each little child would
Bless thee and sing.
Singing thy praises,
Magical May,
While in the daisies
We merrily play.

ALL IN CHORUS.

May, of thy sweetness,
Grant us delight!
Joy in completeness
Morning and night.
Give us but laughter
Under the sun;
Come tears hereafter—
Youth's hour is begun!

[*The chorus dies away in the woods. The FLOWERS stand in a ring round MAY gazing at her.*]

PRIMROSE.

Oh, is this May? Long looked for, hoped for May?
May from the Other Land, the Fairies' Child?

ANEMONE.

And may we look at her and touch her?

APRIL.

Yes.

Ours is she fully now. The Elfin band,
Like misty exhalations of the night,
Melt at the sun-burst and the day is won.

CELANDINE.

Hail, May the Queen!

ALL.

Hail, May!

MAY [*bending over them*].

Dear little ones,

What would you of Queen May?

SNOWDROP.

A Fairy Tale.

Tell us what lies beyond the Ivory Gate.

VIOLET.

Tell of the Unknown Country.

MAY.

Children, nay!

Shame not the summer sun with twilight thoughts,
Tales of the World of Night, the Hollow Land,
Of wild-eyed elves and dreams grey garmented.
Sing we of life and love beneath the blue;
The joys and sorrows of the world of men.
Come, I will tell you stories of the Rose.

[The FLOWERS *sit round* MAY.]

The wondrous Rose whom you will never see;
For she's a grown-up flower and sits up late
When all you children are asleep in bed.
Some say she was a maiden, spell transformed,
And that, beneath her crimson damask gown,
There lies and beats a living human heart.
A heart that may be broken, and will bleed.
Men dare not strew red roses on the ground
Lest they should turn to blood.

[SNOWDROP *suddenly bursts into tears.*]

SNOWDROP.

O dear! O dear!

I don't think that I like this story much!
Nurse! I want nurse!

WINTER [*leading her away*].

What tales to tell the child!
Come, dear, and let nurse put you back to bed
And sing you ditties of the Great North Sea
Where the white bears move slowly, half asleep,
And where the Frost Queen takes you in her arms
And holds you to her breast and hushes you
So that you sleep till all the stars are cold.

[SNOWDROP *curls up under the mantle of WINTER and falls asleep.*]

MAY [*continuing*].

And of the Rose men also have a tale,
How on a time there slept a fair Princess
Ensorcelled in a thorny wood of briars.
A hundred years she slept; and through the years,
As one by one her maiden dreams were born,
They bloomed, white roses on the barren stems,
Till in a white rose bower the maiden lay.
Then through the gloomy barrier sprang the Prince
And, when the first kiss lit upon her lips,
The sleeping world awakened with a shout
And all the white dream-roses turned to red.

PRIMROSE [*puzzled*].

Why did they turn?

ANEMONE.

Yes, why?

CELANDINE.

And why to red?

They might have worn a golden gown like mine.
I should not like to change.

ANEMONE [*suddenly*].

O dear! O dear!

Suppose the Prince should kiss her once again
And we should all turn blue or black or pink!
I don't much like this tale!

[*Running to WINTER.*]

Take me away!

WINTER.

High time that all the children were away;
All up too late and growing dull and cross.

[*To the FLOWERS.*]

Come. Say good-night, and then away to bed.

[*The FLOWERS advance to MAY one by one.*]

PRIMROSE.

Good-night.

VIOLET.

Good-night.

CELANDINE [*with a deep curtsey*].

I wish you a good-night.

ANEMONE.

Good-night.

WINTER.

And little Snowdrop? where is she?
What, fast asleep already? Fie, fie, fie!
What hours for you! Bid Lady May good-night,
Then back with nurse into the Sleepy Land.

SNOWDROP [*faintly*].

Good-night.

MAY.

Good-night. Sweet dreams of Spring and me.

WINTER.

Back with me, children. Back into the dark.

[*To MAY.*]

Reign all supreme. Into your hands I yield
My sceptre, Queen of the Awakened World;
But let the old nurse too bid you farewell.
Nay, shrink not from me. It is this, my touch,
The kiss of Winter on the lips of Spring,
That makes your bowers the fairest of the year.
This is the wailing note, the plaintive fall
That ever rings through gayest melody;
The mists of tears before the eyes of dawn;
The little sigh of perfect happiness.

MAY.

And shall I see your face no more?

WINTER.

No more,
Until I come to hush the world again;
To fold her hands and dress her all in white;
To close the curtains and to say good-night.

[*WINTER, leading the FLOWERS, passes down from the stage and disappears. MAY stands kissing her hands to the FLOWERS.*]

MAY.

Good-night, dear little ones. Sleep well. Sleep well.
Good-night.

APRIL [*shyly taking MAY's hand*].

O, May—your story of the Rose—
The red Rose with the beating human heart.
The others did not heed it, but I think
I almost understand it. Poor red Rose.
It is a sweet tale.

MAY [*smiling*].

Yes, the tale is sweet.

APRIL.

And very, very sad.

MAY.

Ah, no, not sad.
Not sad to have a beating human heart
To throb with life and joy beneath the sun!

APRIL.

No—but the heart may break.

MAY.

And even so
Better the red Rose with her broken heart
Than all the cold white children of the Spring!

APRIL.

And will you see the Rose—and will she speak
And tell her tale to you?

MAY [*dreamily*].

I think she will.

APRIL.

And then—and then?

MAY.

And then—I pass away
As pass the cold white children of the Spring;
Yet not as they. I shall have seen the Rose!

APRIL.

Dear May, they call me from you. Take this kiss;
And when you meet her, kiss the Rose for me.
She is so sad.—I do not understand,
But yet I know that she is very sad.

[APRIL *turns away in tears.*]

MAY.

Look back and smile, dear April.

[APRIL *turns with a laugh.*]

APRIL.

Farewell, May.
Remember. Kiss the Rose for me. Farewell!

[APRIL *runs laughing off the stage. In the woods the May Song sounds faintly.*]

MAY.

With the tears of April wet
Fade the Blossoms of the Spring.
Snowdrop, Primrose, Violet,
On my brow fast withering;
Falling from my coronet
Ere the May-day sun be set.

Take a kiss from Sister May;
Fare ye well, ye merry crew.
Newborn to the world today,

I'm too old to play with you.
Fairer visions in my eyes,
In my ears new melodies.

Other paths I long to pace,
Other songs I crave to sing.
Fain of Summer's warm embrace,
Holding still the hand of Spring.
Here do Spring and Summer meet,
Youth and childhood pass and greet.

Rosebuds in your sheaths of green,
Wake and tell your tale to me.
Crimson decked in damask sheen,
O unfold your mystery
Till, within my garden close,
Blooms for me the Perfect Rose.

[During this speech the music gradually sounds more loudly while a little figure is seen drawing near amongst the shadows of the wood. It is robed in crimson, on its head is a crown of roses and on its shoulders glitter wings of peacock feathers.]

[As MAY's last words are spoken she is suddenly aware of the red-robed figure, who, drawing a rose from its wreath, offers the flower with a half-mocking smile. Then, gently grasping her hand, it leads her slowly from the stage, and together they disappear into the wood.]

POEMS

THE CALL OF THE SPRING

BY ALFRED NOYES

Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown
As it dips to the dazzling day.
It's a long white road for the weary;
But it rolls through the heart of the May.

Though many a road would merrily ring
To the tramp of your marching feet,
All roads are one from the day that's done,
And the miles are swift and sweet,
And the graves of your friends are the mile-stones
To the land where all roads meet.

But the call that you hear this day, my lad,
Is the Spring's old bugle of mirth
When the year's green fire in a soul's desire
Is brought like a rose to the birth;
And knights ride out to adventure
As the flowers break out of the earth.

Over the sweet-smelling mountain-passes
The clouds lie brightly curled;
The wild-flowers cling to the crags and swing
With cataract-dews impearled;

And the way, the way that you choose this day
Is the way to the end of the world.

It rolls from the golden long ago
To the land that we ne'er shall find;
And it's up hill here, but it's down hill there,
For the road is wise and kind,
And all rough places and cheerless faces
Will soon be left behind.

Come, choose your road and away, away,
We'll follow the gypsy sun;
For it's soon, too soon to the end of the day,
And the day is well begun;
And the road rolls on through the heart of the May,
And there's never a May but one.

There's a fir-wood here, and a dog-rose there,
And a note of the mating dove;
And a glimpse, maybe, of the warm blue sea,
And the warm white clouds above;
And warm to your breast in a tenderer nest
Your sweetheart's little glove.

There's not much better to win, my lad,
There's not much better to win!
You have lived, you have loved, you have fought,
you have proved
The worth of folly and sin;
So now come out of the city's rout,
Come out of the dust and the din.

Come out,—a bundle and stick is all
You'll need to carry along,

If your heart can carry a kindly word,
And your lips can carry a song;
You may leave the love to the keep o' the grave,
If your lips can carry a song!

*Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown,
As it dips to the sapphire day!
All roads may meet at the world's end,
But, hey for the heart of the May!
Come, choose your road and away, dear lad,
Come, choose your road and away.*

FIRST OF MAY *

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

Underneath my window
I heard a silver cry:
"I am selling Beauty,
O, come down and buy!"
Then I leaned from my casement
Out into the Blue;
There went one, showing
A strange thing or two.

There was floating from his shoulders
Like a bright balloon,
A Last-of-April sunset
And a First-of-May moon.
I heard him yodel

* For the right to produce this poem in play form, consult the author, Wellesley, Mass.

His cry; I heard him say:
"Come, buy my lovely
First day of May!"

He had a pedlar's push-cart,
Heaped with orange-gold.
There were children crowding round it,
Charming to behold.
Then it turned to a Maypole
With Love-of-Joy for center.
Any who were child-like
The merry game could enter.

Some wore silk and velvet
And some, rags and tatters—
As if, except to grown-ups,
Such a thing matters.
And, like May-flowers in crannies,
I never shall forget
Some wee, dancing grannies
Whose hearts were young yet.

There were wings on their ankles
As they danced above the flowers;
They were all happy-hearted,
Tossing up the hours.
Suddenly they vanished
Or the casement swung shut,
On their wordless singing
In a circle. But—

I knew the earth needed
Love's Maypole, bright and gay

And all hand-in-hand around it
On the first day of May.

MAY DAY

BY SARA TEASDALE

The shining line of motors,
The swaying motor-bus,
The prancing dancing horses
Are passing by for us.

The sunlight on the steeple,
The toys we stop to see,
The smiling passing people
Are all for you and me.

"I love you and I love you!"—
"And oh, I love you, too!"
"All of the flower girl's lilies
Were only grown for you!"

Fifth Avenue and April
And love and lack of care—
The world is mad with music
Too beautiful to bear.

IN THE TIME OF CHANGE

BY THEODORE ROETHKE

All things must change: the vision pass,
The shadow lengthen on the grass,

CELEBRATIONS FOR MAY DAY

The ship go down behind the sun,
The passion of the heart be done.
The flower droops: we cannot stay
The lovely miracle of May.

But in the time of change, a rare
Illumination fills the air.
There is a shift, a holy pause
Between what is and what once was.
The senses quicken with delight;
The scene grows pure upon the sight.
Our fixity is lost; the eyes
Look out with passionless surprise,
And in that instant we may see
The shape of an eternity.

THE WIND OF THE WORLD

BY GEORGE MACDONALD

Chained is the Spring. The Night-wind bold
Blows over the hard earth;
Time is not more confused and cold,
Nor keeps more wintry mirth.

Yet blow, and roll the world about—
Blow, Time, blow, winter's Wind!
Through chinks of time heaven peepeth out,
And Spring the frost behind.

MAY DAY (1930)

In Memoriam C. A. B.

BY LEE WILSON DODD

Futile to strive or cry
Since all men die
And soon or late's all one.
The body's broken span
Is not the man
Whose spirit arch'd the sun.

White plum tree blossoming
In this late spring,
Pale torch of loveliness,
Burn with shy flame and be for me a prayer:
You are and are not there:
An earthly orchard holds and holds you not;
Your beauty is a ghost, a flickering thought,
Flower of the yearning mind . . .

O flower immortally beyond this pain!
Flower ever in the Spirit's limitless
Inviolable domain—
Flower for the friend I seek and (dreaming thus) may find.

PSALM NINETY-SIX

TRANSLATED BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

O sing to the Lord a fresh new song!
Sing loud and long!
Sing to the Lord, all tongues of earth!
Sing to the Lord

With one accord,
And bless his name for the gift of birth.

Sing his salvation from day to day,
Tell the heathen his glory; display
His wonders among all peoples of earth.

For he is over all,
And greatly to be praised.
His glory can appal
Creatures both great and small
Who dare to look on other gods undazed.
The maker of the skies is he—
No idol hewn from rock or tree!

Honour, with majesty, abides
Ever before him;
Strength in his sanctuary hides,
With beauty, to adore him.

O give unto the Lord,
Folk of earth's breadth and length,—
Unto his name award
Glory and strength.

O come with gifts to the Lord,
And, prone in his courts, proclaim
The glory due unto his name.

O worship the Lord
In the beauty of holiness;
Earth, bow down in your awe and your lowliness.
Tell to the heathen his kingdom's birth.
He shall establish the ends of earth,

Binding with power its length and its girth,
Judging all men with his righteous sword.

Let the heavens rejoice, and the whole green earth
Brim over with mirth.

Let every sea and the fullness thereof,
From the caverns beneath to the spume above,
Roar out in the night
Of its blest delight.

Let every field,
With its myriad yield,
Give rapturous voice,
And all the trees of the wood rejoice
To welcome the Lord
With their leaves unfurled.

For he comes, he comes. With his righteous sword,
He shall judge the worth
Of the jubilant earth.

Yea, in very sooth
Shall he judge the world,
And all of the people with his truth.

KITCHEN MAY-DAY SONG

OLD BALLAD

Remember us poor Mayers all!
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all the night,
And almost all the day,
And now returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower,
We are here today and gone tomorrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!

From THE SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

BY WALT WHITMAN

Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good fortune—I myself am good fortune;
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Strong and content, I travel the open road.

THE QUESTION

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I dream'd that, as I wander'd by the way,
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring;
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets;
Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets—
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-colour'd May,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves wandering astray;
And flowers, azure, black, and streak'd with gold,
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prank'd with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours
Within my hand;—and then, elate and gay,
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it—O! to whom?

THE FIRST OF MAY

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

The orchards half the way
From home to Ludlow fair
Flowered on the first of May
In Mays when I was there;
And seen from stile or turning
The plume of smoke would show
Where fires were burning
That went out long ago.

The plum broke forth in green,
The pear stood high and snowed,
My friends and I between
Would take the Ludlow road;
Dressed to the nines and drinking
And light in heart and limb,
And each chap thinking
The fair was held for him.

Between the trees in flower
New friends at fairtime tread
The way where Ludlow tower
Stands planted on the dead.
Our thoughts, a long while after,
They think, our words they say;
Theirs now's the laughter,
The fair, the first of May.

Ay, yonder lads are yet
The fools that we were then;
For oh, the sons we get

Are still the sons of men.
The sumless tale of sorrow
Is all unrolled in vain:
May comes tomorrow
And Ludlow fair again.

“I MEANT TO DO MY WORK TODAY”

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I meant to do my work today
But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?

IN EARLY MAY

BY BLISS CARMAN

O my dear, the world today
Is more lovely than a dream!
Magic hints from far away
Haunt the woodland, and the stream
Murmurs in his rocky bed
Things that never can be said.

Starry dogwood is in flower,
Gleaming through the mystic woods.
It is beauty's perfect hour

CELEBRATIONS FOR MAY DAY

In the wild spring solitudes.
Now the orchards in full blow
Shed their petals white as snow.

All the air is honey-sweet
With the lilacs white and red,
Where the blossoming branches meet
In an arbor overhead.
And the laden cherry trees
Murmur with the hum of bees.

All the earth is fairy green,
And the sunlight filmy gold,
Full of ecstasies unseen,
Full of mysteries untold.
Who would not be out-of-door,
Now the spring is here once more!

THE MAY PARTY

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

O million-singing comes the May
And whose dumb heart but wakes and thrills?
Now, as of old, the break-of-day
Sings through the heart as through the hills—
New spirit and new day are born—
Yea, in our souls great suns arise
With flame more glorious than the morn
Lit with sun-centred skies!

O we have watched the blossoms slip
Through Hills of sunniest silent green,

And when at morn the bluebirds drip
Dew on wet logs, our eyes have seen—
Yea, marked the unmowed meadow tremble
Through a million blades of grass new-born—
Yea, heard the birds of song assemble
The beauty of the morn!

But there is one thing I have seen
That shall be held within the heart,
When all that deepens into green
Or blooms in bright blue shall depart—
It was a hill that blossomed rich
With buds of an all-lovelier hue
Than the wild spring-things that bewitch
Each year our souls anew!

Lo, in the park, and up the lawn,
And laughing in the leafiness,
And fresh with all the fragrant dawn,
And dancing in gay gala dress,
Our city children loosed to skies,
A thousand little souls laid bare
To all the gales of Paradise
That wandered through their hair.

O loveliness more absolute
Than bird or bough or beast or bud,
O pure sweet splendors that transmute
May's unsoul'd marvellous full flood
Into a something lit with God!
O gazing where they danced and ran
I knew then why earth's blossoming sod
Had given birth to man!

TO THE MAKERS OF SONG

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

Surely the time for making songs has come
Now that the Spring is in the air again!
Trees blossom though men bleed; and after rain
The robins hop; and soon the bees will hum.

Long was the Winter, long our lips were dumb,
Long under snow our loyal dreams have lain.
Surely the time for making songs has come
Now that the Spring is in the air again!

The Spring!—with bugles and the rumbling drum!
Oh, builders of high music out of pain,
Now is the time with singing to make vain
The boast of kings in Pandemonium!

Surely the time for making songs has come!

MAY DAY MORNING

BY VIRGINIA SCOTT MINER

Oh, let's leave a basket of flowers today
For the little old lady who lives down our way!
We'll heap it with violets white and blue,
With a Jack-in-the-pulpit and windflowers too.

We'll make it of paper and line it with ferns,
Then hide—and we'll watch her surprise when she turns
And opens her door and looks out to see
Who in the world it could possibly be!

AN ESSAY AND A PROJECT

MAY DAY

BY CLARA J. DENTON

How glad are we all of the May time. The name, some writers say, comes from the Latin word meaning to grow, and this would seem a fitting name indeed, for how things do grow in this beautiful month, the month of fruit blossoms.

Others say that this word has nothing to do with May's meaning, but that it comes from *Majores*, a word meaning the senators in the Roman legislature. Then again it is said that the name comes from Maia, the mother of the god Hermes, or Mercury. Our Saxon forefathers called it *Tri-Milchi*, meaning three milkings, because the grass being so plentiful in this growing month the cows could be milked three times daily.

But, however May came by its name, we know that in all ages and in all lands it has been the custom to look upon the month of May with great favor. The Romans held a festival in honor of Flora, the goddess of flowers, which was called *Floralia*, and which began on April 28 and lasted into May.

Other nations soon settled upon May 1 as the time for similar festivities. England is the home of the May-pole and the merry dance around it.

All Christian countries have "Queens of May," though many of them represent the Virgin Mary, because the month of May is dedicated to her especially.

In our own country the customs of "going Maying," or crowning the May-queen," and also of hanging May-baskets,

are observed in some places, but we seldom hear of the May-pole dance. The latter custom, it is said, has even passed away in England, except in some small and far-off country places.

This is the month when the whole army of birds is marshalled in the groves. No wonder it is called the "Merry, merry May," for by this time all the "migratory birds," that is those which fly away in the fall to warmer lands, have returned, and are ready for their summer's work. This too is the month of the yellow dandelion and buttercup.

Here is a little May verse for you:

Dandelion's gold is shining,
Green things everywhere are twining,
Yonder too the snow is falling,
Though I hear the Robin calling.
Do you laugh because together
Thus I seem to mix the weather?

'Tis the snow from apple trees,
Carried down by May-day breeze,
Snow that drifts so soon away;
Fairy snow that comes in May.

A MAY BASKET

BY ELSIE D. CHARLES

To make this May basket, use a nine-inch square of colored construction paper. Measure and cut off a one-inch strip from one side. This will be used as a handle. Draw a line along each of the eight-inch ends, one inch from the edge; fold on the lines, and cut a fringe on each end as deep as the fold. Fold the paper in half through the eight-inch diameter. This fold is on the same side of the paper as those at the base of the

fringe. Unfold the paper and turn it over. (The remaining folds are all creased on the other side.) Fold the paper in half on the nine-inch diameter; unfold. Fold on each of the two diagonals in turn. Unfold the paper. Refold the nine-inch center crease; bring the folds on the unfringed sides together; and lap these two folds. Hold the ends of the handle strip one on each side of the lap; punch a hole through handle ends and lapped folds; insert a brass paper fastener to hold the basket together.

Celebrations for Arbor Day

A PLAYLET

THE TREES' AUTUMN PARTY

BY ERNESTINE AND FLORENCE HORVATH

Before this playlet is given, there should be a class discussion of autumn leaves. Bring in colored leaves for examination. The entire playlet may be presented in the classroom. Any number of children may take part. The characters needed are four Trees, Birds, and Jack Frost. Children standing in an irregular row may be the Trees; others, moving about, the Birds.

THE PLAY

TREES. (*Raising arms.*) We are trees. (*They sway slightly.*)

BIRDS. (*In a hurry. Several have suitcases and satchels.*)
We are birds. We shall soon be leaving for warmer climates.

TREES. (*Raising arms.*) Don't go, dear Birds!

BIRDS. Tweet! Tweet! We must, dear Trees. Winter is coming! (*Move aside and pretend to be packing.*)

TREES. (*Raising arms, swaying, and sighing.*) Oh, dear! Oh, dear! How we shall miss the Birds!

(*Pause.*)

FIRST TREE. How nice it must be to be able to move about, like the Birds.

SECOND TREE. How hard we worked all summer, giving shade and shelter!

THIRD TREE. We did our work cheerily. We did not rest or complain, even when the sun was very hot.

FOURTH TREE. Now it is autumn. We Trees should have some

pleasure after working so hard. Instead, we feel sad!

(TREES *lower heads, sighing.*)

VOICE. (*From without or from back of room.*) Tra la la la la!

TREES. (*Raising heads.*) Ah!

VOICE. Tra la la la la!

TREES. (*Excitedly, lifting arms and fluttering fingers.*) It is Jack Frost!

(JACK FROST *comes skipping in. He wears bright colors. He carries a red, yellow, and orange cap; a brown cap; a crimson cap; and a yellow cap, all made of crêpe paper.*)

JACK FROST. How are you, dear Trees?

TREES. How do you do, Jack Frost?

JACK FROST. (*Waving caps.*) I have come to give you a party!

TREES. A party! How lovely!

JACK FROST. (*Pausing.*) Tell me, dear Maple Tree, what colors do you like best?

FIRST TREE. Maple trees like to wear red, yellow, and orange in autumn.

(JACK FROST *places red, yellow, and orange cap upon speaker's head.*)

SECOND TREE. Most oak trees like brown in autumn.

(JACK FROST *places brown cap upon his head.*)

THIRD TREE. Some oak trees prefer crimson.

(JACK FROST *gives him a crimson cap.*)

JACK FROST. (*To FOURTH TREE.*) What colors do you like, Birch Tree?

FOURTH TREE. Birch trees like golden yellow.

(JACK FROST *puts yellow cap upon speaker's head.*)

TREES. (*Moving heads gently.*) Now we will have a party! Now we are wearing gay party caps!

JACK FROST. Now you may have a merry time until sleepy Winter comes.

BIRDS. (*In excitement.*) Tweet! Tweet! We must be off!

(*Move slowly toward right. JACK FROST, waving and nodding to TREES, goes off left.*)

TREES. (*Raising arms, fluttering fingers, and swaying.*) We are having our autumn party. Now we do not feel sad!

POEMS

FAMILY TREES

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

You boast about your ancient line,
But listen, stranger, unto mine:

You trace your lineage afar,
Back to the heroes of a war
Fought that a country might be free;
Yea, farther—to a stormy sea
Where winter's angry billows tossed,
O'er which your Pilgrim Fathers crossed.
Nay, more—through yellow, dusty tomes
You trace your name to English homes
Before the distant, unknown West
Lay open to a world's behest;
Yea, back to days of those Crusades
When Turk and Christian crossed their blades,
You point with pride to ancient names,
To powdered sires and painted dames;
You boast of this—your family tree;
Now listen, stranger, unto me:

When armored knights and gallant squires,
Your own belovèd, honored sires,
Were in their infants' blankets rolled,
My fathers' youngest sons were old;

When they broke forth in infant tears
My fathers' heads were crowned with years;
Yea, ere the mighty Saxon host
Of which you sing had touched the coast,
My fathers, with time-furrowed brow,
Looked back as far as you look now,
Yea, when the Druids trod the wood,
My venerable fathers stood
And gazed through misty centuries
As far as even Memory sees.
When Britain's eldest first beheld
The light, my fathers then were eld.
You of the splendid ancestry,
Who boast about your family tree,

Consider, stranger, this of mine—
Bethink the lineage of a Pine.

TREES

BY BLISS CARMAN

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,
There were goodly trees in the springing sod,—

Trees of beauty and height and grace,
To stand in splendor before His face.

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech and the tulip rare,

The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;

Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;

Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,
The keel and the mast of the daring sail;

He made them of every grain and girth
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.

Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,

On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

THE BEECH-TREE

BY ROSE FYLEMAN

I'd like to have a garden
With a beech-tree on the lawn;
The little birds that lived there
Would wake me up at dawn.

And in the summer weather
When all the leaves were green,
I'd sit beneath the beech-boughs
And see the sky between.

A PRAYER

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow:
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown
Like a poppy looking down.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree;
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon:
Beetle on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot;
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way, and be their best.

THE SECRET

BY JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

April whispered this to me
And I have done with sorrow now:
"I am death's white mystery . . ."
April whispered this to me.

*"Life from death, O ecstasy
Of the first white fragrant bough":
April whispered this to me
And I have done with sorrow now!*

THE TREES

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The poplar is a French tree,
A tall and laughing wench tree,
A slender tree, a tender tree,
That whispers to the rain—
An easy, breezy flapper tree,
A lithe and blithe and dapper tree,
A girl of trees, a pearl of trees,
Beside the shallow Aisne.

The oak is a British tree,
And not at all a skittish tree;
A rough tree, a tough tree,
A knotty tree to bruise;
A drives-his-roots-in-deep tree,
A what-I-find-I-keep tree,
A mighty tree, a blighty tree,
A tree of stubborn thews.

The pine tree is our own tree,
A grown tree, a cone tree,
The tree to face a bitter wind,
The tree for mast and spar—
A mountain tree, a fine tree,
A fragrant turpentine tree,

A limber tree, a timber tree,
And resinous with tar!

SPRING TALK

BY HILDA CONKLING

Two cherry trees are showing white
And the plum tree is in bloom.
Apple blossoms are opening . . .
Come to the crab-apple tree!
Come see the red buds peeping out!
When I shut my eyes
I see violet plants drawn on my eye-lids
From picking violets all day long;
And there were just as many
After I went away.
For every violet I picked
Two more sprang up . . . put on their purple or white . . .
When I did not see them
As quietly as Bumble-Bee
Decorates himself with pollen
Whenever I'm not looking.
You'd better look at my last-year's garden!
All my golden-glow is flourishing,
My trillium has a big huge bud . . .
It is warbler-time, blossom-time,
Past pussy-willow-time, time for willow leaves,
With ferns uncurling, bloodroot petals scattered,
Wild honeysuckle turning red
Among the rocks. . . .

PINE NEEDLES

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With the needles of the pines.

They are so long and slender;
And sometimes, in full view,
They have their thread of cobwebs,
And thimbles made of dew.

THOUGHT IN SPRING

BY REVAH SUMMERSGILL

I marvel that a man can be
Insensate to a fern, a tree,
A flower growing in the wood,
Or willow fringe where fence posts stood . . .
How can he doubt the grace of God
When beauty springs from stick or clod?

How can he doubt God's grace who sees
The light, lace-patterned through the trees,
The sun and rain, the fecund earth,
The ancient miracle of birth,
Who knows the wind and clouds, the sight
Of lifting seas and stars at night?

How wise was He, how wise, Who sent
The Spring to be His argument!

TREE SHADOWS

FROM THE JAPANESE

All hushed the trees are waiting
On tiptoe for the sight
Of moonrise shedding splendor
Across the dusk of night.
Ah, now the moon is risen
And lo, without a sound
The trees all write their welcome
Far along the ground!

LOVELIEST OF TREES

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

ARBOR DAY

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

To plant a tree! How small the twig,
And I beside it—very big.

A few years pass; and now the tree
Looks down on very little me.

A few years more—it is so high
Its branches seem to touch the sky.

I did not know that it would be
So vast a thing to plant a tree!

THE SLEEPY MAPLE TREES

BY ELEANOR HAMMOND

I think they must be sorry—
The little Maple Trees—
That they go to bed too early
To see holidays like these!

They never see Thanksgiving
Nor Hallowe'en at all,
Because they all go fast asleep
So early in the fall.

Poor little tired Maples,
Sleeping in the breeze,
They miss the greatest fun of all—
They can't be Christmas trees!

THE PARKS

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

There are green islands in the city sea,
Where all day long, the endless, passionate waves
Beat, yet destroy not; and their quiet saves
How many a heart grown sick with memory!

Not derelicts alone are foundered there,
But children with the laughter of the May—
Bright living flowers—in these glad gardens play,
Knowing, yet knowing not, the town's despair!

God made the ocean, where tumultuously
The loud storms burst; and Babylon he made;
Yet all the hills are His, dim valley and glade—
There are green islands in the city sea.

THE ANGEL IN THE APPLE TREE

BY WINIFRED WELLES

Early in the morning, before the day began,
Out along the hillside, glittering and cold,
And down into the orchard that was all dim gold,
Barefoot, and by myself, breathlessly I ran.

There I saw an Angel resting in an apple tree,
A lovely, silver Person up among the leaves—
From deep in the folds of one of her blue sleeves,
She took a yellow apple, and she dropped it down to me.

I clasped my hands around it, I lifted up my eyes
To smile at her and thank her, but already she was gone.

I stood among the grasses very still and all alone—
While the green leaves rustled and the sun began to rise.

TREE FEELINGS

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

I wonder if they like it—being trees?
I suppose they do. . . .
It must feel good to have the ground so flat,
And feel yourself stand straight up like that—
So stiff in the middle—and then branch at ease,
Big boughs that arch, small ones that bend and blow,
And all those fringy leaves that flutter so.
You'd think they'd break off at the lower end
When the wind fills them, and their great heads bend.
But then you think of all the roots they drop,
As much at bottom as there is on top,—
A double tree, widespread in earth and air
Like a reflection in the water there.

I guess they like to stand still in the sun
And just breathe out and in, and feel the cool sap run
And like to feel the rain run through their hair
And slide down to the roots and settle there.
But I think they like the wind best. From the light touch
That lets the leaves whisper and kiss so much,
To the great swinging, tossing, flying wide,
And all the time so stiff and strong inside!
And the big Winds, that pull, and make them feel
How long their roots are, and the earth how leal!
And O the blossoms! And the wild seeds lost!
And jewelled martyrdom of fiery frost!

And fruit trees. I'd forgotten. No cold gem,
But to bear apples—and bow down with them!

THE CURE

BY FRANCES GILL

When I feel very very cross,
As mean as I can be;
I run into the garden plot
And stand beneath a tree.

I love its wide green arms so well
It cures the cross of me.

A YOUNG FIR-WOOD

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

These little firs today are things
To clasp into a giant's cap,
Or fans to suit his lady's lap.
From many winters many springs
Shall cherish them in strength and sap
Till they be marked upon the map,
A wood for the wind's wanderings.

All seed is in the sower's hands:
And what at first was trained to spread
Its shelter for some single head,—
Yea, even such fellowship of wands,—
May hide the sunset, and the shade
Of its great multitude be laid
Upon the earth and elder sands.

AFTER THE FOREST FIRE

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Along the scaling boulders,
Like hurt sea-monsters, crawling
With tortured tentacles,
Charred cedar roots are sprawling.

Last year the springy moss
Was shadow-garlanded;
Today the very soil
Crumbles beneath my tread.

I mourn clerestory arches
That broke the sky a while,
Whose prostrate, shattered pillars
Now bar the forest aisle.

Yet, through the inky columns
Of trees, I now can look
On the austere architecture
Of hill, ravine and brook.

And I can taste the sunshine
Delicious on my back;
The fiery berries marking
The lurid embers' track.

White aster, whiter daisy,
The immortelle's mock frost,
The down of pallid thistles,
Are smoke of the holocaust.

Beauty that springs from horror;
Peace born of agony:
Death cloaked from the remembrance
By immortality.

For, under its dancing lightness,
The whole creative need
Equips for far adventure
This errant thistle seed.

How blithely and how proudly
It spirals down the wind,
Knowing its destination
No less than humankind!

With little more of beauty,
With little more of plan
Is incarnate for roving
The errant seed of man.

MAPLE IN AUTUMN

BY LEIGH HANES

I like the way the maple goes:
Ecstasy from head to toes,
Like a maiden to a ball
Trembling in a gypsy shawl.

I like the way her hands are spread
Strewing leaves kissed poppy red,
The way she lifts a flaming prayer
That Spring will find her April-fair!

FOUR TREES

BY MILDRED FOCHT

At the corners of my house
I will have four trees:
They will lay their arms about,
Evil creatures keeping out;
I shall have no dread nor doubt
In the care of these.

I will choose a maple tree
For its magic ways:
Tufted coral in the spring,
Then a green pavilioning,
And a mystic golden thing
In the autumn days;

And a tall horse-chestnut tree
From my childhood's town,
With its cones of creamy bloom,
Candles lit in leafy gloom,
Which for glossy fruit make room,
Quaintly marked and brown;

And of course an apple tree
Just for happiness:
For its clouds of pink and white,
And its breath of pure delight,
And its rosy cheeks to bite
With a sharp caress;

And a poplar tree that knows
All the ancient pain,

Bringing comfort with a sigh
And a song to slumber by,
As it whispers soft and shy
In a voice of rain.

At the corners of my house
I will have four trees:
They will guard me night and day
Keeping evil things away;
To the saints I need not pray—
I am safe with these.

WOODLAND PATHS

BY LEIGH HANES

Only when sunlight throws a magic screen
Over the woodlands do the paths like elves,
No sooner seen than suddenly unseen,
Run off, and lose themselves.

And lose the wanderer too, though woodland wise
And certain of the path and where it leads,
Running away before his startled eyes,
Hiding in brush or weeds.

I've seen them, swimmer-like and half desried,
Suddenly dive into a fallen tree
And come out rippling on the other side
Still beckoning to me.

And I have learned empirically to sway,
Leaning a little faithward where they bend,

But never wholly certain of the way
Till I have seen the end.

PREMONITION

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Whenever I swing the wattled door
To wood-enchantment, dip my hand
In a spring's fairy cup, and stand
On the dim, fern-mosaicked floor,

A premonition of strong joy
Whispers, today I shall relive
The wonder of the fugitive
Awed forest visions of a boy.

There is near-magic in old roots;—
Red ants rehearsing their quadrilles,
Sun-powder on a minnow's gills,
Are almost magic-substitutes.

Slim dragonflies like elves carouse
Above a brook—their sparkling grace
Carelessly tangled in the lace
Of windy larch and balsam boughs;

Tall evening birches in a swoon,
Aldebaran a mile aloft,
The hushed flight of a heavy, soft
White owl against a horn of moon;—

For all their freshness and delight,
Are only far reflected gleams

CELEBRATIONS FOR ARBOR DAY

From the proud wonder of my dreams
That still eludes my grown-up sight.

Beyond these things I always gaze—
Wondering where the wonder hides.
Often I think its grey robe glides
Among the mistier brushwood greys.

But then it slips behind a bole
Beyond the corner of my eye,
And smiles at me as I storm by
Resolved to snare the thunder's roll,

Crush grain of sunrise in my mill,
Mine rubies at the rainbow's end,
Amass the gold that fairies spend,
And make life's torrent flow uphill!

TREES USED IN GAMES AND SPORTS

BY MARY I. CURTIS

Think of all the games you play,
Baseball, tennis, and croquet,
Checkers, chess, and dominoes,
Games that everybody knows.

And the fun you have in school,
In the gym and in the pool,
Racing round the running track,
Jumping from the springboard's back.

Think of summer sports and fun,
Fishing, hunting with a gun,

Climbing trees, and paddling, too,
In a rowboat or canoe.

Games and good times by the score,
Those we've named and many more,
Each and every one of these
Depends on wood that comes from trees.

A STORY

SAVING THE FOREST

(From *Scott Burton, Forester*)

BY EDWARD G. CHEYNEY

One evening when the boys had returned late from a long tramp, Scott was thoughtfully watching a great black formless mass standing out against the western twilight and thinking regretfully that it must be ten miles away. There was no wind and the great wavering column boiled upward till it seemed lost in space.

"Fire, fire, everywhere," he murmured, "and not a spark to fight."

"Yes," said Morris, "and from the way the fellows talked last year you'd think that they did nothing but fight fire."

The foreman, who was passing by the porch, heard the remark and stopped, leaning up against the screen.

"Don't worry yourselves about not getting any fire-fighting experience," he said. "Two of the patrolmen phoned in this afternoon that the fires in the north and west were bad ones. If the wind comes up from those directions they'll need all the men they can get."

"Do you think there is any chance of a wind?" Merton asked, eying the sky inquiringly.

"If we don't have one in the next three or four days," the foreman answered, "it will be the first chance it ever missed."

"Three or four days," Scott grumbled in disgust; "the fires may all be out by that time."

"Don't you fool yourself," the foreman answered him. "Those fires are not in the habit of going out of themselves even in three or four weeks. Nothing short of a week's rain or an army can put them out now."

"I'll bet if it does blow it will be from the south," Bill grunted; "there's a plan to do us out of our rightful education."

As the foreman moved off chuckling, he called back over his shoulder:

"The wagons are all packed ready to start, and I'll wager that we're on the fireline somewhere in thirty-six hours. Better sleep while you can. You won't get much at the fire. Good-night!"

"Well," Morris yawned, "I guess he's right about the sleep, anyway, and I'm going to turn in."

Everyone else seemed to be of the same opinion and they filed off to bed. In half an hour the chorus of snores rolling up from the upper porches bore witness to their weariness after the day's hike and their complete loss of interest in the fire situation.

In spite of the stillness and the prospects of a peaceful night, a faint light still glowed in the office, and the foreman, ready dressed, slept on a couch beside the telephone. About midnight the lonely call of a timber wolf brought an answering hoot from an old owl in a neighboring swamp, and as though in recognition of these gruesome sounds of life a shiver passed through the leaves of the aspen trees. Here and there little ripples appeared on the surface of the lake. A dull roar to the southward, like the groan of a mighty monster, would have caused a city man to murmur "Thunder," and roll over for another nap, but to the foreman who sat up wide-eyed in his couch at the first rumble, it spoke of the winds in the pines and no gentle breeze at that.

"If there are any fires in the south, Jones will have his hands full. And so will we," he added, "if this wind keeps up and they don't get her blocked before morning. Well, I'm glad that it's not from the north or west." And with that, after a long look out of the window behind him, he went back to sleep.

Already those menacing columns of smoke were answering to the call of the wind. They no longer wandered upward in a hazy fashion, but bent sharply to the northward, stretching their arms over the forest. The smoke rapidly increased in volume and blackened the whole sky, while here and there a dull red glowed on the horizon. The dew was keeping down the flames, but the wind was fanning the glowing coals to a fury which needed only the help of the drying morning sun to cause them to leap away like a cyclone over the whole ill-fated woods.

Scarcely had the foreman picked up the lost thread of his dream when the telephone bell rang violently. He was on his feet in an instant.

"Hello!"

"Yes—oh, hello, Long."

There was a long pause as he listened. "Coming around east of Brown's, is she? That's bad, isn't it?—Can we head her north of Mantrap?—Think we can. Well, I have the wagon all loaded and we will leave here in half an hour with fifteen men. We ought to be down there in two hours. You scout her till we come."

"Yes, I'll bring 'em; good-by."

He hung up the receiver and slipped across the hall to call his wife. "Come, mother, the fire is coming in at the southeast corner and we'll have to go. You call the men and get the grub ready while I call the boys."

His wife was too accustomed to this sort of thing to be surprised; in fact, she had been prepared for several days. Sturgis, leaving the house as she started to call the men, hurried over to notify the boys and Professor Mertz, who inquired the particulars and promised to join them at once.

A few minutes later a prolonged "Tur-r-rn out" almost raised the boys from their beds. A medley of answers came from all parts of the upper regions of the bunkhouse: "Aye, aye, sir." "What's up?" "Who is it?" "What's happened?" "Is it a fire?"

"Yes, it's a fire at the southeast corner of the park, and I want every man I can get. The wagon will leave in fifteen minutes. Some of you go up to the cook-shack and bring the grub you find there down to the barn."

He hurried away to the cook-shack, where he found Mike, awakened by the shouts, already up and waiting for him.

"Where is she?" Mike asked cheerfully.

"Southeast corner," Sturgis answered briefly; "and the whole outfit will have to go. We'd better take all the bread and cooked stuff you have on hand, and they'll probably want some more by tomorrow night. We're liable to be down there some time if this wind keeps up."

"Aye, aye, it's a bad one," said Mike, with a glance at the clear sky, "and no sign of rain."

"No," Sturgis answered; "looks as though it had forgotten how. Some of the boys will come up for that stuff," he added as he moved away.

The boys were so eager for the "fun"—as they called it—that they lost no time in dressing. Some of them were already scrambling up the hill toward the cook-shack.

"This is some wind," Scott grunted. "I wonder what they can do with a fire on a night like this? Hello, Mike, when did you get up?"

"I got up with the wind," Mike answered. "You can't fight fire without grub, so I knew they would be after me. There's the stuff on the floor."

"We *may* come back sometime, Mike," Bill said, looking at the small mountain of provisions.

"Yes," said Mike, "some of you will be back here tomorrow afternoon for more grub. I fought forest fires before you were born, and I know how much good food they can burn up. The wagon will be leaving you if you stand here talking too long."

By this time most of the boys had arrived. They took the supplies and hurried to the barn in wild excitement. At the

wagon they met Professor Mertz, who looked the group over with a grin.

"What have you with you?" he asked.

"Grub," was the prompt answer.

"Well," Professor Mertz continued, "all of you go back to the bunkhouse and get your sweaters, coats, blankets, and hats—soft felts if you have them. I know that you want to travel light and think that because you are going to a fire you'll be plenty warm, but if you *do* happen to get a rest down there it will be cold. You may be gone a week, and what little sleep you get you'll want to be comfortable."

When the boys came back Professor Mertz hauled out a bag of lemons and tossed one to each. "Here's where we hand you each a lemon," he said, "but most of you won't know how big a one it is till you get home. Keep those till you need them. If you get dry when you can't get to water the lemon will taste pretty good."

They all clambered into the two wagons and the expedition started. The thing which impressed all the boys most was the lack of haste. They were used to seeing the fire engines tear up the city streets at full speed, and the slow plodding of the work horses seemed very strange.

"Couldn't we make better time walking?" asked Merton.

"Oh, yes," Sturgis answered, "you could make quicker time, but you'd better save yourself for work later on."

At last there came a shout from the boys. A long line of fire could be seen on a ridge to the southward. The air was loaded with smoke, which made the eyes smart uncomfortably. The fire had appeared to be very close when they first sighted it, but as they mounted hill after hill and obtained new views it seemed to get no closer till a man suddenly appeared in the road to tell them that they had arrived. The boys piled out in the darkness eager for orders and were somewhat disappointed when Sturgis told them to build a fire and sleep if they could. "We'll size up

the fire and be back as soon as we can tell what to do."

There was a murmur of disgust from the crowd, and Bill voiced the general sentiment. "Humph, I thought we came down here to put out a fire, not to build one."

The three men moved off into the woods, the lanterns bobbing over the uneven ground. The boys watched them out of sight.

"They say Diogenes hunted for an honest man with a lantern," Bill mused, "but that's nothing to those three fellows going out to look for a fire. It must be a whale of a fire!"

The boys had shivered around the fire for more than an hour when Sturgis appeared suddenly. "Well, I guess we've found her. Jones reports that she has already jumped to the east of here and we'll have to hustle to head her off. She's in the park by now."

They tumbled into the wagon again, and the big farm horses, whipped into a lively trot now, jangled back up the road the way they had come. Even yet no great amount of fire could be seen.

Sturgis drove into the brush beside the road and stopped. He waited for the crew to arrive before giving his simple directions.

"Here's where you have to do it, boys. That fire has to be stopped today or this whole park will be wiped out clean. We cannot do much with it in the daytime without backfiring and we can't backfire till we get a fireline to work from. We have enough lead on it now to make a break across the front of it before it gets here. Every man must do exactly as he is told or he will run the chance of being burned up. We'll start in here at this road and run a trench to these lakes. Franklin has already gone across to see how far west it reaches. From the other end of the lakes we'll have to trench on around it. It means many hours of hard work and it's up to you fellows to show what you're made of. We'll eat a little lunch and start in."

The lunch was hastily pulled from the wagon and eaten in silence. In ten minutes they picked up their tools ready to start. Sturgis strung them out rather close together on a line leading to the lakes and himself disappeared into the brush to the westward.

For a while the boys worked in silence digging their little trenches and spreading the dirt on the leaves on the side toward the fire. When no immediate signs of the fire appeared they began to relax a little and call to one another.

"Do you really believe that fire can burn clear up here by this afternoon?" Scott called to Merton, who was working next to him.

"Search me," Merton called back. "Sturgis and Dan seem to think so and they must know. Doesn't seem possible, does it?"

"No, not if we can judge by the way it was traveling this morning. Still, it was going some on the other side of the clearing."

They had just about finished the ditch when Sturgis appeared again with Dan and two of the men.

"You haven't any time to lose, fellows. Start the backfire there right at the edge of the trench. Then watch it like a hawk to see that no sparks blow over on you."

He lighted a handful of leaves with a match and thrust them into the litter to start the fire in the bush. It was not a difficult task. By picking up bunches of burning leaves and carrying them a little farther along the line the fire was soon spread over the entire distance from the road to the lakes. It ate back slowly against the wind, and sparks were continually jumping the narrow space across the little break. Nor were they as easily handled as they had been in the early morning. Every spark which landed started a fire immediately, and several times fires were started in dead pine-tops, and it required the whole force to put them out. Dan and the men aided in the work where

they were needed.

The boys found it hot and exciting work. The lack of sleep the night before, the ride in the springless wagon, and the early morning work were beginning to tell on their muscles. Gradually as the front of the fire crawled back from the trench, fewer sparks were carried across.

The backfire had burned some hundred feet from the trench, and yet there was no sign of the main fire other than the thick smoke which the wind drove down close to the ground. It stung their eyes till the tears streamed down their faces.

Scott found himself enjoying a few minutes' rest near Dan. "It seems as though this backfire would burn up more of the forest than the other one. Couldn't you start it closer to the main fire?" he asked.

"You aren't any too far away from it now," Dan answered. "Listen."

Scott could hear a dull roar, which seemed to be growing rapidly louder. The boom of falling trees became more and more frequent. Suddenly, as he listened, this roar swelled to a terrific burst of thunder. He wanted to run, run anywhere, no matter where, but he stood there too terrified to move.

"She is going some now!"

The calm voice brought him to his senses, and the sight of Dan gazing at the opposite hill quieted him. He shuddered to think how near he had come to disgracing himself. He felt the blood coming back into his pale face and was thankful for the soot which covered it.

"Will that little line of burned brush stop such a fire as that?" he asked as calmly as he could.

"Nothing would stop it up there," Dan answered, "but she'll slow up some when she gets to the top of that hill. How about starting the backfire a little closer to it?" he grinned.

Before Scott could answer, the fire burst over the entire length of the ridge in front of them with one mighty, deafening

roar and the red flames shot a hundred feet into the air. It was a sublime sight, those red flames shooting wildly up through the dense cloud of black smoke, but Scott would have felt more comfortable a mile or two away. The two hundred yards to the top of the ridge seemed as nothing in the face of that raging fire. A deer maddened with fright and blinded by the smoke, dashing close to him in its flight, almost threw him into a panic.

"Poor chap," Dan murmured, looking after the fleeing deer, "he's safe now, but the wolves will be eating many a roast partridge and quill pig back there about next week."

The rush of the first fire died as suddenly as it had started. Only for a few minutes the flames raged furiously along the brow of the hill; then it dropped down to the ground and became a mere brush fire, crawling slowly down the slope to meet the backfire which was already creeping close to the foot of the hill. Crackling, snapping, and booming sounds told of the destructive work going on beyond the ridge, but the mighty rush of the flames was over.

Sturgis appeared once more, this time from the direction of the road where he had been scouting to the eastward to see what progress the fire was making outside of the park. He addressed himself to Dan.

"That fire that just came over the hill crossed the road from the eastward just north of the lake away ahead of the fire we saw in the park. Good thing we did not try to head it farther down. The fire on the other side of the road is still a half mile south."

"What made her go so much faster inside?" said Dan.

"Don't you remember that tangle of dead brush between here and the lake?" Sturgis asked. "That's what did it. They have been burned up on the outside. You take Pat and Phil and see that the fire does not cross the road behind us. Let Phil take the teams up to the Lodge. I think maybe you can

stop that outside fire at the turn of the road. It's four o'clock and she'll begin to run a little slower before long."

"Leave that to us," Dan answered, "she'll never get in behind you."

"All right," said Sturgis, "I'll get the boys together over there at the lake for lunch and by that time Franklin ought to be back."

Scott went out with Sturgis to the wagons to get the lunch and they carried it over to the little lake, collecting the fellows as they went. It was a tired, hungry crew that sat around the camp fire and swapped adventures.

"When I saw that fire this morning," Bill Price said, "I thought those fellows last year were telling us some fairy stories, but when I heard them feeding the lions over back of that ridge and saw the fireworks on top of the hill I concluded that they had never been to a forest fire. How did you fellows feel over there in the brush when the fire came over the hill?"

Scott did not mind telling his sensations as long as he had not yielded to them, and he found most of the others had felt about the same way.

"Strange," Bill said, "all you fellows felt like running. Such a thing never occurred to me, but," he added, with a grin, "I pulled up a four-inch sapling trying to keep from jumping into this lake."

ESSAYS

ARBOR DAY IN AFRICA

*lasts all the year round, for a secret society of natives is
sworn to protect the trees*

BY LORNA MAITLAND

Far away in the heart of Africa, a new trumpet-note is sounding; in the forests the young warriors, besmeared with their war-paint and carrying their weapons, may be seen hurrying to great gatherings of the tribes, while tied on every man's wrist is a small badge of green and white. These are the Men of the Trees, the new brotherhood that is sweeping the center of the Dark Continent, and which imposes upon its members the duty of planting ten trees each year, and being good to all trees wherever they are.

THE DROUGHT

This movement was started eight years ago by a young Englishman named St. Barbe Baker, who was in the Forest Service of Tropical Africa. He found a very sad state of affairs in the great forests. The tribes, with their primitive ideas of farming, would make a small clearing in the woods with fire and match-lock, plant one crop, and then abandon it, moving on to repeat the process. The results were disastrous, not only to the forests, but to the rainfall and water-supply.

Drought, owing to the destruction of the high forests, became general, and everywhere the natives were gathering to

make sacrifices and offer prayers to N'gai, the High God, to send rain. They did not realize that they themselves were responsible for the dry seasons and lack of rain, because they had cut down the trees of N'gai. Anyway, the prayers and sacrifices gave an excuse for the young warriors to dress up and make "whoopee"—for what did they care how far their women-folk had to go for fuel, as long as they got their meals? "Sufficient unto the day" was their motto, as they danced nightly from camp to camp.

Mr. Baker was in despair. His remonstrances fell on deaf ears; the immediate present was all that concerned them, not a far-away future. Then one day he suddenly thought of a wonderful scheme to protect the forests—to adapt the inspired principle of the Boy Scout movement to his effort to prevent the forests from being hacked to pieces, and at the same time, get the natives really interested in trees.

The first thing was to call a great gathering of the tribes. Three thousand warriors came to his camp in all their war array of paint and beads, and there was much speculation among them as to what the White Chief wanted.

THE COUNCIL

The camp was a bedlam of noise, everyone talking at once, thousands of weapons clashing, and the everlasting beat of the drums, without which no African savage can do business.

Mr. Baker called the chiefs aside and explained his plan. Some of the old ones shook their heads; they could see no good in the idea. The forests had always been there—N'gai saw to that—so why worry? But others were wiser, and agreed to back him in it. "I want you to call for fifty volunteers," explained Mr. Baker. "They must be the finest and most trustworthy of your warriors, for they are to be examples for all the rest."

The fifty volunteers were secured, the chiefs themselves were initiated as the Forest Guides (the equivalent of scout-masters), and after that the lists were closed—to the intense annoyance of the young bloods who had not been chosen. To become a member, after this beginning, it was necessary to be recommended individually by the chiefs, and so from the very start it became an honor to belong to the Forest Scouts.

The African savage is a child at heart. He likes to dress up and have a party whenever he can—anything is a good excuse to stop working! Very soon a great ceremony grew up around the initiation rites, so if one day you are ever wandering in the heart of tropical Africa and hear a great beating of drums, and see a crowd of warriors with weapons and spears, do not fear that it is a war-council, for ten chances to one, it will only be an initiation ceremony of the Men of the Trees!

No stranger, however, is admitted to the Court of the Forest Scouts. It is a secret and very solemn affair. First of all, the candidates make a threefold pledge: "I promise before N'gai to do one good deed every day, plant ten trees every year, and take care of trees everywhere." The chief then calls each candidate to him, in turn, and ties on his left wrist the green-and-white badge of membership.

"You are now a member of the Forest Scouts," he says solemnly, "and remember, when you look at your badge, that the colors have a meaning: the green to remind you of your obligation to plant and care for trees everywhere, the white to remind you that your heart must be *safi* (clean); if you have an unfulfilled duty your heart is not *safi*."

THE PASSWORD

The candidate is then given the secret sign and password. This last act in the ceremony always has a great effect upon the native mind. You can almost see them swell with pride in

possessing a secret sign which all of their friends do not know; it is their first realization that they are one of a brotherhood, not only with members of their tribe, but with any other scout.

The esprit de corps among the members would shame many a college fraternity, and intertribal suspicion is vanishing as the result of the exchange of hospitality among members of the brotherhood. The chances of having an enemy's spear suddenly thrust into some part of your anatomy are considerably lessened if you wear the mystic green-and-white badge, for your would-be adversary, at the sight of that emblem, will probably drop his spear and rush forward to give you the handshake of the Men of the Trees, while he murmurs the magic password. Then, instead of chopping you up, he will very likely take you to his mud hut and get his wife to cook you a nice little dinner.

The fact that it is difficult to join the ranks lends an impetus to the movement, for human nature is the same the world over. At first the good deed a day was something they found very difficult to grasp. As the sun began to set, groups of bewildered, unhappy natives would come to Mr. Baker's camp and say: "Very soon the sun will set, and so far we have not been able to think of a good deed. Can you help us?"

They were so keen to help that Mr. Baker started a forest nursery, where members were allowed to plant fifty young trees which counted as their daily good deed. At the same time it was explained to them that this was not necessarily the best kind of good deed to do; for that, they must search their own hearts and think of things themselves. Since those early days, reports have come in from the native kraals, and from distant villages that have seldom seen a white man, which show that they have grown to understand, and the stories of some of their daring deeds in saving life and property, in their efforts to fulfil their obligations, make very brave hearing and are an

inspiration to us Westerners.

The Forest Scouts are known locally as the *Watu wa Miti*, or the Men of the Trees, because of their association with tree-planting. The organization in the tribe is known as the Forest. The Forest is divided into districts, each district being named after the dominant species of tree growing there; the district is subdivided into branches. Hence we have the Forest, the Trees, and the Branches. The organization is also very democratic, for although chiefs were originally appointed as Forest Guides, any member who has proved himself, and introduced one hundred new members is eligible for election to this high post.

Already some of the young teak-trees grown on the equator, only six years old, are being used for construction purposes, and the great forests have all been replenished. Every little roly-poly African baby is being brought up with a love for trees, and to the next generation it will be the natural thing to care about.

This inspiration, given to primitive tribesmen in the highlands of Kenya by that young Englishman, is needed all over the world, owing to the destruction of forests and the danger of a timber famine, and branches are being started both here and in England for the purpose of arousing a knowledge and love of trees in everyone. Soon Western boys and girls will be wearing the green-and-white badge, and making the same three-fold promise as those far-away savages in Africa. For:

“He that planteth a tree is a servant of God;
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.”

A TREE-PLANTING MEMORIAL

BY PAUL F. HANNAH

An army many times larger than he ever commanded in life has been mobilized by the spirit of George Washington from the youth and adults of the land. Called into being by the Bicentennial Commission and the American Tree Association as an important part of the 1932 observance of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, this army is planting trees. Each tree is a living monument to Washington, and will be dedicated to his memory on February 22 of next year (1932). It is expected that before the great army disbands, ten million such memorials will have been planted.

The George Washington tree-planting idea has been acclaimed as one of the most significant phases of the coming bicentennial celebration. Fully supported by the press, the American Tree Association is reaching every corner of America, seeking unqualified co-operation in its plans. Individuals, clubs, patriotic organizations, and schools are joining in this unique tribute to Washington.

It is agreed that no more significant memorial than trees could be erected. Combining beauty with utility, symbolic of growth and power and gaining additional meaning from the planting by individual citizens, trees typify the national hero as no stone monolith could do. Their roots go deep into the soil, just as Washington's principles penetrate the national heart. Their firmness and solidity, combined with their steady growth, are indicative of the progressive yet sound Washingtonian principles of government.

It is as an educational idea, however, that the Washington memorial tree-planting program must gain the support of educators everywhere. Actual participation in national events forms the only method of giving them reality in a child's mind.

When he places in the ground with his own hands a tree which is dedicated to Washington, the first president will become a real individual rather than a long-ago hero, and his precepts will acquire a new meaning. Then, too, the thought of doing an act in common with thousands of children and adults all over the country will engender a national pride. Largely on the basis of this reasoning alone numerous educators have indorsed the Washington memorial tree-planting program as one of the most important national movements of the present day.

The primary idea of the project, however, is to drive home to citizens of all ages the necessity of forest conservation, particularly by reinvoking the conservation ideals of Washington and fixing in mind his principle of a self-reliant nation. A nation which uses timber more than four times faster than it grows it, which has one hundred million denuded, profitless acres and a constantly dwindling timber reserve, needs to hesitate in its plunge toward timber bankruptcy to consider the basic ideas that have fostered its growth.

John J. Tigert, former commissioner of education, once wrote: "There is no more important lesson for the American people to learn than the need of growing and conserving forests and trees. Our future development as a nation will largely hinge upon the success with which we can spread this gospel." Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the American Tree Association, has said, "If the nation will save the trees, the trees will save the nation."

No one can plant trees without learning something of forestry principles; no one can grow up in an atmosphere of tree-planting without realizing its national importance. The bicentennial campaign gives every teacher or principal a lever whereby he may pry young America from an apathetic attitude toward forestry into wide-eyed understanding of the imperative need for forests.

There are scores of ways in which school children may par-

ticipate practically in the bicentennial tree-planting program. The most useful plan is the creation of school and town forests. Such forests are sources of civic pride, they improve a community's appearance, and become powerful wage-earners.

Nearly every community has a worthless, desolate tract ideal for a forest, which might be donated by the owner, or sold for a nominal sum. The state in most cases will furnish trees at cost or free. The limitless planting power of hundreds of school children, ready at the call of educational leaders, is needed to create a lasting benefit at insignificant cost. What city would not be better for a George Washington Memorial Forest, a yearly income-producer and a permanent example of good husbandry?

Many a schoolhouse owes its being to the fact that a community forest paid for it. The town of Fryeburg, Maine, which in 1928 needed \$7,500 for one of its school buildings, and found the funds on its own forest of white pine, represents but one of an increasing number of progressive municipalities. In Massachusetts eighty-six towns have established forests that return a revenue of from three to six dollars an acre for each of the 19,000 acres planted; and most of the money is spent in education.

The bicentennial program inspired the city of Grand Rapids to plant last December six thousand trees on a fifty-acre school forest, which shall serve as a demonstration area and school laboratory. More than sixty thousand trees will be planted, and each child will learn from this tract the value of forestry. The example of the Michigan city may be followed without difficulty everywhere.

No limit can be placed on the possibilities of tree-planting. Children who sing "America the Beautiful" each morning may help bring reality to the song by planting the roadsides of America with trees. Each corner of the school yard offers a suitable spot for a shade tree that future generations will love.

Approaches to buildings ought to be tree-flanked. In every case, the town or state roadway engineer, or shade-tree commission will lend valuable aid, advice, and suggestion.

The American Tree Association issues to each child or adult who plants a tree a special bicentennial certificate, a token of national gratitude for patriotic service. It hopes to list at least five million children on its honor roll, and be able to count on them to carry out Washington's principles of conservation. The American Tree Association, 1214 Sixteenth St., Washington, D.C., has prepared all necessary information in handy form, which is available without cost.

EXERCISES AND ACTIVITIES

ARBOR DAY EXERCISES *

BY GURTH WHIPPLE

CLASSROOM OBSERVANCES

Singing exalts the spirit and adds zest to school tree-planting. Singing should open and close every Arbor Day program inside or outside of the classroom. Suggestion for songs appropriate for Arbor Day will be found at the end of this article.

A few sets of finely colored slides for illustrated talks, arranged in their proper order, accompanied with descriptive matter for lectures on forestry will be loaned by the New York State College of Forestry on request. Speakers on the subject of forestry are often available at the College. Local public speakers are always willing to co-operate in Arbor Day programs.

Photographs for study of the crown and root systems of trees may be used; drawings will present tree structures even more graphically. The motion picture film may be employed to indicate how trees should be planted, to show trees in various stages of development in the tree nursery and all the processes from extracting seed to the shipment of trees for planting. Such films may be obtained from the U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D.C.

Suggestions for recitations appear in the back of this leaflet. Offer prizes for the best essays relating to forestry on subjects

*From Arbor Day Exercises by Gurth Whipple. Courtesy of New York State College of Forestry, Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y.

like "The Uses of Wood," "Benefits Derived from Forestry," "What Forests Mean to You," "What Is the Most Appealing Feature of the Forest?" "Why We Need Forests."

A suggested outline for illustrating the right way to plant an ornamental tree is shown on page 287. This could be used as an exercise for students to be followed by a short quiz. The method of planting young trees for reforestation could be explained and illustrated as indicated on page 286. Blackboard diagrams showing the long narrow trench, which should be located in the shade, for heeling-in trees, and the trench as it appears after the trees are heeled in could be used to good advantage, see diagram on page 286. Seedling trees may be brought to the schoolroom for examination and discussion. A botany teacher may explain the various parts of a tree, including the root system, bole or trunk, bark, sapwood, branch, twig, leaf petiole, foliage. Pupils may study the needles of pines and spruces and note the differences between the species.

Posters and exhibits on fire prevention might be worked up in an interesting manner by the boys and girls as a class project and prizes offered for the best posters or exhibits.

OUTDOOR PROGRAMS

Much of the success of Arbor Day exercises out-of-doors depends upon the comfort provided for the children. It is important that the youngsters should not be tired when the program begins. If the exercises are to be held a long distance from the school, get the co-operation of the Chamber of Commerce or other organizations such as service clubs, to furnish transportation, or if necessary, hire a bus. It is essential that the children know exactly what is going on. This requires study of the program in advance and possibly the topography of the land on which the planting is to be done. It is good arrange-

ment to place the school children on a slope, if one can be found on the location, with their backs to the sun where they can look down upon the planting. A generous supply of newspapers on which to sit should be carried by each child and, of course, when the program ends, these papers should be picked up and brought back or in some other way carefully disposed of to avoid litter. Effort should be made to have the whole school participate in the out-of-door program.

Tree planting and other observances need not be confined to schools alone. The more public interest aroused the easier will Arbor Day come to winning its objectives. Local and State organizations, particularly Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, city officials, and foresters if they are in the vicinity, are usually willing to co-operate with the schools in planting forests, memorial trees or shade trees about school grounds, in the parks or along streets. Arbor Day especially offers a fine opportunity for the ornamentation of school grounds by planting trees and shrubs.

Municipal Forests

Arbor Day is sometimes observed by planting a municipal forest—starting a new one or adding to an old one.

There is much land adjacent to some of our towns which produces nothing and therefore does nothing to help pay its share of taxes. It is beggar land, loafing, slacking, throwing its tax burden on productive property and thus making the tax on working property that much greater. This is an economic hazard. It presents a bad example to the community. Idle land is often the home of injurious insects and plant pests. Why not give this land a job by planting trees on it which some day will yield revenue?

In Europe town forests are at work producing valuable wood. These forests aid in keeping children in clothes and out of rags.

They make a light dinner pail heavier, they hold the hillsides up and the taxes down. Under the practice of forestry these town forests aid in keeping imported lumber out of their market and in producing lumber economically for the needs of the community. Town forests bring contentment and happiness to the people. The Conservation Department furnishes trees free for school and municipal forests.

At the time this bulletin is being written, New York State has nearly 600 community forests. One-fourth of the towns in Massachusetts have a forest plan; Pennsylvania has 60,000 acres in municipal forests. On all of these forests much of value may be learned by school children and adults under proper guidance even if such persons are not fortunate enough to acquire the skill to plant trees by actually doing the work. But many municipal forests have been partially or wholly planted by school children. Obviously high school students are more capable of doing tree planting than boys and girls of lower grades. In 1934 a new project was undertaken near Herkimer by the Mohawk High School. Arrangement was made with the Conservation Department whereby students of the Mohawk High School planted 5,000 red pine trees on the Remsen reforestation project in Herkimer County. This project is part of the State-wide reforestation program being carried on by the State Conservation Department. In this case the State furnished the land and the trees for the students to plant. The area will be dedicated as a memorial forest in memory of the Mohawk High School. Thus a direct relationship is created between the school and the forest and undoubtedly arrangements could be made with the Conservation Department to allow the school to use this forest as an educational project and provide small additional areas from year to year to be planted under supervision of foresters. This plan might be tried by other schools where land to be reforested by the State is within easy driving distance.

Reforestation Easily Understood

How to reforest is easily understood; it is an interesting, moving, unforgettable object lesson. The best place to teach reforestation is in the field. After showing students how the work is done, have them actually perform the operation of properly setting young trees in the ground. And as before suggested, establish a school forest if possible.

Even in large cities, by careful planning, instruction in reforestation may be provided by trips into the country. It may be correlated with nature study, geography, botany or manual training.

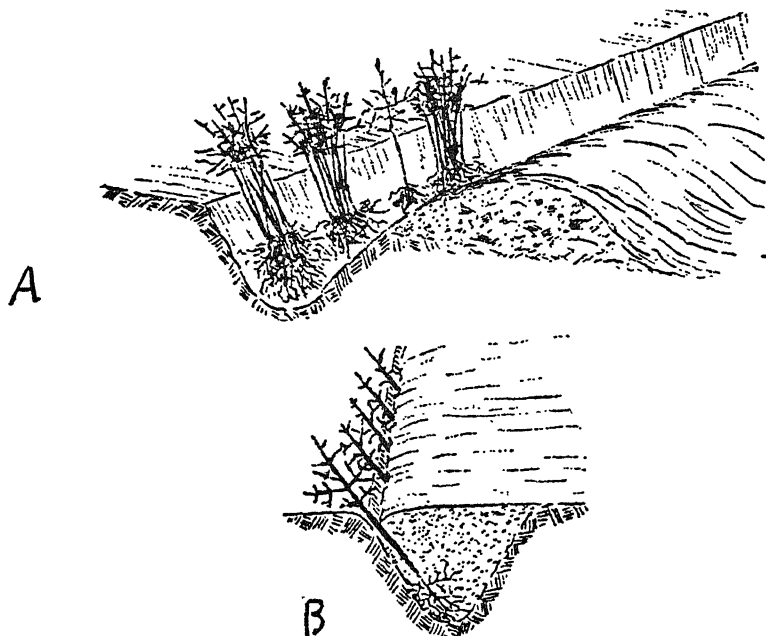
Instructions for Keeping Forest Planting Stock

The first step in reforestation is the care of planting stock before it is planted.

Upon receipt of trees from the nursery they should be immediately transported to the planting site, unpacked and placed in a trench. Trees properly handled in this way can be kept from one to two weeks with safety and removed for planting as needed.

A trench should be dug with a grub hoe or a shovel, making one face of the trench smooth and sloping at an angle of 30 or 40 degrees from the vertical. The soil removed should be piled on the opposite side. The trench must be sufficiently deep and wide to easily accommodate the roots of the trees.

If the bundles of trees are large, they should be broken and the trees spread out. On the other hand where the bundles are small, they can be placed in the trench intact. The bundles should be placed side by side and not piled one on top of the other. The finer soil is then placed over and around the roots and packed in tightly with the foot until the roots are well covered. Be sure the soil is moist when the trees are heeled in.



A—How the trench should look with trees laid in.

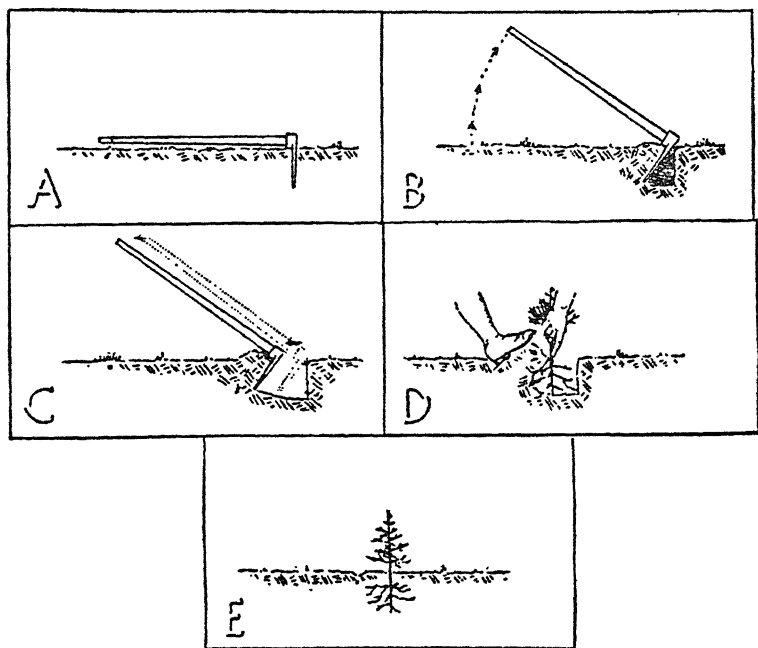
B—And covered with soil.

If drying of the soil should become severe so that additional moisture is required, water may be sprinkled on the soil around the roots. Care must be exercised not to get the tops wet. Wet tops packed in closely might be seriously damaged by a hot sun. The trench should be in a shady location if possible, if not, the trees should be lightly covered with burlap.

In removing trees they should be taken from the end of the trench and the soil again firmed around the remaining trees with the foot.

Instructions for Planting

The planting crew should consist of two persons, one to make the holes and the other to follow up with the trees. The



How to make holes and place the trees in the ground.

trees should be carried to the field in a pail with four inches of soil and water in the bottom to keep the roots of the trees moist. The trees should not be removed from the pail until it is time to place them in the holes and then should be taken out one at a time.

Trees can be successfully planted with a shovel, mattock, grub hoe or spades of various sorts. Other tools have also been developed and used locally. In New York State the grub hoe is most commonly used. Under normal field conditions it is lighter and easier to handle.

In the cut at A, note blade deep in ground and handle close to the ground to get a vertical hole.

B. By raising handle the bottom of the hole is opened.

C. The top of the hole is opened by pulling the grub hoe toward you where it is held until the tree is inserted in the hole.

D. Place the tree in back of the hoe with the index finger at the earth-ring on the tree in order to insure the proper depth. Hold in this position until the ground is tamped firmly about the tree.

E. This shows tree planted at right depth and the roots tightly packed with soil.

In placing the tree care should be exercised to get all the roots in a natural position. It is advisable to lower the tree a little farther than it will finally set in the ground and then pull it up a bit. This will help to straighten the roots. The tree should set in the ground slightly deeper than it stood in the nursery. An earth-ring on the body of the tree usually marks the depth the tree stood in the ground at the nursery.

The planter packs the loose dirt firmly about the roots. When all of the soil is replaced except the sod, he presses it down with his foot, taking special care not to injure the bark. The usual spacing is six by six feet. Pure stands of white pine are inadvisable because of the depredations of weevils.

Whistle and Rope Method

A method of keeping straight rows which has met with success, where pupils are concerned, consists in using a small rope strung across the field parallel with the advancing row of planters, a person at each end. Ribbons or rags are tied at intervals along this string, dependent upon the spacing to be used. As the trees in one row are set in the ground, a whistle is blown and the persons holding this rope advance to the next row, the pupils following the pieces of rag or ribbon. This method keeps the rows comparatively straight, is somewhat interesting and maintains uniform speed of planting.

Bulletin 863 of the United States Department of Agriculture,

entitled "Forestry Lessons on Home Woodlands," and Miscellaneous Circular 98, "The Forest," a handbook for teachers, offer many ideas on this subject.

Many Observances Possible

1. Hold parades in which forest protection floats or slogans are used.

2. Stage a forest-protection pageant.

3. Take "hikes" to study tree identification and the injury done to trees by insects, fungi and fire. Give talks on trees as conservators of water, home of wild life and commercial values. Information on these subjects can be obtained at the College of Forestry.

4. Print forest-fire prevention signs and place them in woodlots or on camp property.

5. Give demonstrations in the woods or in parks of the proper way to build a camp fire.

6. Inspect the watersheds of town reservoirs and look for eroded areas, sparsely grown areas, and discuss what reforestation may do to remedy these conditions. Also study the trails and roads used to protect forests from fire.

7. Give talks before classes or school assemblies, on American forests and their use for recreation and timber production.

8. Arrange to thin out the undesirable trees and clean out the dead material on school camp grounds or forest, in the woods of forest owners or municipal forests.

Many of these projects could be accomplished best through the organization of a forestry club in the school. Such a group could look after the welfare of the woods of the neighborhood, protect them from fire, keep people from destroying the trees and plants and aid in reforestation, thinning operations or fire fighting. This opportunity might be furnished by a municipal or school forest. In this way students become forest minded.

The forestry club could sign a pledge. A good one has been proposed by the American Forestry Association—"During the year I promise that no careless act of mine will cause fire or leave a disorderly camp or picnic ground in any woods; that I will warn others to be careful and that I will do one helpful act for the sake of the forests in America."

Suggestions for Tree Planting Program

Invocation.

Opening Song.....By Class or Assemblage

Address.....By Prominent Official

Planting of the Tree or Trees.

Recitation—"What the Trees Teach."

Address—Dedication of Tree or Trees.

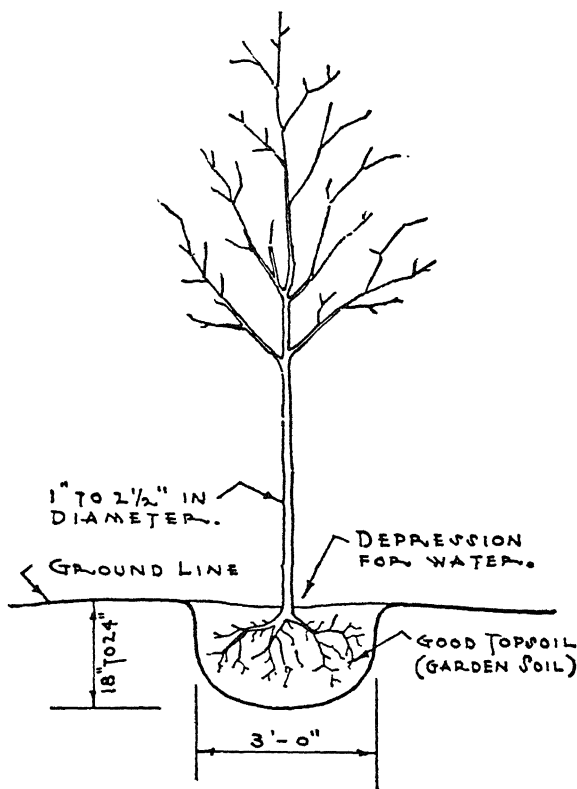
Tree Planting Song.

The New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University will mail reforestation leaflets on request.

HOW TO PLANT LARGE TREES

The first consideration is the hole or pit in which the tree is planted. For trees 1 to 2½ inches in diameter and 8 to 14 feet high, ordinarily a hole 1½ to 2 feet deep and 3 feet in diameter will be satisfactory. If the soil is poor and hard a larger hole will be better; or if the soil is a rich loam a smaller hole will be satisfactory. It is advisable in excavating for the hole to make two piles of earth, one containing the top (3 to 4 inches of good growing soil), and another containing the subsoil which should not be used for transplanting but which should be replaced with good top soil or garden soil (usually 2 wheelbarrow loads will be sufficient).

Some of the top soil should be placed in the bottom of the hole. All broken roots of the tree should be cut just back of



How to plant large trees.

the injured area and the tree should be set in the hole, taking care to hold it absolutely vertical. The collar of the tree (the line marking the place where the soil came where the tree was previously grown) should be at the level of the ground or not more than one inch beneath the surface. The tree roots should then be covered with top soil to a depth of four or five inches and thoroughly tamped with the end of a pick or shovel handle so that there are no spaces between the roots and the soil. Great care must be taken so as not to injure the roots of the tree.

Half a pail of water should then be added and the rest of the hole filled with good top soil. Grade the soil around the tree slightly lower than the surrounding surface. This will enable surface water from rains to reach the newly planted tree. The above applies particularly to deciduous or hardwood trees.

Evergreen Trees

When an evergreen tree is purchased from a nursery it comes balled and burlapped, that is, ground still remains around the roots and this ball of earth is wrapped with burlap. The tree is planted in exactly the same manner as a deciduous tree except that the burlap is not removed. After the tree has been set in the hole untie and loosen the burlap and then tamp four or five inches of top soil around the outer edge of the ball of earth, add the half-pail of water and fill the hole in exactly the same way as for a deciduous tree.

Pruning

It is always desirable to prune a deciduous tree when transplanting. The accepted practice is to keep an even balance between the root system and crown of the tree, i. e., if in transplanting a tree one-quarter of the root system is destroyed it follows that one-quarter of the crown should be removed. Such pruning, if skillfully done, need not reduce the apparent size of the tree with respect to height. Usually the ends of long side branches may be removed. The loss in width is soon regained. It is always best to consult an authority on pruning.

Evergreen trees which are moved with a ball of earth do not need crown pruning since the root system is not usually reduced in transplanting.

SAND BOXES

BY DR. WILLIAM G. VINAL

Sand boxes provide an excellent means of presenting certain phases of forestry and of interesting the student to an unusual degree so that he does not easily forget the things taught by this realistic object lesson. The sand box makes it possible to have a living representation of the forest or of the effects that follow destructive lumbering and forest fires. It permits the growing of real trees instead of using pasteboard images.

A box showing destructive lumbering would bring out the fact that the owner of the forest had no regard for the future and had been very wasteful in his logging operations. Reckless lumbering would be illustrated in the high stumps and large logs left to decay on the ground and the careless abandonment of brush which furnishes fuel for a forest fire. Fire-killed timber could also be shown. In a sand box trees with scarred bark could be represented as having become easy prey to the attacks of insects and fungi after being burned. It could also show the destruction of the leaf mould and the bare forest floor left by a forest fire, with uncovered boulders which permit the rain to run off as it falls and carry away large quantities of soil, to obstruct a stream; also a dry stream-bed caused by destruction of the forest.

Another box might show the opposite idea, that of constructive forestry where the woods have been properly thinned and the stumps cut low and the large useful trees harvested for lumber and firewood, the younger trees being left practically unmolested to produce a future forest, also brush piled and burned to prevent the spread of forest fires. On the steep hill-sides the forest has been very carefully thinned. There are no floods or wasting of the vital soil and the stream at the foot of the mountain is running bankfull. This sand box teaches a les-

son of the perpetuation of the forest and how the owner of such woodland will always have a supply of wood in his forest and very little, if any, damage will result from his logging operations.

ARBOR DAY SUGGESTIONS *

*Heaven and earth keep him who plants a tree
And his own work his reward shall be.*

PROBABLE ORIGIN OF ARBOR DAY

In an old Swiss village in the fifth century this account of a Tree Planting Day is given: "A day was appointed, and the whole community, men, women and children, marched to the woods, dug up oak saplings and transplanted them on the common. At the close, each boy and girl was presented with a wheaten roll, and in the evening grown people had a merry feast in the town hall." This became an annual holiday and still exists today.

In America, Arbor Day was first officially celebrated in "Treeless Nebraska," where a million trees were planted on the first Arbor Day in 1872.

ARBOR DAY SUGGESTIONS

The real success of an Arbor Day ceremonial will be measured by the extent to which the community as a whole participates in it. Ordinarily Arbor Day is carried on by the public schools, with the occasional planting of a tree by individuals. Is it not possible to get the community as a whole to participate? Stimulate every organization to have a part, every club, every church, every fraternal organization.

* This material was obtained from "Club Program Suggestions for Special Days," a bulletin of the University of Iowa, Extension Department, and "Arbor Day Ceremonial," by Nina B. Lamkin.

The ceremony will be held at an advertised spot, presumably a place where trees are to be planted.

A parade of groups by organization might be planned, ending at the place of ceremony. The exact hour and place of program and place to join the parade must be made known to every group. A parade is not practicable in rural communities for bringing people together. In this case sitting or standing places might be reserved for different groups.

Each group may plant a tree or have a part on the program which is worked out in advance by a representative committee planning a suitably balanced program and selecting, with proper advisement, the trees to be planted and the spot for planting.

SOME TYPES OF ARBOR DAY PROGRAM

1. A tree pageant or play or operetta and tree planting
2. Dedication and planting of individual trees by sponsoring groups, with music appropriate to the day
3. A program with variety of activities—music, speeches, recitations, plays, exhibits, demonstrations of nature activities or art emphasizing trees, all to take place at a grand ceremony
4. A program similar to 3 but with a city-wide set-up; i. e., art exhibit in library, movies in theaters, demonstration of woodcraft in a park, and tree planting, recitations, music, plays, etc., at some designated spot as a climax of the day.

MATERIAL FOR ARBOR DAY PROGRAM

Short Talks in School or Community Groups

1. Trees to plant on the farm
2. Trees good for school yards
3. Story of Johnny Appleseed
4. Historic trees
5. What we do when we plant a tree

Stories Suitable for Arbor Day (Indoors and Outdoors)

1. "Old Pipes, the Pipes and Dryads," Stockton
2. "Parable of the Trees," Bible—Judges 9 (8–15)
3. "Johnny Appleseed" (Encyclopedia of American Biography under John Chapman)
4. "A Thousand Year Pine," *Wild Life in the Rockies*, Enos Mills

Appropriate Poems

1. "Little Red Apple Tree," Riley
2. "October's Bright Blue Weather," Helen H. Jackson
3. "The Blossom's on the Trees," Riley
4. "Woodman, Spare That Tree," G. P. Morris
5. "Among the Trees," Bryant
6. "Woods in Winter," Longfellow
7. "Greenwood Tree," Shakespeare

Plays for Arbor Day

1. "At the Edge of the Wood," Kenneth S. Goodman, Fantasy, 1 Act. 6 M., 2 W.—A charming piece on conservation. In *More Quick Curtains*, Stage Guild. (Suitable for reading)
2. "The Forest Princess," Constance D. Mackay. 3 Acts. In *The Forest Princess and Other Masques*, Henry Holt and Company. (Can be read)
3. "The Neighbors," Drama. 1 Act. 2 M., 6 W.—Picture of village life. Royalty free if tree is planted. Means and McLean.
4. "The Forest Spring," C. D. Mackay. From *Silver Thread and Other Folk Plays*, Henry Holt and Company.

Arbor Day Music

(Vocal)

(Instrumental)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. "Hark! Hark! the Lark," Schubert | 1. "At the Brook," Boisdéffre |
| 2. "The Linden Tree," Schubert | 2. "Narcissus," Nevin |
| 3. "Trees," Rasbach | 3. "To a Wild Rose," MacDowell |
| 4. "Homage to Spring," McFayden | 4. "Spring Song," Mendelssohn |

IDEAS FOR ARBOR DAY

BY JESSIE TODD

What would a world be without trees? We can hardly imagine it.

There are many little schoolhouses which could be made very beautiful if the children would plant a few trees. People in the country see so many trees that they often don't think of planting them in places where none grows.

An interesting art problem would be this. Draw a picture of your school and yard. Draw another picture with trees or bushes added, or perhaps with some trees taken out. All of the children could make pictures. Then they could decide which picture showed best how they wanted their schoolgrounds to look.

In Minnesota, where I live for several months of every year, many of the little schoolhouses are white. When the snow is on the ground they look very cold, especially when they have no trees. Evergreen trees add color and warmth. I saw one school which had little pine trees along the side, small ones like bushes. They softened the line along the edge of the building and added color.

Before you plant a tree you might draw a picture showing how it will look when it is full-grown. Then when you are putting it in the ground, you can close your eyes and imagine how it will look some day.

I visited at Thanksgiving time once in Houston, Texas. My friends lived in a home which had been built only two years. They told me that all of the trees and shrubs I saw had grown in two years. To me, a native of Minnesota, this was most interesting.

The evergreens are a great help to people of the northern states because they give color in winter. The oaks and maples give color in the autumn. The flowering almond gives them the blossoms of springtime. Planting trees grows more interesting the longer one studies it.

A GROUP STUDY OF TREES

BY JOE YOUNG WEST

In teaching a unit on trees, we often ask each child to select a native tree that is common in the locality and one to which he has access for a considerable period of time. If classes are large, several pupils will probably choose the same tree. As the unit progresses, we ask the child to observe certain important things about the tree, such as kind of bloom, date of blooming, kind of fruit and seed, kind of soil it prefers, kind and shape of leaves, leaf arrangement, color of leaves in autumn, character of bark, shape of tree, and kind of lumber and its uses. An account of such a unit follows.

I. Development.

A. The children are accustomed to bringing to school newspaper clippings, pictures, and other material of interest and putting them on the bulletin board as a means of sharing information with the group. One day an un-

usually interesting article about forestry appeared. This led to many questions on the part of the children as to what a national forest is; who cares for national forests; what a forest ranger is; why reforestation camps are being organized; how many there are in the state; and where the nearest one is located. From the types of questions asked, the interest manifested by the children, and the economic aspect of the topic, it was decided to make a study of the trees of our community as a basis for understanding larger problems of forestry.

II. Preparation.

A. A list of available printed material was made by the children.

B. Letters were written to the State Forester, the United States Department of Agriculture, and other sources for information upon this subject, as our material was very limited. The letters were read in class, criticized, and the best ones mailed.

C. Preliminary visits were made to various wooded areas in the community for determining the kinds of trees available. Because of the limited time for study each day, it was decided to devote to the unit brief periods at intervals through the entire school year. Other topics in elementary science were to be studied between these intervals.

D. With the aid of the teacher a representative list of trees in the community was made, since the children could not identify most of the trees. Some of the more common ones were: white oak, red oak, sugar maple, Norway maple, red maple, silver maple, black walnut, black ash, white ash, buckeye, white pine, red pine, yellow poplar, dogwood, redbud, Norway spruce, sassafras, catalpa, hawthorn, pecan, and willow.

The question of what trees to study arose. This was

solved by a pupil who suggested that each should select a tree of his own. This suggestion seemed wise. It placed individual responsibility upon each member of the group, and would increase the range of knowledge of the group from a few trees to a representative number.

E. Reading periods were used to determine what things to study about trees. Each child was to select his own material and make an oral report upon what he had discovered that would be of help.

F. Discussion periods were held, with the teacher staying in the background as much as possible and speaking only when guidance seemed necessary. It was decided that each child should visit his tree often, making a report to the class of what interesting things he had observed, such as changes in appearance, and so on. Materials were to be collected, and sketches and notes made in regard to any important points. These facts were used in a final summary of the study at the conclusion of the activity, as a method of comparison and learning about many trees, instead of a single one.

III. Activities.

A. Autumn.

1. Learning to identify tree.
2. Pressing leaves.
3. Learning how leaves manufacture food.
4. Sketching tree, to show shape and coloring.
5. Making leaf prints.
6. Study of simple and compound leaves.
7. Collecting and studying tree seeds.
8. Study of trees as a source of food.
9. Studying leaf coloration.
10. Preserving autumn leaves.
11. Sketching autumn trees.
12. Visiting a sawmill, by invitation; and gathering

specimens there.

13. Studying uses of lumber.

B. Winter.

1. Identifying trees by shape, bark, and twigs.
2. Sketching leafless trees.
3. Reporting on tree enemies.
4. Study of evergreens as Christmas trees.
5. Decorating an outdoor Christmas tree, and planning Christmas exercises, in which conservation was emphasized.
6. Study of tree surgery.
7. Study of reforestation and work of forest rangers.
8. Study of trees as homes of birds and animals.

C. Spring.

1. Study of soils trees like.
2. Study of flowering of trees, and sketching and collecting tree flowers.
3. Comparison of tree in autumn, winter, and spring.
4. Study of erosion and flood control.
5. Planting a tree on the school grounds.

D. Conclusion.

1. After the trees had finished flowering and the leaves had appeared, a slight waning of the children's interest was apparent. It seemed wise to bring the unit to a close. Each pupil was to bring in all the material he had collected during the year that would help anyone in learning about his tree. Plans were made for displaying this material in the neatest, best organized, and most compact way.
2. The finished charts were displayed and explained in turn to the group. So much interest and growth were shown that the parents were asked to come and see the work. A program was prepared by the children consisting of a song about trees and a brief paper by

each child explaining some phase of the work that he had engaged in.

IV. Outcomes.

A. Scientific.

1. Learning to identify common trees in the community.
2. A knowledge of the effects of seasonal change upon plant life.
3. A knowledge of the importance of trees to human welfare and happiness.
4. A knowledge of how animals and plants are dependent upon each other.
5. Realization of the necessity for a program of conservation and reforestation.
6. Ability to check facts for scientific accuracy.

B. Language.

1. Reading for information.
2. Increased reading ability through practice.
3. Appreciation of literature about trees.
4. Making an oral report.

C. Handwriting.

1. Writing more legible business letters.
2. Practice in making legible charts.

D. Arithmetic.

1. Working simple problems involving measurement of lumber.
2. Estimating the cost of the Government Forestry Service.

E. Art.

1. Skill in representing different phases of nature.
2. Appreciation of form and color as it appears in outdoor life.

F. Social studies.

1. Learning the value of sharing work.

2. Understanding something of reforestation as a social problem.

V. Evaluation.

- A. The unit developed the powers of organization on the part of the children.
- B. It held, and provided for the growth of, their interest over a period of time.
- C. It developed powers of observation and the ability to give criticism impersonally.
- D. It related the problems of school life to the adult world.
- E. It brought parents and the school into closer co-operation.

A FORESTRY REVIEW

BY ERNESTINE BENNETT BRIGGS

Most of us love trees for their beauty. Trees, however, are more than ornaments; they are a very necessary factor in life. We are a wood-using nation. There is no substitute for the products of our forests. Therefore, we must realize more fully the dangers we are risking in our present policy of destroying the original forests of this country without taking thought for the needs of tomorrow.

The following test and activities provide a review on the study of forest conservation and reforestation.

TEST

True-false test. Write T or F before each sentence:

1. We cannot do without wood.
2. The forests should be cleared as rapidly as possible in order to make more room for the people who live in the

crowded districts of the city.

3. Timber should, if possible, be grown near where it is used.

4. Tremendous tracts of forest lands have been cleared in the past years.

5. Insects destroy more wood than any other enemy.

6. Newsprint is made from pulpwood, a forest product.

7. Forests on hills and mountains keep the rain and melted snow from carrying off the fertile soil.

8. North America uses much more than one-half of all the timber consumed in the world.

9. It costs much to bring lumber a long distance to be used for building purposes.

10. Wood is necessary in the building of the finest houses.

11. The forests are one of our natural resources.

12. Many millions of trees have been used for telegraph and telephone poles.

13. Forest fires can seldom be avoided.

14. Forest fires are nine times out of ten caused by lightning.

15. In the United States more timber has been destroyed by fire than has been put to use.

16. Protection of our feathered friends is a phase of forest conservation.

17. Forest trees should be kept in a strong, healthy condition.

18. Preventable waste in lumber should be stopped immediately.

19. A very small amount of wood is lost in the manufacturing process.

20. There is no further waste of lumber after it reaches the finished product.

21. The town forest is the property of the people, maintained by the people, and operated for their common good.

22. Community and private forests are too small to be of any great value.

23. The forests cannot save any of our soil but can make much shade which is of as much value as soil lost in floods.

24. The consequences of forest unpreparedness must not be learned at the cost of our national future.

25. Many of our recent presidents have said that we do not need a national forest policy.

26. We need a national forest policy because our future depends upon it.

27. All the idle land in this country should be put to work growing trees.

28. There is no complaint against the taxes on forest land because they have not yet become high.

29. A vast amount of money is needed to carry on the task of reforestation in the United States.

30. Public opinion can bring action that will enact a national forest policy in the United States.

31. Only adults are receiving special education in the problem of reforestation in the United States.

32. The United States is not the only large country without a national forest policy.

33. No state as yet has enacted a law for the conservation of our forest resources.

34. It is most necessary that the small forest wealth which remains in this country be conserved.

35. The two great areas of forest wealth lie in the middle west and the far north.

36. Fire protection is our greatest problem in our forest areas.

37. The future of our nation is largely dependent upon the manner in which we solve the forest problems of today.

38. No resource is of greater importance than our forests.

39. Years ago it was believed that our vast timber resources

could never be used up.

40. Much progress has recently been made in forestry.

41. The large area of waste land is all located in the eastern section of the United States.

42. We are awakening to the importance of our forests and will gradually attain our goal of economic, scientific reforestation.

43. Forest growing is not a practical task.

44. Forests are one of nature's best flood controls.

45. To protect a city's or a town's water supply the area surrounding the reservoir should be planted with forest trees.

46. "If the nation saves the trees, the trees will save the nation."

47. National legislation can do a great deal in forest conservation.

48. Trees planted along streets and highways are untidy and their shade is considered unhealthful.

49. Besides yielding a profit, properly managed community forests provide a place for recreation and nature study.

50. Children can help in forest conservation and reforestation.

ACTIVITIES

1. Exhibit pictures of trees on the bulletin board.

2. Give individual oral reports on "My Favorite Tree."

3. Collect poems about trees and make a booklet of the poems.

4. Make a booklet showing pictures of trees, with a brief description of each of the trees.

5. Make a booklet on "Famous Trees," giving the story of each and a picture of each kind of tree described.

6. Make a collection of wood from different kinds of trees. Mount each specimen on stiff cardboard, and print the name below the specimen.

7. Make a booklet on "What Trees Do for Us." Plan a page for each use you can think of and illustrate it.

8. Plan an assembly program on "Trees."

KEY TO TEST

1. True.	11. True.	21. True.	31. False.	41. False.
2. False.	12. True.	22. False.	32. False.	42. True.
3. True.	13. False.	23. False.	33. False.	43. False.
4. True.	14. False.	24. True.	34. True.	44. True.
5. False.	15. True.	25. False.	35. False.	45. True.
6. True.	16. True.	26. True.	36. True.	46. True.
7. True.	17. True.	27. True.	37. True.	47. True.
8. False.	18. True.	28. False.	38. True.	48. False.
9. True.	19. False.	29. True.	39. True.	49. True.
10. True.	20. False.	30. True.	40. True.	50. True.

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A FORESTRY BOOKLET

BY FRED EVANS

Tell the children that they may make a booklet on trees if they will bring the necessary material. Assign each child two or three kinds of trees that grow in the vicinity. Tell him to write a good account of each tree, telling the kind of bark, leaves, fruit, the color of the blossoms, if the tree has any, and the principal uses of the tree. After every kind of tree in the

neighborhood has been studied, take all the papers and fasten them together in booklet form. This will prove interesting to the patrons of the school as well as to the pupils.

TREE DAY

BY JULIA PERKINS

Caring for our forests is most important. To arouse the interest of the children in this subject, one successful teacher of a fifth grade conceived and carried out the following simple plan.

The school was on a campus of two or three acres, where there were many kinds of forest trees and shrubs. A week before Tree Day, as the children named it, each child was asked to draw a picture of the tree that he liked best, and on the picture to pin or glue a leaf, a piece of the bark, and any seed, nut, or bloom that he could find from his chosen tree.

During the week, different children were asked to give little talks on the importance of preserving our trees and other relative subjects. One boy told what a forest ranger had said on the radio the day before. Much interest in trees was aroused.

On the appointed day the teacher selected a committee of children who did the neatest and most artistic work, and asked them to arrange the pictures on a large board and then tack them. The children showed neatness, original ways of displaying the materials, and interest in the work of the others.

Since this first Tree Day proved to be such a success, it led to other lessons on trees. A lesson and display was given on trees not found on the campus. In preparing it, the children told of pleasant excursions with their families and friends to the woods or near-by places.

Celebrations for Harvest Festival

A PLAY AND A FESTIVAL

THE FESTIVE BOARD *

BY ELBRIDGE S. LYON

CHARACTERS

MR. and MRS. BROWN

JUNIOR

MARGE

MRS. COYLE

SALLY

TOM

DINAH

TIME: *A November noon.*

PLACE: *The Browns' dining-room.*

MRS. BROWN and MRS. COYLE are alone, reading, knitting and also fidgeting.

MRS. BROWN. I'd rather do all the work of a big hotel than wait around this way. I'm sorry I ever agreed to your scheme of letting *your* children spoil my years of training *my* children.

MRS. COYLE. Have patience, sister, remember that my children are your nephew and niece.

MRS. BROWN. But you've let them run wild. They do not have any of the old-time traditions. They're—well, they're too modern for me.

* For permission to produce this play, apply to the author, Chatham, N.J.

MRS. COYLE. Your children have no imagination. They follow your old-fashioned ideas. Letting them work together will be good for them.

MRS. BROWN. They are not working—not yours anyway. They are just playing. They won't even call this thing Thanksgiving, which we hope will be a dinner, eventually. They call it a Harvest Festival. They are heathen.

MRS. COYLE. No, Mary. They are not heathen, but they think for themselves.

MRS. BROWN. That is just this self-expression notion.

MRS. COYLE. Sure. Much better than your method of repression.

MRS. BROWN. Well, I hope you're right, but why you had to let them self-express themselves in my kitchen and spoil our Thanksgiving dinner arrangements is more than I can see.

MRS. COYLE. But, my dear, your well-trained boy and girl are in it, too, and enjoying it.

MRS. BROWN. It's torture for me to sit here and hear breaking dishes and banging kettles and smell onions and burnt fat and know my whole house is being ruined just because I invited you here. I never dreamed you would want to carry your modernistic ideas so far.

MRS. COYLE. Everything will be all right. You will see. The children will have the best time they ever had at a family party and will learn a lot about festivities.

(Clatter heard off, then laughter.)

MRS. BROWN. Oh! There goes another platter. I hope no one is hurt. I must go see.

MRS. COYLE. No. Remember you promised not to go near the kitchen. Besides, they don't laugh if they are hurt.

MRS. BROWN. I wonder how Dinah is standing it all.

MRS. COYLE. Dinah is most co-operative. I gave her \$5.00 and she promised to do the best she could and yet let the children think they had done everything themselves.

MRS. BROWN. She is a jewel. A black diamond. She has been working since 6 this morning. I guess she will see things through somehow.

MRS. COYLE. Of course she will.

(Enter DINAH, fanning herself with apron.)

DINAH. I quits right here. I won't do it. No, suh, I just won't do it.

MRS. BROWN. What is it, Dinah?

DINAH. No, suh,—I won't do it.

MRS. COYLE. Come, come, what won't you do?

DINAH. I won't stuff no turkey with no hot dogs.

MRS. COYLE. Why not?

DINAH. It ain't decent. That's what it ain't.

MRS. BROWN. Of course it isn't, Dinah.

DINAH. That boy o' her'n say he goin' put 24 black-birds in my pie! What's the matter with them new kids? They say I'm ol'-fashion'. Me!

MRS. COYLE. My children believe in change, progress.

DINAH. Well, it ain't no progress to put no two dozen starlings inside o' my pies.

MRS. BROWN. Dear, dear, how did we ever get into this?

MRS. COYLE. Now look here, Dinah. You promised me you would co-operate.

DINAH. Do what, ma'm?

MRS. COYLE. Co-operate. Work with them.

DINAH. Yas'm, but they ain't workin'. They's dressin' their-selves up like a parade. Dinner was ready long ago, but they say they ain't ready. I'se et my dinner an' I'se goin' out to the Zoo where it's peaceful.

MRS. COYLE. Look, Dinah, I'm going to give you another present, just like the one I gave you this morning if you will see this thing through.

DINAH. Yas, ma'm.

MRS. COYLE. Now you go back and do anything the chil-

dren want you to do.

DINAH. Anything?

MRS. BROWN. Within reason.

MRS. COYLE. Anything, Dinah.

DINAH. Yas, ma'm. (*Laughs loud and goes back toward kitchen.*) Yas, you done asked fer it. (*Exit.*)

MRS. COYLE. I wonder what she meant by that!

MRS. BROWN. Oh, dear. I wonder where Fred is.

MRS. COYLE. Your faithful spouse is in the cellar printing the picture he took of my Tom and Sally last night.

MRS. BROWN. When he gets working in that dark room, he is dead to the world.

MRS. COYLE. I hope the pictures are good. I think Tom and Sally are so fine-looking. Of course, your Marge and Junior are, too, but mine have such purposeful faces.

MRS. BROWN. And mine, I suppose, are just ordinary.

MRS. COYLE. Now, Mary, you know what I mean. Tom and Sally have had to look out for themselves since their father died three years ago, while Fred just spoils your two, and you do, too.

MRS. BROWN. Listen.

(*A distant boom of a drum is heard approaching. Enter MARGE slowly. She is dressed as a Pilgrim. She is carrying a prayer book. Behind her comes JUNIOR dressed as a pirate with cutlass. Third is SALLY as a toe dancer, then TOM as a chef. He is pushing a huge tea-wagon loaded with steaming viands.*)

JUNIOR. (*To MRS. COYLE.*) Sit there, woman! (*Pointing to one end of table.*)

MRS. BROWN. Junior! How could you?

JUNIOR. Silence! Sit yonder.

(*Points to other end of table. The two ladies take seats as directed.*)

MARGE. We thank thee, oh Creator of all, for thy annual

harvest which gives us survival. We thank thee for—(TOM holds up dish from cart and places it on table.) potatoes, (TOM puts another dish on table.) corn, (Another dish is moved.) turkey! (Another dish.) squash, (Another dish.) onions, (Still another.) cranberry sauce.

JUNIOR. Is that all?

MARGE.—And everything else. Amen.

SALLY. (*Dancing about.*) I shall now bring in the Queen of the Festival. (*Goes out.*)

MRS. BROWN. A doll, I suppose.

MRS. COYLE. I wonder!

(*Enter SALLY backwards, dancing and bowing, followed by DINAH dressed as a heathen queen, mostly smiles. Other children bow and show DINAH to center seat at table facing audience.*)

MARGE. Oh, Queen, we have prepared for thee a great feast.

SALLY. We beg of you partake.

DINAH. I don' see no feast.

JUNIOR. Here is turkey and turnips and pumpkins.

DINAH. I wants none of them.

TOM. What wish you, my sovereign?

DINAH. I wants flesh.

MARGE. We give you the flesh of ye wild turkey.

DINAH. I don' want no bird. I craves flesh, human flesh!

JUNIOR. (*To TOM.*) Provide what her majesty desires. Bring in the robber captive and the caldron.

TOM. I obey. (*Exits.*)

MRS. COYLE. Isn't this fun?

MRS. BROWN. Y-y-yes, I guess so.

MRS. COYLE. Look!

(*Enter TOM pushing a tremendous black kettle. Crouched and unseen in it is MR. BROWN.*)

JUNIOR. Where is the captive?

TOM. In the pot.

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MR. BROWN. (*Unseen.*) Help! Help!

DINAH. Yum, yum, that is better. Put in plenty of salt and pepper.

TOM. I did. Two pounds of salt and one of pepper.

DINAH. Red pepper?

TOM. Black, your highness.

DINAH. Put in red pepper. Much of it.

TOM. I obey.

(*Shakes a red can over pot. Violent sneezing follows.*)

DINAH. Is he done yet? Stick a fork in him.

TOM. (*Prodding with a six foot fork.*) He not only isn't done, he isn't even dead yet.

DINAH. I don't mind. Serve him up.

JUNIOR. (*Wielding his cutlass.*) I'll put him out of his misery. (*Goes toward caldron.*)

MR. BROWN. (*Appearing above rim.*) No you don't, young man. I've stood for the pepper down my neck and in my eyes, but I won't risk that awful scimitar.

MRS. BROWN. Fred! Is it really you? In the excitement I forgot all about you.

MR. BROWN. I usually appear at meal time.

TOM. Oh, you promised to play fair.

MR. BROWN. I did, didn't I? (*Sneezes.*) I played with fire.

JUNIOR. I came to kill you.

MR. BROWN. That is what I was afraid of. I don't know what ever got into you today.

MRS. BROWN. His cousins did.

MRS. COYLE. It's the holiday realism.

MR. BROWN. Realism tells me I am hungry and I'd rather eat than be eaten. (*Climbs out of pot.*) Come on. What are we waiting for?

MARGE. You sit by Aunt Bess.

(*Indicating seat next to MRS. COYLE. They all take seats and MR. BROWN passes food around.*)

DINAH. I guess if you all will excuse me—

MRS. BROWN. No, Dinah, we want you to stay.

MRS. COYLE. You may as well go through with it, Dinah. I've never been the queen at a feast.

DINAH. Me neither.

(They proceed to eat amidst ejaculations.)

MR. BROWN. Now if you don't mind, I'd like a few explanations. Tom, suppose you start. Begin at the beginning. All I know is you asked me to be a sport and get in the stew pot. How did this start?

TOM. Well, we thought we ought to put some pep—some swing—into your old Thanksgiving and bring it up to date, like they might if it was in the movies.

MARGE. Junior and I wanted a regular old-time colonial feast day celebration like the Pilgrims and Puritans.

SALLY. So we compromised and had both.

TOM. Sally and I thought your kids old-fashioned.

MRS. COYLE. My children are so advanced.

MR. BROWN. Advanced, is it? Why, your children's idea of modernizing a harvest festival is 3,000 years behind. Here you have the Queen of Sheba.

DINAH. I am not no she-bear.

MR. BROWN. Here you have in Sally a Salome, dancing before the potentates. As for my part, I believe cannibalism is about as old-time a custom as any method of dining. Modern indeed! Compared to the giving of thanks for the first harvest in the New World, their so-called advanced ideas are almost prehistoric. I say "Hurrah for our forefathers!"

JUNIOR. Who has four fathers? I only have one.

MR. BROWN. And you thought of doing away with him.

JUNIOR. Oh, Dad, I was only fooling.

MR. BROWN. I'm glad to hear that you didn't want to carve me up and I'm glad your intriguing ideas didn't interfere with Dinah's pie-baking. Look at this great big one.

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DINAH. If you all will excuse me, I don't feel so good. I think I'll go to the Zoo.

MR. BROWN. Now, now, oh Queen, wait till I cut the pie. How many of us are there? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Eight pieces. That is just four straight cuts.

(He makes first cut, steps back startled as "four and twenty" black-birds are pulled out of the pie by threads and hover over table as

THE CURTAIN FALLS

HARVEST FESTIVAL

BY MARION HOLBROOK

The following festival may be produced indoors against a plain curtain or out of doors with a background of autumn foliage.

I

DANCE OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES

Dancers wearing brilliant autumn leaf costumes enter, right and left, and frolic together in a swift, swirling dance. At the end of their dance the Harvest Goddess is seen approaching. The dancers hail her coming and several go off to escort her. She is a tall, beautiful girl, wearing a Grecian robe and carrying a horn of plenty. She joins the leaves in a stately dance. At the close, the leaves go off as though blown by sudden gusts. The Goddess remains.

II

THE GLEANERS

The chanting of the *Te Deum* is heard and the Harvest Goddess, with a gesture of gracious dignity, beckons to the approaching gleaners and then goes slowly off as they come on, carrying their sheaves and stooping to pick up stray bits of grain. The angelus sounds. All stand with bowed heads for a moment and then continue their slow progress across the stage and off. The chanting continues until they have passed out of sight. An off-stage chorus is used; the gleaners themselves do not chant.

III

OLD ENGLISH HARVEST REVELS

The Harvest Goddess enters and gayly beckons to a large group of English country boys and girls who enter, dancing, skipping and shouting, as she goes off. Each carries some fall fruit or vegetable—a pumpkin, a squash or a basket of grapes or apples. A pile of sheaves is arranged at center back and the Queen of the Harvest is carried in on the shoulders of two swains who seat her on this throne. Lively harvest songs are sung throughout the scene. The boys and girls place their harvest tribute at the feet of the Queen and then, standing in groups and couples, they continue their singing. At the close, they take up their gifts and sheaves and carry the Queen off amid the shouts and cheers of the revellers. The action should be performed without reference to the audience and should create the true festival spirit through the zest with which the participants enter into the scene. Their labors in the fields are over and they celebrate the end of their toil and the harvest

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yield in a spirit of unrestrained mirth. If desired, the ballads may be pantomimed.

IV

PILGRIM PROCESSION

The Goddess enters to the soft off-stage singing of the Thanksgiving Prayer and summons the Pilgrims, leaving the stage as they enter. They come slowly, singing, and group themselves as a chorus. At the close of their hymn they leave, continuing their singing until they are out of sight.

V

THE HUSKING BEE

"The Arkansas Traveler" is heard off-stage. Hailed by the Harvest Goddess, men and women in pioneer costumes enter in a noisy, laughing throng. Several men who bring up the rear carry bushel baskets of corn which they empty in piles at center back. They begin husking, singing American folk-songs as they work. Some form a semi-circle around the corn, facing the audience. Others gather in groups, left and right, so that the stage is well covered. Others move about, greeting their friends in pantomime. Young girls gather in groups and whisper secrets. The young men watch them furtively. Singing is continued throughout this scene. As much interesting pantomime as possible should be worked in, so that one seems to be looking in on an old-fashioned husking bee, rather than a formal entertainment. If possible there should be a fiddler.

A shout is heard as one of the girls holds up a red ear. She darts away from the husking group and is pursued by a young man who follows her off-stage. They come back immediately to join the dance for which the husking is now deserted. The

people may be divided in groups for the dancing, one following another in quick succession, the music growing faster and faster and the dance almost taking on a pagan spirit. At the close the dancers go off in couples, the men with their arms about their partners' waists.

Production Notes

AUTUMN LEAF DANCE

BY MADELINE STEVENS

The dancers skip in, right and left, carrying great bunches of golden rod and autumn leaves, or baskets of fruit and autumn leaves. After skipping about in gay fashion they form a circle.

I. Step right, swing left, step left, swing right—and repeat all.

Three steps toward center and raise arms high with flowers or baskets.

Repeat step swing four times and take three steps back, lowering arms as they go.

II. Turn and face as partners in single circle formation.

Step, swing right—left—right—left, facing partners. Step forward, changing place with partners, and repeat back to place.

III. Return to circle facing center.

Boys go forward three steps and place branches on ground at center, take three steps to place and make a complete turn in place.

Girls go forward and repeat same.

IV. Boys skip four steps in and pick up a branch—four steps back to place.

Girls skip four steps to center, pick up branch and skip back.

Girls stand still and wave branches, or baskets, while boys skip in and out around entire circle of girls, and then back to

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original places. Girls repeat same.

V. Partners join inside hands and hold branches with outside hands. They skip once around together and dance ends.

If folk music is desired for this dance, use "Harvest Dance" in *Folk Dance Music* by Burchenal and Crampton. This book is published by G. Schirmer, 3 East 43rd Street, New York. It costs one dollar.

Music of a more modern type which may be used is "The Dance of the Old Woman's Shoe" from *Lord Byron of Broadway*. It costs forty cents and may be purchased from Charles H. Ditson and Company, 8 East 34th Street, New York.

OLD RUSTIC DANCE

BY MADELINE STEVENS

This dance is performed by the leaves and the Harvest Goddess. The dancers form several circles, depending on the number participating. The Harvest Goddess stands in the middle of the circle at the center of the stage and does the steps indicated for the other dancers, in place, holding her cornucopia high.

I. Step, swing right—step, swing left and repeat. (Four times in all.)

Pas de bourrée * right, pas de bourrée left.

Repeat entire step.

II. Face partner in single circle.

Pas de bourrée right, pas de bourrée left.

Step, swing with partner, four times in place.

Pas de bourrée right and left.

Step, swing four times forward to new partner.

Repeat second step with three new partners and return to circle, repeating first step as finish.

* A pas de bourrée is done in the following way: step right, bend left knee behind right, step right and swing left.

Appropriate modern music is "Gavotte" (*Mignon*) by A. Thomas. It may be purchased from either Ditson or Schirmer and costs fifteen cents.

COSTUMES

Autumn leaf crepe paper can be obtained from the Dennison Manufacturing Company, 220 Fifth Avenue, New York. Ragged pieces of this paper, sewn to a plain brown cheesecloth slip, make a charming costume. Dennison's can also supply directions for making the horn of plenty. A booklet containing directions can be had for five cents.

The Harvest Goddess wears a Grecian robe of corn-colored material. Cheesecloth drapes gracefully and may be used for this costume.

THE GLEANERS

Millet paintings will furnish costume suggestions for this episode. The *Te Deum* found in the Episcopal hymnal may be used. Crepe paper is excellent material for the sheaves.

OLD ENGLISH REVELS

The English country lads wear knee breeches with a white shirt open at the neck. A ruffle of white material is basted on the cuff so that it falls well over the hand. A narrow ribbon is tied in a bow at the wrist and a sash of the same color may be knotted carelessly at the left hip.

The girls' costume consists of a plain waist with short sleeves, a bodice and a full, rather short skirt with panniers. A white kerchief and a small white apron complete the costume. The hair is parted and worn very plain.

The following folk-songs are suggested for this episode: "One Man Shall Mow My Meadow," "The Jolly Plough Boy,"

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"I Will Give My Love an Apple," "Farmyard Song," and "The Painful Plough." These songs can be purchased in single edition, eight cents each, from the H. W. Gray Company, 159 East 48th Street, N.Y.

THE PILGRIMS

They wear the familiar Pilgrim costume. Their hymn, "Thanksgiving Prayer," is found in "Twice 55 Community Songs, The Green Book" which may be purchased from The National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York. The price is twenty-five cents. Other music may be substituted. This book also contains the folk-songs used in the husking bee episode.

THE HUSKING BEE

The pioneer costumes may vary in cut and design. Some may be fancy, with ruffles on the skirt, and full, long sleeves. Others may wear plainer dresses with business-like aprons, shawls and sunbonnets hanging down the back. A variety of colors and styles will add interest. The men wear dark trousers and colored shirts, most of them open at the throat. Many of them wear suspenders.

The dances are found in Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford's book, "Good Morning," which may be purchased from the Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan, for seventy-five cents. Dances especially recommended are: The Standard Lancers, The Plain Quadrille, Portland Fancy, and Old Dan Tucker. Many other square dances are included in this book, but these mentioned are the simplest.

POEMS

IN APPLE TIME

BY BLISS CARMAN

The apple harvest days are here,
The boding apple harvest days,
And down the flaming valley ways,
The foresters of time draw near.

Through leagues of bloom I went with Spring,
To call you on the slopes of morn,
Where in imperious song is borne
The wild heart of the goldenwing.

I roamed through alien summer lands,
I sought your beauty near and far;
Today, where russet shadows are,
I hold your face between my hands.

On runnels dark by slopes of fern,
The hazy Autumn sleeps in sun.
Remembrance and desire, undone,
From old regret to dreams return.

The apple harvest time is here,
The tender apple harvest time;
A sheltering calm, unknown at prime,
Settles upon the brooding year.

HARVEST

BY BLISS CARMAN

Now when the time of fruit and grain is come,
 When apples hang above the garden wall,
 And from the tangle by the roadside stream
 A scent of wild grapes fills the racy air,
 Comes Autumn with her sun-burnt caravan,
 Like a long gypsy train with trappings gay
 And tattered colors of the Orient,
 Moving slow-footed through the dreamy hills.
 The woods of Wilton, at her coming, wear
 Tints of Bokhara and of Samarcand;
 The maples glow with their Pompeian red,
 The hickories with burnt Etruscan gold;
 And while the crickets fife along her march,
 Behind her banners burns the crimson sun.

SCYTHE SONG

BY ANDREW LANG

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,
 What is the word methinks ye know,
 Endless over-word that the Scythe
 Sings to the blades of the grass below?
 Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
 Something, still, they say as they pass;
 What is the word that, over and over,
 Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

*Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
 Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
 Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,*

Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah *hush*! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

BY BLISS CARMAN

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood,—
A lyric touch in the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through,—

Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird;

The resonant far-listening morn,
And the hoarse whisper of the corn;

The crickets mourning their comrades lost,
In the night's retreat from the gathering frost;

(Or is it their slogan, plaintive and shrill,
As they beat on their corselets, valiant still?)

A hunger fit for the kings of the sea,
And a loaf of bread for Dickon and me;

A thirst like that of the Thirsty Sword,
And a jug of cider on the board;

An idle noon, a bubbling spring,
The sea in the pine-tops murmuring;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry;
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Asking nothing, revealing naught,
But minting his words from a fund of thought,

A keeper of silence eloquent,
Needy, yet royally well content,

Of the mettled breed, yet abhorring strife,
And full of the mellow juice of life,

A taster of wine, with an eye for a maid,
Never too bold, and never afraid,

Never heart-whole, never heart-sick,
(These are the things I worship in Dick)

No fidget and no reformer, just
A calm observer of ought and must,

A lover of books, but a reader of man,
No cynic and no charlatan,

Who never defers and never demands,
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—

Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of his will for law.

And O the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun,

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-wind, a light-o'-dream,

Delusion afar, delight anear,
From morrow to morrow, from year to year,

A jack-o'-lantern, a fairy fire,
A dare, a bliss, and a desire!

The racy smell of the forest loam,
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home;

(O leaves, O leaves, I am one with you,
Of the mould and the sun and the wind and the dew!)

The broad gold wake of the afternoon;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon;

The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace;

With only another league to wend;
And two brown arms at the journey's end!

These are the joys of the open road—
For him who travels without a load.

AUTUMN BLACKSMITH

BY JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

Now that the autumn blacksmith makes
His bellows blow the bright flames higher
On tree and vine, leaf metal takes
The crimson color of the fire.

Loud on dark anvils of the year,
Great hammers of the wind complete
The thinning process. Everywhere
Are flying sparks that glow with heat.

Soon twilight comes. Then winter's night
Hides every forge on hill and dune.
Only the blacksmith's sign, steel-bright,
Burns in the sky, the horse-shoe moon.

NOVEMBER

BY MARVIN LUTER HILL

November is a beautiful word with a sound like water;
Watery rhythms go flowing through it in tumbling floods.

It has a courage that it is good to remember—
Not fain, like April, or troubled with March's moods.

It has a lovely completeness, like some task finished;
It is grayly-golden as a full-fledged plover,
And sound as a chestnut kernel without its sweetness,
And has but little interest in any lover.

Foxes adore it, and the dull persimmon
Turns to the color of a faded ember;
It has a fuller bin than the months before it,
And a tranquil beauty that it is good to remember.

AUTUMN

BY JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

Autumn, Autumn, you did not see me spying
When you laid your hand caressingly on summer's drowsy
 head,
But I saw her start and shiver,
And I saw her wake and quiver,
For your touch was cold as snow-time
Though your mouth was flaming red.

Autumn, Autumn, you did not see me watching
As you crept among the grasses and swayed them with your
 breath,
When the wild flowers bent to meet you,
And the trees reached out to greet you,
For they thought your touch was beauty
But they found your kiss was death!

Autumn, Autumn, I hate you and I love you,
For with all your flame and passion you are nothing but a
 thief,

Though you rival spring's flame-magic,
You are a lover old and tragic,
And your purple, gold and crimson
But a mask to hide your grief.

A SONG OF EARLY AUTUMN

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

When late in summer the streams run yellow,
Burst the bridges and spread into bays;
When berries are black and peaches are mellow,
And hills are hidden by rainy haze;

When the goldenrod is golden still,
But the heart of the sunflower is darker and sadder;
When the corn is in stacks on the slope of the hill,
And slides o'er the path the striped adder.

When butterflies flutter from clover to thicket,
Or wave their wings on the drooping leaf;
When the breeze comes shrill with the call of the cricket,
Grasshoppers' rasp, and rustle of sheaf.

When high in the field the fern-leaves wrinkle,
And brown is the grass where the mowers have mown;
When low in the meadow the cow-bells tinkle,
And small brooks crinkle o'er stock and stone.

When heavy and hollow the robin's whistle,
And shadows are deep in the heat of the noon;
When the air is white with the down o' the thistle,
And the sky is red with the harvest moon;

Oh, then be chary, young Robert and Mary,
No time let slip, not a moment wait!
If the fiddle would play it must stop its tuning,
And they who would wed must be done with their
 moonning;
Let the churn rattle, see well to the cattle,
And pile the wood by the barn-yard gate!

A VAGABOND SONG

BY BLISS CARMAN

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

AN ESSAY

HARVEST FESTIVALS

BY EDITH M. ALMEDINGEN

"Why do we have harvest festivals at all?" someone asked me the other day. "Why should it be considered necessary to bring flowers, loaves of bread, and vegetable produce and dump them all over the church?"

The question was not asked by a heathen. She was a church-going female. She knew her Prayer Book—but, as she informed me, she disliked the lectern to be festooned with green garlands and the sanctuary rails to be adorned with fat, ripe pumpkins. She knew nothing about the harvest festival being a fitting gesture of thanksgiving to God for all the help and abundance gleaned all through the summer months. She had sung often enough:

"We plough the fields and scatter the good seed through the land,
But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand.
All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, Oh thank the Lord for all His love."

But the words must have somehow slipped off the edge of her mind. Fat pumpkins annoyed her, and she would see no further. I said something about thanksgiving and added that the idea of harvest festivals went back much further than our Lord's days.

"They used to thank their gods for fruitful harvest in ancient Rome and even still further—in Egypt and Chaldea."

"A church is made for worship—not for a display of vege-

tables," she said acidly, and I changed the theme.

The trouble is that the very words "harvest festival" have come to conjure up little else than those sometimes tiresome pictures of altar rails hidden behind cottage loaves, the litany desk adorned with hefty cucumbers and the pulpit festooned with none too artistically arranged greenery—most of which gets into the preacher's way. In so many parishes the harvest festival has come to mean little more than the task of carrying flowers and vegetable produce from garden to church and decorating the latter—not always with fortunate results. Sometimes the ladies exult in brittle and vinegary arguments as to whether Mrs. Pink's tomatoes should be put at the foot of the pulpit or near the lectern and whether Mrs. Jones' untidy bunch of rather startling chrysanthemums would really do for the War memorial. On other occasions the issue is actually joined. . . . Once an energetic lady placed a huge bunch of black grapes in the middle of the altar. It was rather dim in the sanctuary, and another well-meaning helper came along and put a cottage loaf on the very top of the grapes. She put it down rather too firmly, and the heavy loaf squashed the grapes, and there followed an extremely acid interchange of doubtful compliments—to say no more.

But church-decorating, harvest hymns, and so forth, in no wise sum up the idea of a harvest festival. Of course, it is something done in the spirit of humble thanksgiving and acknowledgement of our utter dependence on Him by yielding Him the first-fruits—but it is also something more than that. The occasion should turn our minds to another harvest—still to come—when our souls will be sheaves, and He their Reaper.

Like ears of golden corn, so may we be gathered,
Like apples and cherries, crimsoned to ripeness,
May we fall into Thy hands,
Corn without blemish, fruit without stain,

To be garnered into Thy granaries.
This will be the Harvest Thy Son once died for,
This will be the Harvest the world was made for,
From the soil that lives, and dies, and renews itself,
Into the soil of no-autumn-knowing, immortal Gardens.
Come then, Master-Reaper, Gardener, Friend,
We are Thy sheaves, watered abundantly
By Thy Son's precious, life-bringing Blood.
We are the fruit of Thy sowing and growing,
Gather us lovingly, piteously, gather us in—
Even as Thou hast fashioned the way of our growing.
Away from Thy barns we are nothing but stubble and straw
Fit for an idle bonfire, a plaything for tempest.
Gather us in to pollen the streets of Thy City,
Gather us in unto the Harvest Eternal,
Lest the hands of corruption mar all the beauty God-fashioned,
Lest the corn of God-sowing perish away from God's barns.
Gather us in where we would be.

And every Harvest Festival, coming round, should stir in us the reminder of that final great Reaping. There need be nothing staggering in the thought. Rather, it should yield infinite comfort. "Away from Thy barns we are nothing but stubble and straw. He does so want us in those glorious Barns. He let His Son live and die in this world that we might come to find the right way to those eternal Barns."

Well, then, though the flowers have long since faded, the vegetables and the cottage loaves long since been removed from altar, lectern and pulpit, don't let us think we have done with the very idea of a harvest festival until the next autumn. The reminder should be constantly with us. And when next the time of the festival comes round, let us rivet our thoughts on more important themes than Mrs. Jones' untidy bunch of chrysanthemums and Mr. Brown's unsightly pumpkins. Let us rather remember what the festival really stands for and let

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us carry its solemn, deep, and joyous meaning right round the four seasons of the year so that the soul may be a little less inadequately prepared for the Great Reaping when it does come.

Celebrations for Thanksgiving

PLAYS AND A PANTOMIME

JOHN ALDEN BY REQUEST *

BY LETTIE C. VANDERVEER

CHARACTERS

LOU PHELPS

JANE HILLYER

NANCY ROYAL

DELLA LEEDS

GEORGE DIX

OLIVER HEMPSTEAD

RUSSELL DODGE

BOB GOLDEN

SCENE: *Stage of the high school auditorium. A table and some chairs are pushed against wall at extreme right: other chairs at left. It looks about as any stage looks when not in use, not arranged for any special thing.*

When the scene opens LOU PHELPS is busy setting up three folding screens, one after another: the first at center back, the second at right angles with it at right, at some distance away; the other at left. JANE HILLYER is murmuring some lines from a script, walking about the room the better to commit them to memory.

* For permission to produce this play, apply to the author, 11 South Illinois Ave., Atlantic City, N.J.

LOU. Look, Jane, don't you think about here is the right place for the side of the cabin room? You heard George talking about the measurements. He said they couldn't possibly get it ready to set up before the last rehearsal; but I thought we ought to know just about the space so as to keep the action centered right. That screen's the back wall, this one, the right side wall and that, the left side. There'll be entrances at back both sides,—in side walls I mean. Don't you think this will help us to know where we're at—so to speak?

JANE. (*Finishing a murmur.*) M-m, I guess so. . . . Honest, I just know I'm going to get the thees and thous all cock-eyed in my part. Twice now I've said—where I speak to you in the first act—"Mary Chilton if thy set thee cap at that angle Elder Brewster willst speak to thou severely." 'Tisn't the set-up I'm worrying about, but I don't want the audience howling in the wrong spots.

(NANCY ROYAL *has come in while she speaks. She divests herself of coat and hat, both very becoming, and while she is hanging them on the back of a chair at left, one glove falls back of the chair unnoticed. NANCY is slender and pretty and less self-assertive than the other girls, with a winsome smile when she isn't worrying about her part. She removes a rubber band from her script as she joins them. She looks out-of-sorts.*)

NANCY. I wish you hadn't given me this Priscilla part, Lou. It's far too important for me to undertake at the last minute. You've seen Rose do it at rehearsals, so why can't one of you take her place and let me do a minor part?

LOU. (*Turning on her with wrinkled brow.*) Listen, Nance, don't quit on us now. We'd get hopelessly balled up if we changed parts at this late day; and it's fresh to you. I've got too much on my hands as it is, being director as well as acting.

NANCY. (*Worriedly.*) Isn't there any hope at all of Rose being able to do the part?

JANE. Not a chance. They're quarantined for measles. Jimmie, kind little soul, brought 'em home to the family day before yesterday.

DELLA LEEDS. (*Just coming in, overhears.*) If you've got any notion that Rose will be able to come, get it right out of your system. This town is so measles-conscious at present our audience would walk out on us in a body if Rose so much as stuck her nose in at the door Friday night; fact is they'd stampede. You're elected for Priscilla and no mistake, Nancy.

(*She helps LOU with a refractory screen.*)

NANCY. (*Drawing a chair from the wall and dropping on it dejectedly.*) It's the most sentimental part in the whole play, and I'll be self-conscious and idiotic in it. . . . Who plays John Alden, anyhow?

LOU. (*A trifle uneasily.*) That's something else,—another casualty in our dramatis personae. Jack Case was cast for that part,—knew most of his lines the first rehearsal,—I thought at the time it was too good to be true,—and then what did he do but sprain his ankle yesterday playing ball in that slippery mud, and he won't even be able to step on it before Friday, if then. And anyway he'd look a sight limping the part. So George and Bob were scouting around for a John Alden last night.

NANCY. And you don't even know who it will be? This is going to be good,—a half-baked Priscilla and a John Alden stumbling through his lines. Shades of Longfellow!

LOU. (*Uncomfortably.*) Well, they may get that new fellow, Russell Dodge. He looks sort of nice if he'd ever come near enough to get acquainted.

DELLA. (*Who has gone right, calls.*) Listen girls, what'll we do about a spinning-wheel for this rehearsal? Mrs. Carroll wouldn't let me bring hers over until the very last rehearsal, and then I guess I've got to sit up with it all night afterward. It belonged to her great, great aunt's second cousin or somebody. I think she christened the Mayflower when it left the docks—or

something. Anyway she was very far back and important. Some of you come on with me and hunt up some temporary props—to sort of get the right atmosphere.

JANE. I brought Mother's sweeping cap for Priscilla until we get our Pilgrim caps finished. Here.

(She tosses a paper package to PRISCILLA, who opens it and perches a white ruffled cap on her head with rather a wry little smile. JANE and NANCY follow DELLA, and presently LOU joins them after a little more shifting of screens. As she exits left GEORGE, OLIVER, and RUSSELL enter right. They stand at right of side screen, tossing hats and top coats on chair and table, and engage in a discussion, evidently continued from before their entrance.)

GEORGE. Oh gee! Russ, your part is easy compared with mine. Look, I'm Miles Standish and I come on way ahead of you, even in the first act before we introduce the Longfellow "Courtship of Miles Standish" business.

OLIVER. Sure. And he's got to orate for five minutes almost in the courtship act before you even have to open your trap.

RUSSELL. *(Bitterly.)* Yeh,—well, he likes it,—stalkin' around with a sword clankin' at his side is a blame sight easier than shootin' off a lot of mushy palaver. . . . Yeh, and look how you rung me in—pinch-hittin' for Jack Case at the last minute. George here calls up and gives Mother a sob story about Jack bein' hurt and the whole thing up in the air unless I'd help them out. Oh, nothin' much to it—easy part,—it was just that it sort of had to be *in* the play—just a rehearsal or two needed, and so on and so on. Bology!

(BOB GOLDEN has come in from right while he is speaking.)

BOB. Well, we couldn't explain to *you* in person when your Mother said you were out, could we? *(He unrolls his script and makes some notations on it, resting it on his knee, one foot on a chair seat.)*

RUSSELL. Oh no, you couldn't explain. You bet you couldn't

explain. You thought you'd rope me in blind. (*Sarcastically.*) Did you *come* over with the script? You did not. You sent it by a messenger boy,—squandered a dime for fear you'd run into *me*. So Mother, she begs me to save the school play—"just a few lines to say, dearie," and Dad gets reminiscent of his histrionic prowess, and I'm shoved into this blame sickenin' show.

GEORGE. (*Pacifically.*) Sorry if you're sore, Russ, we kinda thought you'd like it. Good way to get acquainted with the girls. (*He opens his script, and points out something to OLIVER, drawing a diagram on the margin.*) As I was telling you, Ol, we shaped it like this . . . and we got the log cabin effect with white chalk on gray paper . . . and we put in a window here.

(*He sits astride a chair-back resting the paper against it, while OLIVER watches the strokes of his pencil. None of them hear or see NANCY, because of the screens intervening. NANCY has a long-handled mop in her hand evidently borrowed from the janitor. She is about to put it down when she hears her name.*)

RUSSELL. (*Is storming on.*) I suppose you'll get a big kick out of seeing me making a donkey of myself in this scene with some fool girl—that I never spoke to before in my life.

GEORGE. (*Protests.*) Boy, you've got us all wrong. We weren't trying to put anything over. Besides Nancy Royal is no fool girl. She's a nice quiet sensible little thing,—and it won't hurt your eyes to look at her either.

(*NANCY stands perfectly still, without putting down her mop, listening in amazement.*)

BOB. She's a cute kid.

RUSSELL. (*Snorts.*) Cute! I hate 'em cute. Makin' eyes and posing all the time. They just eat up this love-makin' stuff.

(*NANCY stiffens with indignation.*)

OLIVER. (*Turns on RUSSELL.*) Gee! You sure do like girls, don't you? They must have treated you rough back where you hailed from.

RUSSELL. I didn't give 'em a chance. (*Impatiently striding forward.*) Well, if we're going to have a rehearsal why don't we?

(NANCY, *with an indignant backward glance at about the spot in the screen back of which RUSSELL is standing, slips out at left on tiptoe, taking the mop with her.*)

BOB. (*Conciliatingly.*) That's so, why don't we? I heard the girls talking down the hall when I came in. They've been in here, for they've set up these screens—for the room I presume. There they are now.

(*He goes center, followed by GEORGE and OLIVER just as LOU, JANE and DELLA appear at left carrying various make-shift properties.*)

GEORGE. Hello Lou! Hello Della! What's the fire-screen for, Jane?

JANE. S-sh! It's our temporary fire-place. I got it out of Dr. Phelps' office,—no less. Keep it dark. That pail Della's carrying is supposed to be the iron pot hanging on a crane in the fire-place,—see?

LOU. I don't see how we can really hang it up. I guess we'll just have to imagine it's hanging. But I thought some sort of props would give atmosphere—Pilgrim atmosphere. I'll pile up these coat-hangers I got from the cloak room for wood,—see. (*She suits the action to the word, kneeling to the task, while JANE sets up the supposed fire-place, DELLA hovering over them with her pail.*) Of course you have to use your imagination a lot, but it sort of gives you an idea how the setting will be.

(*The girls cast interested side-wise glances at RUSSELL as they move back. He is standing stiff and aloof at far right.*)

BOB. (*Somewhat uneasily.*) Oh-ah, guess you girls haven't met Russ Dodge yet. He's new in our midst you know. Miss Phelps, Miss Hillyer, Miss Leeds, meet the friend,—but you'd better just call 'em Lou and Jane and Della, it's handier.

(*The girls politely and smilingly acknowledge the introduction, and RUSSELL bobs his head briefly.*)

LOU. How d'you do.

JANE. I'm Jane, in case you didn't get the drift of Bob's introduction. Bob just hurls people at each other and leaves them.

DELLA. And I'm Della. (*To girls.*) But where's Nancy? (*They all look around inquiringly.*) She said she'd get the janitor's mop for a fire-shovel.

LOU. And look. We'll turn this chair, with the feet up resting on the back, for a spinning-wheel. I think that gives the effect wonderfully, don't you?

GEORGE. Oh perfectly. I can almost hear it hum. (*They laugh.*) But say, listen Lou,—I know you said there'd only be time to rehearse the John Alden act this afternoon,—but if you'll give me a few minutes I'd like to go over my Miles Standish speeches just before it once, to sort of get more used to an audience, see? D'you mind if I borrow a coat-hanger for a sword, and if you'll just lend me your belt, Jane, to hang it on.

(*JANE good-naturedly lets him have her belt which scarcely reaches round him as he buckles it over his sweater, and thrusts the coat-hanger under it. All are much amused except RUSSELL who looks on unsmiling—but with occasional anxious glances to left watching for "Priscilla."*)

BOB. You better let me get some tools out of my flivver, lad, so there'll be a proper clanking when you stride.

(*NANCY ROYAL comes in at left so quietly that no one—except the uneasy RUSSELL—notices her. She stands a little apart, sober and resentful of the position fate has thrust her into. RUSSELL steals several quick, surreptitious glances at her, but NANCY keeps her eyes resolutely away from him, with the sort of look, her uptilted chin says, that makes him non-existent as far as she is concerned.*)

JANE. There, put this chair this side of the spinning-wheel, facing right, see. In all the pictures Priscilla doesn't look right at John, but more at the spinning-wheel—sort of coquettishly. Oh, there you are, Nance. Couldn't you find the mop?

NANCY. It looks too silly, having that in the scene—I decided.

(She speaks so stiffly they look at her in surprise, then the girls exchange half-amused, half-uneasy glances.)

LOU. Well, come on, Miles, if you must do your speech today. And remember those stage directions and gesture signs written on the margin of your script.

GEORGE. *(Reading.)* Yeah. One—gesture with right hand; two—gesture with left hand; three—gesture with both hands; four—rising inflection of voice; five—falling inflection. What’s this “rough, but not too rough,” and over here “voice changes to softer tones, tender, slow”? Oh yeah, that’s where I think of my dear departed Rose “yonder there on the hill.”

OLIVER. That oughtn’t to be hard when we just lost a Rose from our cast on account of little brother’s measles.

GEORGE. As long as we haven’t got a desk here for John Alden to be sitting at, why—anyhow you sit over there at left, Russ, and say your part when it comes in, and I, of course, am admiring weapons and armor hanging on the wall at right. *(Turns script.)* Where you come to the part where I say “Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship,” and you say “The name of friendship is sacred”—and so forth, we’ll clasp hands and walk out arm in arm, see? You needn’t go over that “Must I relinquish it all?” part. It’ll take too long.

LOU. Listen, George, you’d better just do your first two speeches. *(Consulting script.)* as far as that about Rose’s grave, then skip over to “it is not good to be alone,” or we won’t get Act Two rehearsed before Tompkins closes up. He’s cross as two sticks if we keep him over-time.

BOB. You can get into your strut O.K. if you try it that far,—and it won’t be so hard on us. Go to it.

GEORGE. *(Deadly serious, his part on his mind.)* Sit over there, Russ. *(RUSSELL takes the chair indicated none too willingly, LOU energetically pulling it forward; and GEORGE goes into his CAPTAIN STANDISH in deep bass voice with much strut-*

ting and gesturing. As he recites he frequently forgets which gesture is appropriate, so that after using right hand he hastily consults script and changes to left hand: drops his voice and then notices it should be "rising inflection," and so on, with comical effect, and frequent abrupt breaks in his dramatic recital.)

"Look at these arms, the warlike weapons that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection,
This is the sword of Damascus fought with in Flanders; this
breast plate,

Well I remember the day, once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point blank at my heart by a Spanish Arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles
Standish

Would at this moment be mould in their grave in the Flemish
Morasses."

RUSSELL. (*Supplies unwillingly.*)

"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the
bullet.

He in his mercy preserved you to be our shield and our weapon."

GEORGE. (*Continues.*)

"See how bright they are burnished as if in an arsenal hanging;
That is because I have done it myself and not left it to others.
Serve yourself if you would be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms as you of your pens and your ink-horn.
Then too there are my soldiers, my great invincible army,
Twelve men all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,
Eighteen shillings a month together with diet and pillage,
And, like Caesar (*Pushing out chest.*) I know the name of each
of my soldiers.

Look, you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the
purpose,

Steady, straightforward and strong, with irresistible logic.

Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen. Now we are ready I think for any assault of the Indians; Let them come if they like and the sooner they try it the better,—Let them come, if they like, be it Sagamore, Sachem, or Pow-wow, Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto or Tokamahamon.

(As if looking out of window, says with melting sadness in great contrast to his braggadocio.)

Yonder here on the hill by the sea lies buried Rose Standish, Beautiful Rose of love that bloomed for me by the wayside.

(BOB and OLIVER pretend to be sobbing into their handkerchiefs and LOU, stifling a laugh, shushes them.)

She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower.

Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there. Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people, Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished."

(Consulting his script.) I'll cut out a lot of the next now, where I go over to my bookshelves and consult the Commentaries of Caesar,—if you can picture it,—and tell John here how good he was, how he put himself straight at the head of his troops, and so forth, and won the day of the battle of something or other, and I repeat to my friend John, if you want a thing well done you must do it yourself and not leave it to others; and then right on top of that I wheedle him into pleading my cause with "the angel Priscilla . . . the loveliest maiden of Plymouth"—you've got something to live up to there, Nancy (*NANCY scarcely smiles.*) because I'm a maker of war; but John is a maker of fine scholarly phrases. And right there, John, is where you've got to stammer your protest, see? Remind him of his own maxim, —me, I mean.

RUSSELL. (*Grimly.*) Oh, I'll stammer all right.

GEORGE. (*Quotes again dramatically.*)

"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;

But we must use it discreetly and not waste powder for nothing,
Now as I said before I was never a maker of phrases.

I can march up to a fortress, and summon the place to surrender,
But to march up to a woman with such a proposal I dare not.

(*Whistles*, "Whew!")

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No' point-blank from the mouth of a
woman,

That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it.

So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases,
Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that
prompts me.

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship."

(*Nods to RUSSELL*. "Go to it.")

RUSSELL. (*Reluctantly*.)

"The name of friendship is sacred;

What you demand in that name I have not the power to deny
you."

GEORGE. (*Suiting the action to the word*.) O.K. Here's where we shake and go out arm in arm. Course you've got to get a little more noble renunciation sound into your voice, and all that,—but another rehearsal will do it. You can practice that "Must I relinquish it all?" stuff in front of your lookin' glass, see, in between times.

RUSSELL. (*Mumbles*.) Like fun I will.

(*They separate and stand aside*.)

LOU. (*Energetically*.) All right. Take that John Alden chair away now, Bob, and you sit down by your spinning-wheel, Priscilla,—and hum something. And John Alden, you be all ready to come in right as soon as she begins spinning and singing—or humming softly; and you knock on that left screen-door at side

of room, see—George'll have the walls set up next time,—and Priscilla, you rise and hold out your hand to him as he enters,—and look pleased, see—*look pleased* to see him. . . . Oh, I forgot to introduce you to each other. (*She looks anxiously at the two facing each other with an almost hostile manner, more pronounced in NANCY than RUSSELL now.*) Nancy, may I present Russell Dodge? Miss Royal, Mr. Dodge. (*They bow stiffly with the faintest murmur of acknowledgment.*) Come, let's the rest of us go off to the sides and get the effect. (*They go.*) All ready, get set. (*She moves to extreme right.*)

(PRISCILLA seats herself, rather too primly, and goes through the motions of spinning, humming a little tune softly, and rises when JOHN ALDEN knocks and enters. At first their dialogue is very stiff and stilted, and PRISCILLA looks on him with a cold eye though her words are cordial; then a little smile begins to play about the corners of her mouth; his now anxious manner, becomes more easy as she forgets herself and her eyes smile into his, and presently they show an interest in their acting and give a quite charming representation of the scene from Longfellow's poem. RUSSELL looks as if he really does find the pretty PRISCILLA as winning as she is supposed to be, and NANCY has acquired a very natural and pretty coquetry by the time she reaches, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?")

NANCY.

'I knew it was you when I heard your step in the passage;
'or I was thinking of you as I sat there singing and spinning."

LOU. (*Hurrying to RUSSELL and thrusting a feather duster into his hand.*) Here's where you give her the flowers. Imagine his is them, see? (*Goes.*)

(RUSSELL gives a fair representation of embarrassment, finally giving "Priscilla" the "flowers." She laughs and motions him to a chair, which he brings up beside her. She sits at her wheel.)

NANCY.

"I have been thinking all day,
Dreaming all night and thinking all day, of the hedgerows of
England.

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Seeing the village street and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And at the end of the street the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the church-
yard.

Kind are the people I live with and dear to me my religion,
Still my heart is so sad that I wish myself back in old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it; I almost
Wish myself back in old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

RUSSELL.

"Indeed I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible win-
ter.

Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
(PRISCILLA *is sweetly hanging on his words.*)

So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish, the Captain of
Plymouth."

NANCY. (*Continuing her PRISCILLA role.*)

"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me
Why does he not come himself and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning."

RUSSELL. (*Applying himself to his JOHN ALDEN part ear-
nestly.*)

"Well—er—the Captain is busy, he really has no time for—ah
—such things."

NANCY. (*Now an indignant PRISCILLA.*)

"Such things! Has no time for such things as you call it, before
he is married,

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men, you don't understand us, you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one
and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden
avowal,

And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been
climbing.

This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have
won me,

Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

RUSSELL. (*Now really warmed up to his part.*)

"Think of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders;

How with the people of God he has chosen to suffer affliction;
How, in return for his zeal, they have made him Captain of
Plymouth;

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England.

He is a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he is rough he is kindly; you know how during the winter
He has attended the sick with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, I cannot deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always.
He is great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;

Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England, Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish."

NANCY. (*A demure little PRISCILLA now.*)
"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

LOU. (*Approvingly, coming forward followed by the others.*)
That's all right. You were pretty stiff at first, but you warmed up to it. Go over some of the weak parts of it while I explain something about the last act to the others. Come over here, folks, so we won't interrupt.

(*They go to table at right of screen and consult over their scripts. NANCY and RUSSELL are left practically alone together.*)

NANCY. (*Returning to her first attitude of cold aloofness, says with cutting distinctness.*) I hated it just as much as you did.

RUSSELL. (*Embarrassed and miserable.*) Oh—I—I say—eh—I hope I didn't act as if I hated it. Really I—I—

NANCY. (*Icily, her eyes on her shoe.*) You see I unintentionally overheard what you said about having to act with "a fool of a girl" (*RUSSELL is aghast.*) "making eyes—and posing—and eating up the love-making stuff."

RUSSELL. (*In agitation.*) Oh, really I—I hadn't any idea—I never meant—

NANCY. (*Going on with grim determination.*) It was through no scheming of mine that I was thrust into this part. It was just because Rose's measley little brother—I mean Rose's little brother got the measles. I abominate it just as much as you do. (*Looking far over his head, chin aloft.*)

RUSSELL. Oh, but I—I've changed my mind—indeed I have—entirely. (*NANCY quickly turns her head sidewise to hide a traitorous smile.*) Truly, Miss Royal, I hate myself for being such a cad. If the fellows had explained a little,—

NANCY. But they did, only you couldn't possibly believe that I wouldn't be just crazy to play opposite you.

RUSSELL. (*With a feeble groan.*) Can't you take my word for it I'm terribly sorry? If you'd only forget I ever said it—and be friends if you possibly can—

GEORGE. (*Calls.*) Hey, Nancy, Russ, I hear Tompkins closing up. We've got to make it snappy getting out of here.

LOU. And come on, some of you, we'll put these "props" back where they belong.

BOB. We fellows'll take 'em. Show us where.

JANE. Well, for goodness' sake get the fire-place back in Dr. Phelps' office before he discovers we had it—that fire-screen, goose, don't you remember?

(*As OLIVER stands dazedly looking about, they start gathering up various things, going out by ones and twos. Only GEORGE remains at far right, doing something about scripts, and RUSSELL, who has turned irresolutely toward right, and stands just outside of right screen with his back to it staring gravely at nothing. NANCY has put on coat and hat and followed the other girls until she discovers that a glove is missing, and comes back left looking for it. The two remaining boys do not see her.*)

GEORGE. (*Looking up from a handful of papers notices RUSSELL's dejected attitude.*) Great Scott, Russ, don't take it so hard. You didn't do half bad going through your part. . . . Too bad you feel the way you do, though, about the girls. Makes it kinda awkward—(*As BOB returns, stopping at the table for his script.*) Nance was a little coquettish in spots, more so than I ever saw her—really, but I suppose she thought she had to be to make the part natural.

(*NANCY is frankly listening on the other side of the screen.*)

BOB. Nancy's really got sense, believe me. . . . Where's the rest of my script? Oh, here it is. . . . But I tell you what, Russ, if you don't want to pair off the way we fixed it, to go over to the party at Dr. Phelps' tonight,—we arranged for you to take Nance before we knew how you felt—why I'll just get Jim

French to stop for her and you can go with some of the fellows.

(While BOB talks, NANCY hastily tiptoes over close to the screen that hides her from them, close to where RUSSELL is standing, and peeping around it, whispers close to his startled ear, her eyes sparkling with mischief and friendliness.)

NANCY. "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

RUSSELL. (Turns, almost gasping, and gives her an eager startled look. He whispers back quickly.) Do you mean it? Are we friends?

NANCY. (Nods affirmatively, a warning finger on her lip, tiptoeing away.) Uh-huh.

RUSSELL. (So jubilantly and loudly that GEORGE and BOB turn around in amazement, staring at him.) Oh, that's all fixed up, fellows. I'm taking Nancy.

THE END

A PLAY THANKSGIVING *

BY ELBRIDGE S. LYON

CHARACTERS

PETE

HARRY

SAM

MRS. MURPHY

MIN

HANK

SCENE: *Sitting room of Bachelor Apartment.*

TIME: *Thanksgiving Day at noon.*

* For permission to produce this play, apply to the author, Chatham, N.J.

PETE, *an escaped convict in prison suit, lying on side trussed to a steam pipe behind him.*

HARRY, *in handsome dressing gown, asleep on couch.*

PETE. (*Squirming.*) For Gawd's sake—wake up—will you?

HARRY. (*Twisting.*) Good morning! (*Pause.*) Sleep well?

PETE. "Morning" nothing—it's noon. You're a cool one, you are.

HARRY. I'm warm enough, thank you. (*Pause.*) It was fine of you to drop in on me like this for Thanksgiving. I'll order dinner for six. You look hungry. Think you can eat five dinners? Or maybe you have some friends you'd like to ask in?

PETE. Quit your kiddin' and call the cops.

HARRY. (*Getting up slowly.*) What, on Thanksgiving Day! I'm glad to have your company. Really I am. (*Goes to him and unties him. PETE sits up stiffly.*) Awfully sorry to have left you like this so long but I needed sleep. You arrived so early. Why, it wasn't even light yet. Too bad you thought you had to come in by the fire escape. I've nailed the window shut now so any other guests will *have* to use the front door. Maybe you got mixed in the dark.

PETE. (*Sullenly.*) I only wanted to borrow some clothes.

HARRY. Oh—why didn't you say so—help yourself. (*Opens closet door.*)

PETE. You're a nut all right. (*Goes into closet and throws out prison suit which HARRY throws behind a bureau. PETE reappears in nice suit, soft shirt but no tie.*)

HARRY. Fine. Now let's talk things over like gentlemen. Why were you sent up?

(*They sit on cot.*)

PETE. You wouldn't believe me.

HARRY. I promise.

PETE. I put a quarter in a blind man's tin cup and took out fifteen cents' change. A new copper caught me taking it out and

wouldn't believe me and I got six months.

HARRY. Wow—think up another one.

PETE. Liz believed me.

HARRY. When was all this?

PETE. Three months ago.

HARRY. How did you make your get-a-way?

PETE. Carried out in a can of ashes—just as easy!

HARRY. Why didn't you wait till your time was up? It was short and if you'd gotten caught it would have meant two years at least for trying to escape.

PETE. I hadn't done nothing. Besides, I wanted to see Liz.

HARRY. Ah—the woman in the case. I believe you mentioned her before. Well, since you are my guest I am going to tell you my story. I too love a "Liz"—alias Elizabeth. She is tall and proud and very rich. One day her father persuaded her that I was interested only in her money. We quarreled last Thanksgiving. In a fit of pride I told her if she wanted me she would have to come here for me. (*Pause.*) I waited six months; then I went to a ranch in Canada where I became strong and learned to tie up hogs—and second story men. I returned two days ago—my pride gone, my courage strong, only to find—she has left home and left no address. But heaven sent me you—or was it hell? And we must have a party. Can't you invite your Liz? It's early yet. Where is she?

PETE. To Squenks'.

HARRY. "Squenks." Has Squenks a telephone?

PETE. Sure, 2732.

HARRY. 2732—here, you call her.

PETE. (*In phone.*) 3849. (HARRY pulls a gun from dressing gown pocket and sticks it in PETE's ribs. PETE drops receiver and puts up his hands. HARRY hangs up receiver.)

HARRY. I sure am disappointed in you. I'll investigate that number sometime. (*Writes on outside of telephone directory.*) 3849—but not on Thanksgiving Day. Now maybe I'd better do

the phoning. You don't seem to trust me. First we'll look up Squanks or Squinks. Funny I don't seem to have met any of them but I believe there's been some new society folks come in while I was away. Here it is, 2732—gee, that's what you said. (*In phone.*) 2732—Hello, Squenks? Is Liz there? Which Liz? (*To PETE.*) Which Liz?

PETE. Ask for Min—tell her Hank wants her.

HARRY. (*In phone.*) I said Min, not Liz. This is Hank. (*To PETE.*) So now you're Hank and Liz is Min. (*In phone.*) That you, Min? Hank wants you right away, 105 Willow Street, Apartment 21. Special—hurry. (*Hangs up receiver.*) Who ever she is, she'll come—curiosity, you know. (*Goes back to phone.*) I want the Grill—Grill? 21 speaking, four dinners served in my room at twelve-thirty. Yes, turkey and all the fixings. Special guests. G'bye. (*Hangs up receiver. To PETE.*) Liz—I mean Min—is likely to bring a chaperon so I ordered four dinners. Anyway, we need four or more for a Thanksgiving feast. I'm going to ask in the first person I see. (*Knock on door. HARRY takes a key from pocket of his gown and unlocks door and throwing door wide open, says majestically.*)

HARRY. Enter! (*Enter SAM, a colored bell-hop all smiles and teeth.*) Oh, hello, Sunshine! Had your dinner?

SAM. No sah, and I ain't likely to—not today, sah, the other boy can't come.

HARRY. Oh yes, you are. Right here at twelve-thirty with me and Pete and maybe a lady friend.

SAM. No sah, I reckon you all don't realize I'se a culled pusson.

HARRY. No? Is that so? Well, I reckon you have an appetite, haven't you?

SAM. Sah? They's an old woman bring you wash. (*Reaches out in hall and hands in a package.*) Says will you please pay me two twenty-five.

HARRY. No, send her up, and come back here at twelve-thirty. I'll make it right with the boss. Now mind, if you don't come

back I'll tan you—or maybe I'd better bleach you.

SAM. Yes, sah. (*Exit SAM.*)

HARRY. Put on a necktie. (*Hands PETE a fine one.*) We're going to have a banquet and I expected to be alone.

(*Knock on door.*)

HARRY. Come in. Hello, Mrs. Murphy. Awfully good of you to bring my things on Thanksgiving Day. (*Pays her money.*)

MRS. MURPHY. All days are alike to me since Mike got killed on the railroad.

HARRY. Had your dinner?

MRS. MURPHY. I don't want any today. There is no one left for me to have a Thanksgiving dinner with.

HARRY. See here. This is my friend, Pete. We are having our dinner sent up here and we need a nice lady like you to make it homelike.

MRS. MURPHY. Surely two fine gentlemen like yourselves wouldn't be wanting me about.

HARRY. Want you? We need you, but maybe you'd object to Sunshine? Pete here insisted on inviting him.

MRS. MURPHY. Who am I to object to anyone yourself doesn't?

HARRY. Good. (*In phone.*) Give me the grill. Grill? 21 speaking. I ordered four dinners. Make it six and send them right up. We didn't have any breakfast. (*Hangs up receiver.*) Now folks, let's arrange the Banquet Hall.

(*They put table in middle of room, and on one side an upturned bureau drawer, on other side a couch, and the one chair at end. Take a sheet for table cloth.*)

PETE. Why don't you lock the door?

HARRY. Hunger is a stronger motive than safety.

PETE. Huh! I feel safe enough—now. Why don't you put on some clothes?

HARRY. My luggage hasn't come. And I loaned my traveling suit to a friend. (*Knock on door. HARRY opens it. Enter cau-*

tiously MIN, *much be-painted.*)

HARRY. Is this Liz— I mean, Min?

MIN. Where's Hank? (*PETE comes forward.*)

HARRY. Here he is.

MIN. Him? Why that's— (*PETE is making signs behind HARRY's back.*) Oh yes, hello, Hank. Where you bin?

PETE. Been away on business for the state. (*Two waiters enter, with huge loaded trays which they place on table and exeunt.*)

HARRY. Well, here we all are. Let's sit down and enjoy things while they're hot. (*PETE is already seated and investigating.*) Here, Mrs. Murphy, you sit by me and be my mother. Wait a minute, I forgot Sunshine. (*Goes to phone. In phone.*) Send Sam up to 21 and please don't bother him for at least half an hour. (*While he is calling, SAM sticks his head in door and sniffs.*) Wait a minute, Pete. Our President asked us not only to feast but to give thanks. Mrs. Murphy, will you say grace?

MIN. Who is Grace?

MRS. MURPHY. Oh not me, sir. I've not been feeling at all thankful today—not so far.

(*Enter SAM.*)

HARRY. Here's Polyanna; he's religious. Sam, ask the blessing.

SAM. (*Glibly, rolling eyes.*) Oh Lawd, look down on us sinners and wash us whiter than snow. Amen.

HARRY. Amen. Sit down.

(*SAM sits by MIN.*)

MIN. (*Rising.*) I'm not used to being insulted.

SAM. (*Rising.*) I knew it. I'd better go. You can see she's a lady.

MRS. MURPHY. Here boy, sit over here.

(*SAM moves over. MIN sits down.*)

PETE. (*Gobbling and pointing to empty place with turkey drumstick.*) Who's that place for?

HARRY. That represents the unknown soldier. May Heaven

bless him.

(Door is burst violently open and a rough man stamps in with a pointed revolver. PETE puts up his hands.)

HARRY. The Unknown Soldier!

HANK. *(To HARRY.)* Stick 'em up.

HARRY. *(Continuing to eat.)* Look here, friend. Call it off till after dinner. This is my Thanksgiving Party. There's your place. We were waiting for you. So you're Hank, aren't you?

HANK. Yes, I'm Hank. What you trying to do to my Min?

MIN. Sit down, Hank. He's coo-coo but the grub's grand.

(HANK eats a little standing but then sits. All resume eating.)

HARRY. I'll soon be coo-coo if I don't get some of this straightened out. Pete here wants Liz and gets Min. He says he's Hank and then Hank says he's Hank and I have seen Min before at a Thanksgiving Dinner Party or is it a dream?

MIN. Say, are you Mr. Pitkin?

HARRY. The plot thickens.

PETE. This is the first eats I've had in forty-eight hours and I'm much obliged but I guess I'll go while the going's good.

HARRY. My boy, you are going back to finish your time.

PETE. Oh no, I'm not.

(HANK and MIN exchange glances and winks.)

HARRY. Let's have our after-dinner speeches now. Mrs. Murphy, what are you most thankful for today?

MRS. MURPHY. I'm thankful Mike don't have to work no more on the railroad. It's so dangerous.

MIN. I'm thankful I don't have to wash the dishes.

HARRY. *(To SAM.)* Sunny, how about you?

SAM. I'se thankful for a gran' dinner and dat I'se got a job I kin work at and I guess I'd better go or fust thing I won't have no job. Thanks, boss. *(Goes toward door.)*

MRS. MURPHY. I really must go. I thank you, sir. I can't say I understand very well. Sam, take me down the elevator.

(Exit SAM and MRS. MURPHY. PETE goes towards door.)

HARRY. Wait a minute, Pete. Make your speech. What are you thankful for?

PETE. I'm glad I know where Liz is and *you don't*.

HARRY. Just what do you mean by that?

PETE. I mean that my Liz and your Liz are the same, that your Queen Elizabeth is crying her eyes out for a good for nothing fellow who went to Canada and forgot her.

HARRY. (*Buries his face in his hands.*) Where?

PETE. Will you promise to let me off if I tell you?

HARRY. I will—not.

HANK. I'm thankful I've got a trusty old gun. (*Holds it aimed toward HARRY.*) Come, Bill, come, Min.

(*The three are standing, HARRY sitting.*)

HARRY. Who's Bill—Pete? And I thought he was Hank.

MIN. You're a good sport but we've *got* to stand by Bill. But I will say that you were right about seeing me at another Thanksgiving Party. I was the waitress the night you went back on Liz. She hasn't been right since—the Angel!

HARRY. Please—please don't torture me. Tell me where she is.

HANK. Will you give us a clean bill of sale?

HARRY. I can't. I trusted Pete and I wanted to help him but he lied to me about a blind man.

PETE. (*Vehemently.*) I did *not*. It was true.

MIN. He did not. It was God's truth, cross my heart. Old Tom told us.

HANK. If we didn't take care of Blind Tom he would starve.

HARRY. Can this be so?

PETE. (*Crossing himself.*) Ask Liz, she believes.

HARRY. But you will be recaptured anyway. How can Liz, as you so familiarly call her, possibly know?

PETE. She asked Blind Tom. No one lies to Liz. She is head of our Mission. They won't catch me. I gave a fake name and my sea shore residence.

HARRY. "Our Mission"?

HANK. Yes, if we didn't support it she would starve to death.

HARRY. (*To PETE.*) Why didn't you call her up?

PETE. I tried to but you stuck the gun in me.

HARRY. That number I promised to investigate—was that hers?

PETE. Yes.

HARRY. Go and may God bless you—and my *suit*. (*Exeunt the three. Examines the outside of telephone directory—goes to phone.*) Give me 3849 and please hurry. (*Smiles and encircles telephone with both arms and squeezes it up tight.*)

CURTAIN

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING *

By ETHEL D. HILL

A PLAY FOR GRADE 5 OR 6

The following play may include all the pupils of the grade, by giving each one a paragraph. If there are only a few pupils, they may each have more than one speech. The herald may become one of the other characters in the third act. If there are not enough paragraphs to go around, others of a similar nature may be added. Simple costumes may be worn.

ACT I

ANNOUNCER. This dramatization is about the incidents leading up to and including the first Thanksgiving Day in America. The scene of the first act is in England. It opens with the herald's announcing the king's latest decree.

* For permission to produce this play, apply to *The Instructor*, F. A. Owen Publishing Co., Dansville, N.Y.

HERALD. Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! His majesty, the king, orders that all men worship God in the Church of England! Ye heads of homes, take heed! Oyez! (*Voice dies away in the distance.*)

(*Men come from all directions, one and two at a time, and seem to be talking together very earnestly. Finally one stands apart and addresses the group.*)

MAN. Friends, is it your wish that we return to our homes and tell our families that we set sail for Holland at once? (*Answers of "That is our will!"*) We pray that when we have reached that country we may be able to worship God as we think proper and not as we are told.

(*Exeunt all, as though talking.*)

ACT II

ANNOUNCER. The scene of the next act is in Leyden, Holland.

(*Groups of women meet. Each woman speaks a paragraph, as follows.*)

Good morning, Priscilla!

Good morning, Patience. How is it with you, Remember?

Good morning, friends. It is not so well with us as we had hoped when we set sail from England.

Here we worship God in our own way, and our neighbors, the Dutch people, are kind.

But we pine for our English neighbors.

We would have our children grow up to be English-speaking people.

We would live under our own flag.

I have heard that there are English colonies in the new continent of America where people are not molested in their worship of God.

Would that we might go there!

(*Exit, one and two at a time, nodding and seeming to talk together. Several men come on stage; meet another man.*)

MAN FROM GROUP. Why were you not at the meeting?

MAN ALONE. It was necessary for me to help a sick neighbor, but I am on the way to the meeting now.

MEN. The meeting is over.

ONE MAN. John and George leave by boat in the morning for England to tell those who planned to join us here that we set sail this day fortnight for America, and ask them to join us in the new country.

(Men leave stage, talking together.)

ACT III

ANNOUNCER. The scene of the third act is in America. The time, the year after the landing of the Pilgrims on the New England coast.

(All the pupils gather on the stage, each carrying something that might have been raised at Plymouth.)

One year ago we landed on American soil.

The winter was terrible beyond description.

But not one of us thought of returning with the "Mayflower."

No, even though half our number had perished.

Now we have built houses that have become homes.

Our neighbors are English. Our children will grow up to be English-speaking men and women.

We worship God in our own way.

See the bountiful harvest with which God has blessed us.

It is to thank God for this material blessing that we have met.

(With bowed heads, pupils sing last stanza of "America.")

A THANKSGIVING PANTOMIME *

BY HELENA MORRIS

This pantomime, which was presented at a Thanksgiving assembly, was the outgrowth of stories of Pilgrim and Indian life read and discussed in class during the month of November. The children brought their own provisions. The only help needed outside the classroom was in the making of the Pilgrim girls' costumes, and in securing a turkey for the feast. This was provided by the father of one of the pupils.

Giving the pantomime proved not only most fascinating to the primary pupils of the school, but also to the parents, who were pleased to see the children learning their first lesson in American history in such an interesting manner.

COSTUMES

Boys representing Pilgrims may wear their own dark suits to which can be pinned large white collars and cuffs cut from paper. Gilded cardboard buckles can be fastened to shoes. The girls should wear long full skirts, with white fichus, aprons, and caps.

Boys representing Indians may use a colorful blanket thrown about the shoulders, or Indian play suits. (Many boys have their own.) Only one chief's head-dress is necessary. Girls may make their Indian costumes by cutting armholes and necks in washed burlap sacks and fringing the bottom edge. Belt, headband, and beads complete the costume.

In presenting the pantomime, the movements of the Pilgrims should be quick. The Indians move slowly.

* For permission to produce this pantomime, apply to *The Instructor*, F. A. Owen Publishing Co., Dansville, N.Y.

SCENE I

A clearing in front of a group of log cabins. A camp fire is burning, front right, over which is a tripod with an iron kettle. A long table (two worktables placed together) is at rear center, at which stand several Pilgrim women, preparing food. At left sits a group of Pilgrim girls with knitting needles and yarn. Two may be winding yarn. If spinning wheel is available, one girl could be spinning. Near by sit several Pilgrim boys, cracking nuts. To the front and as far left as possible is a Pilgrim Mother on a low stool, rocking a cradle in which sleeps a doll.

There is music as curtain rises. All the Pilgrims are on the stage except two or three Pilgrim Fathers who enter in a few minutes with guns over their shoulders. They stack guns against a tree or stump. One Pilgrim Father is chopping wood. From time to time he comes forward and replenishes the fire. The stirring, mixing, nut-cracking, wood-chopping, and cradle-rocking continue for a minute or two, all to the rhythm of the music.

Music changes to an Indian rhythm, whereupon the first Indian enters. He carries a brown basket without a handle, filled with wild fruit. He (or she) presents it to the Pilgrim Mother who stands at the fire stirring contents of kettle. Pilgrim Mother appears pleased with the fruit, shows it to several other Pilgrims, and then places it on the table. Indian squats at the fire.

Second Indian enters from right, with a large pumpkin or squash. He presents it to Pilgrim Mother, and then takes his place at the fire. Pilgrim Mother takes the pumpkin to the table, where the other women admire it. Pilgrim Mother continues her cooking.

Third Indian enters with armful of unhusked corn, presents it to the Pilgrim Mother, and then takes his place at the fire. Pilgrim Mother takes the corn to the children, who begin at once to husk and shell it. She then returns to her cooking.

Fourth Indian enters, bearing an animal skin, and presents it to a Pilgrim Father. He shows it to the other men, who stroke and admire it. Then he puts it over a bench or log.

Fifth Indian is a squaw with a papoose hanging on her back. She crosses slowly from right to left where Pilgrim Mother is rocking the cradle, and peers curiously into the cradle.

Pilgrim Mother turns back the covers so that the Indian can see the baby. The Indian then turns slowly around so that the audience and the Pilgrim Mother can see her papoose. The Pilgrim Mother raises her hands in surprise and then bends over her own baby. Squaw sits on the floor beside the cradle.

The next Indian to enter is the chief, with his bow slung over his shoulder. He carries a turkey. He lays it at the feet of the Pilgrim Mother, then kneels, and goes through the motions of shooting a turkey in a tree. The children crowd around the turkey, greatly delighted. Pilgrim Father carries the turkey to the table. Indian chief goes to squat at the fire with the other Indians.

Suddenly, all the Indians rise, as Indian princess enters. She wears a feather in the back of her headband. Indians salute the princess by raising hands, then bending low, with hands outstretched.

Music changes to a different Indian rhythm, and the princess dances. At the end of her dance, all the Indians start dancing around the fire, lifting legs high, and stamping feet, bending at the waist. They reverse, repeating the steps. The Pilgrims stand looking on.

SCENE II

Same as Scene I, except that the table has been brought to the front and a cloth has been laid upon it. Several bowls, pitchers, trenchers, and the basket of fruit should be placed upon it. Use pewter ware, if possible.

As curtain rises, the Indians are still squatting at the fire, from which the kettle has been removed. Pilgrim Father stands at the head of the table and Pilgrim Mother at the foot. All the other Pilgrims stand at the far side of the table, facing the audience.

Pianist plays a Thanksgiving hymn. A Pilgrim child goes to an Indian, takes him by the hand, and leads him to the table. Other Pilgrims follow suit, until all Indians are standing at the table. When they are all in place, facing the audience, music changes to the "Doxology."

The Pilgrim Father raises his hands, as though invoking a blessing. The other Pilgrims bow heads. Before the music ceases, the Indians do the same. All hold their positions until the "Amen."

POEMS

THANKSGIVING

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Lord, life is good!
When the first crocus lifts its golden cup,
To drink the beauty up,
And the pink hyacinth smiles in its green bed,
And the long winter is dead,
Ah! life is good,
And even my poor, frail heart has understood.

Then, when the Maytime turns
To summer, and on every hill there burns
The loveliness that seems too great to bear:
Lush grass, ripe fruit, and the blue moons that stare
On earth and sea,
Suddenly comes to me
The wonder in this world; while over my house
Hang the green heavy boughs;
And under me starred meadows; and round about
Bees with their happy murmur, and the thin shout
Of insects speeding over broken walls.
Oh, how the glory falls!
Lord, life is good!

And life is good when autumn's tapestries
Hang on the walls of the hills,

And there is a tang in the breeze,
And a roar in the rills.
And when the first snow shakes the trembling boughs,
And makes the world a tremulous white house,
I lean to look with wonder, lest I miss
Some of the beauty, as winter's delicate kiss
Touches the roadways with a lover's bliss.

Give thanks, O heart, O soul,
As the bright year doth roll
To a perfect end, like a perfect scroll.
Lord, Life is good!

THANKSGIVING KITCHENS

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

Thanksgiving kitchens
Are gay with color—
Pumpkins are yellow,
Apples are red;
And though the puddings
Are somewhat duller,
A richer fragrance
Is theirs instead.

And what a fragrance!
Spices and sweetness
Wreathing steam-clouds
Round eager faces;
The turkey stuffed to
Luscious repleteness;
Thanksgiving kitchens—
Promising places!

THANKSGIVING

BY MAY CARLETON LORD

For fun and friends and daily food;
For children—my beatitude;
For strength to meet life's sudden shocks;
For apple-boughs and hollyhocks;
For snow in winter, fairy lanes;
For peacefulness and growing pains;
For books by poet, seer and sage;
For easy chairs and middle-age;
For embers on the hearth, for songs;
For faith that triumphs over wrongs;
For laughter and remembered pranks;
For prayers at night—I give Thee thanks!

THE NOVEMBER FESTIVAL

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

Slowly the opulent year rounds to its close;
December like a pearl-set clasp remains
The shining circle to complete. Now wanes
Light's daily measure. Now the bleached grass shows
A last swift beauty—dawn's first plodder goes
Upon a crystal carpet. Splendid stains
On branch and vine drenched by wild autumn rains
Reluctantly yield up their gold and rose.

Now bring the last bright leafage. Pile the hearth
With seasoned oak and touch the boughs to flame.
Garner the lingering sweets of field and garth.
Lay lustrous linen. Then in the gracious name

Of love and friendship summon those most dear
To blaze the tally of the liberal year.

YELLOW PUMPKIN

BY KATHERINE EDELMAN

See that yellow pumpkin,
Ripening in the sun?
Let's take it over in the shade,
And have a lot of fun!
Let's open it with special care,
Then with a heavy spoon
Scoop out its tasty, juicy heart,
That's yellow like the moon.
And then while Mother makes the pies
Of crusty, golden brown,
We'll carve it till its hollow shell
Looks like a funny clown.

SONNETS FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

NO RIGID CALENDAR

Now near the long year's close what shall we stress?
What shall we single out for gratitude—
Material provision, shelter, food?
Our gluttoned granaries, our high success
In shop and countinghouse? Due measure, yes,
Of thanks for these but let our praise include
The intimate common benefits renewed
With every dawn, earth's beautiful largess,

That daily miracle, a flower; the far
Sky pageantry of piled and painted mist;
Night's brilliant muster, star by glowing star;
Beauty, and man's response to it. The list
Grows long; with life's best blessing it shall end,
Love—the rich fellowship of friend with friend.

SUMMONS TO PRAISE

Never too often can our lips recite
The sweet recurrent blessings of our days.
No rigid calendar should fix our praise—
Rather the whole round planet should unite
In glad diurnal paeans; just the light—
The punctual sun—might fill us with amaze;
The night's dark splendor; children's lovely ways;
June's fragrant charm. These offer us no trite,
No outworn pageant—nor does summer rain
In silver baptism, nor the scarlet stain
Illuminating Autumn's royal trail
With transient glory, nor the diamond mail
Frost-forged for winter trees. Praise asks no date,
It mounts unsummoned, warm, alive, elate.

THANKSGIVING

· BY SARA F. HILLS

Thank you, stars
 That shine so bright.
Thank you, moon
 For your silvery light.
Thank you, sun
 For your warmth and cheer.

Thank you, Lord
 For friends held dear.
Thank you, Father
 In Heaven above—
For health, contentment,
 Peace and Love.
And when ill fortune
 Turns her face
To greet me
 In the Market Place—
May the Thanks I give
 Help me to live
And still say—Thank you!

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

So cold the first Thanksgiving came,
That they who kneeled on earth and stone
To thank the Lord in freedom's name
Were nearly frozen to the bone.
Peril was near, and midnight fear,
With desolate wind about the door,
But courage lit a candle-flame
That warmed them to the core:—

Candle that burned so staunch and strong,
Courage that dared so dark a way,
They light the centuries, clear and strong,
 On each Thanksgiving Day!

So bare the first Thanksgiving fell
That, counting all the scanty yield,

They who had sowed and reaped could tell
Their thanks for scarcely one good field;
Yet, strangers in a lonely land,
They thanked God for their harvesting,
And dreamed a dauntless dream, and planned
New sowing for the spring.

For candlelight no wind could shake,
For sowing rooted far and near,
For men and dreams like these, we make
Thanksgiving every year!

THANKSGIVING

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Give thanks, O heart! for these: A woman's face,
The gift of love, and love's enduring grace;
For man's firm friendship through the marching years,
The comfort of all children; even for tears
Shed in your grief, because these prove that you
Have pity that is beautiful and true.
Give thanks for raiment, and a loaf of bread;
And for a good thatched roof above your head;
But most of all give thanks if you can say,
"Lord, I have courage on my pilgrim's way!"

BEAUTIFUL MEALS

BY T. STURGE MOORE

How nice it is to eat!
All creatures love it so,
That they who first did spread,

Ere breaking bread,
A cloth like level snow,
Were right, I know.

And they were wise and sweet
Who, glad that meats taste good,
Used speech in an arch style,
And oft would smile
To raise the cheerful mood,
While at their food.

And those who first, so neat,
Placed fork and knife quite straight,
The glass on the right hand;
And all, as planned,
Each day set round the plate,—
Be their praise great!

For then, their hearts being light,
They plucked hedgeposies bright—
Flowers who, their scent being sweet,
Give nose and eye a treat:
'Twas they, my heart can tell,
Not eating fast but well,
Who wove the spell
Which finds me every day,
And makes each meal-time gay;
I know 'twas they.

MOUSE THANKSGIVING

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

Thanksgiving night
When all is still

A mouse creeps soft
Across the sill,

And finds a crumb—
The very least
Wee fraction of
The greater feast;

Then placidly
His whiskers cleans,
And *feels* the things
Thanksgiving means.

A GOOD THANKSGIVING

BY MARION DOUGLAS

Said Old Gentleman Gay: "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."
So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird! How nice!
And since a good dinner's before me, I ought
To give poor Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, O see!" said the pleased Widow Lee;
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make someone as happy as I—
I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

"And O sure," Biddy said, "'tis the queen of all pies!
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes!
Now it's my turn, I think; and a sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finnigan children I'll bake."

"A sweet-cake all our own! 'Tis too good to be true!"
Said the Finnigan children, Rose, Denny, and Hugh;

"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To poor little lame Jake—who has nothing that's nice."

"Oh I thank you and thank you!" said little lame Jake,
"O what a bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!
And O such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,
And will give 'em to each little sparrow that comes!"

And the sparrows, they twittered as if they would say,
Like Old Gentleman Gay: "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away!"

THE MAGIC VINE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

A fairy seed I planted,
So dry and white and old;
There sprang a vine enchanted
With magic flowers of gold.

I watched it, I tended it,
And truly, by and by
It bore a Jack o' lantern
And a great Thanksgiving pie.

WHAT IS IT?

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

It will make a Jack-o'-lantern or a big Thanksgiving pie,
It's a big round yellow something, you can guess it if you try

STORIES

THE LITTLE BROWN HERB

(A LEGEND)

Little Hans was a shepherd boy who tended the king's sheep. He lived with his mother in a little brown house with a little gay garden about it. All that Hans and his mother owned was the little brown house and the little gay garden and one little white goat; but the little white goat gave them milk, and the little gay garden gave them vegetables, and the little brown house gave them a home. So they were very happy, even though they were poor.

Every morning Hans drove the king's herds to the green Rhine valley and watched them all day, and every night he drove them back. When he was gone the good mother swept and dusted and baked and spun and sewed, and when Hans came back at night he milked the goat and weeded the garden and brought in wood and water. Now, who could be happier than Hans and his mother?

When winter came the little brown house was a snug, cosy place until the mother fell ill. She could not leave her bed. An old, old woman who lived near by came in to take care of her. "Will she not be well soon?" asked little Hans.

The little old woman shook her head. "There is only one thing that can cure her," she answered. "It is the little brown herb that grows on top of the mountain. No one can get it now, for the mountain is covered with ice and snow."

"I will get it," answered Hans, and he put on his snowshoes

and kissed his mother good-by and set off up the mountain.

It was a bitter day. The wind whistled about him. The cold nipped him with cruel fingers, the snow drifted about him and almost buried him, but still Hans climbed on. Once or twice when the savage winds nearly blew him over, he thought of turning back. "I must go on," he cried. "I must find the brown herb."

When he was nearly at the top he saw a little hollow at one side of the path, and there was growing the most beautiful flower that he had ever seen. It had white petals like pearls, and its heart glowed like a great diamond. "It is far better than an herb," he thought, and would have turned aside to pick it when another thought came to him. "But it is only the herb that can make mother well. I must find the brown herb first."

Then he pushed on and at last reached the very top. The wind blew great swirls of snow in his face so he could hardly see, but he hunted about until at last he found, on the very top-most peak, a little brown herb. "Now," he thought, "mother will be well. I will pick the flower for her too as I go down."

But when he came to the place where the flower had been, there was no flower, but only a little brown dwarf. "Good day, Hans," said the little brown dwarf. "Come in, I've been expecting you." He knocked on the snowdrift, and at once a door opened and Hans saw before him a cavern piled with diamonds and emeralds and rubies. They sparkled so that the cavern was bright as day.

The dwarf brought out a stout little sack. "Help yourself, my boy," he said. "You may have all you want. I ask nothing in payment but the little brown herb."

"That you cannot have," answered Hans, "for all the jewels in the world, for it is the brown herb that will make my mother well."

"So!" said the little dwarf. "If that is the case I think I must

send a present to your mother too." He disappeared in the cave and soon came back with the stout little sack full of jewels. "Take these to your mother, Hans, but tell her I cannot give her anything so good as the kind little son that is hers already."

Then suddenly the dwarf and the cave disappeared, and Hans was alone in the snow, but in one hand he still held the herb and in the other the little bag of jewels.

Then he slid down the mountain on his snowshoes and ran to his mother. "Mother," he cried, "I have the herb and a present that the mountain dwarf sent you."

The little brown herb made the mother well again, and the dwarf's present was changed for a fine herd and warm clothes and a present for the old, old woman besides.

So tell me, if you can, who could be happier than Hans and his mother?

MRS. RABBIT'S THANKSGIVING

BY EDNA V. RIDDLEBERGER

Mother Rabbit lived in the woods.
Three little rabbits lived with her.
One day she said, "Wake up! wake up!
This is Thanksgiving Day.
We must find a good dinner.
What would you like for dinner?"
The little rabbits waked up.
"We like carrots best," they said.
Mother Rabbit said, "Come with me.
We will go to Farmer Brown's field.
There are carrots in his field.
He will let us have some.
Farmer Brown is a good man.
He is kind to rabbits."

The rabbits went down the road.

Soon they saw Mr. Squirrel.

"Good morning," said Mother Rabbit.

"Where are you going, Mr. Squirrel?"

Mr. Squirrel said, "Good morning.

I am looking for my dinner.

This is Thanksgiving Day."

Mother Rabbit said, "Come with us.

We will go to Farmer Brown's field.

You will find some dinner there."

So Mr. Squirrel went with them.

They went along the road.

Soon they saw Mrs. Field Mouse.

"Good morning, Mrs. Field Mouse," said Mother Rabbit.

"Where are you going?"

"I am looking for my dinner," said Mrs. Field Mouse.

"This is Thanksgiving Day.

I want a good dinner.

I like corn best."

Mother Rabbit said, "Come with us.

We will go to Farmer Brown's field.

He is a kind man.

He will let you have some corn."

Mrs. Field Mouse went with them.

They went down the road.

Soon they saw Mr. Blue Jay.

He was looking for his dinner, too.

Mother Rabbit said, "Come with us.

We will go to Farmer Brown's field.

We can all find dinner there."

So Mr. Blue Jay went along, too.

They came to Farmer Brown's field.

There they saw Mr. Owl.

He was in a big tree.

Mother Rabbit looked up at him.
"Will you eat with us?" she said.
"This is Thanksgiving Day.
We have come to Farmer Brown's field.
We are going to eat dinner."
Mr. Owl said, "Thank you.
You are kind, Mother Rabbit.
But I will not eat now.
I can not see in the light.
I will eat at night.
Then I can see best."
Mr. Owl shut his eyes.
But he did not shut his ears.
They ran into the field.
Mother Rabbit found some carrots.
The little rabbits found some, too.
Mr. Squirrel found some nuts.
Mrs. Field Mouse found some corn.
Mr. Blue Jay found some apples.
What a good dinner they all had!
They ate and ate and ate.
"I am happy," said Mother Rabbit.
"This is Thanksgiving Day.
We have had a good dinner.
Are you all happy, too?"
"Yes, yes," they all said.
"We must thank Farmer Brown.
He is kind to us.
He lets us eat in his field."
All at once they heard Mr. Owl.
"Whoo, whoo!" he said.
"You must run, run, run!
I hear Mr. Fox coming.
He wants a Thanksgiving dinner, too."

Mr. Blue Jay flew to the top of a tree.

All the others ran home.

They said, "Thank you, Mr. Owl.

You can not see in the light.

But you can hear."

AN ESSAY

THANKS FOR WHAT?

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

She is a welfare worker in a country literally strewn with attractive suburbs of an industrial center. Families in the middle income brackets, two thousand dollars minimum, ten thousand dollars tops. Commuting husbands, a car in every garage, a bridge game somewhere every afternoon, a community chest.

We hail from the same small city in the middle west and I said something about going home for Thanksgiving Day, our mutual friends, the delicious pumpkin pie a certain cousin makes, rich in sugar, spice and all things nice. My hostess, who was taking me on a tour of inspection, stepped on the gas and the car jumped forward.

"For heaven's sake, don't bring up Thanksgiving Day. I should give thanks? For what? For the fact that Bill was wiped out in the 1929 crash? That we are paying rent on the house which we thought we owned? That my girls are going to public instead of private school? That I am driving a 1934 car? That I am doing welfare work instead of playing bridge?"

We stopped almost as suddenly as we had shot forward a few minutes earlier.

"This is the third recreation center we've opened in two years. I want to see the director."

Between the two tall trees which stood like sentinels at the entrance, hung a sign:

HAPPYLAND

ROCK COUNTY PLAYGROUND NUMBER 3

Memory traveled back to a sign I had read during a motor trip in Germany. It hung over the entrance to a camp for children, black swastikas and red lettering on a white ground: "*Für Deutschland zu Sterben Waren Wir Geboren.*"

Its literal translation is: "We were born to die for Germany."

And in the heart of that woodland camp across the sea small boys were marching and counter-marching with miniature guns over their shoulders, responding to harsh commands from Nazi trainers. And they sang the militaristic rallying songs of this new world-hating Germany.

I compared the concentrated tense expression on the faces of those small Nazis with the carefree happiness of the youngsters in Rock County Playground Number 3.

Over by the wading pool a ring of mothers shouted encouragement to bobbing figures clad in the briefest, most absurd bathing and sun suits. Memory traveled to a resort on the Adriatic where a regiment of children played on the beach.

Every pair of rompers was exactly the same shade of blue, every little white hat was tied under the chin at exactly the same angle. Every little group dug and piled sand under the guidance of a white-clad Catholic Sister.

"An Italian orphan asylum?" I inquired.

"Oh no," replied our chauffeur. "This is one of the seaside camps established by Mussolini in the government's fight on tuberculosis. Even the diet is prescribed by our department of health."

"Where are the mothers?"

"In their homes—Florence, Venice, Palermo, Rome, Naples, all over Italy. This particular resort is famous for its sunlight."

In my study of public health work under the Fascist government, I found that Italy outstripped the United States in maternity and infant care. Every infant is counted as an asset, espe-

cially if it be a male child. From the health clinic and the day nursery where it learns to make the Fascist salute before it knows its own name, the child enters the public school and automatically becomes a member of the Opera Nazionale Balilla, a nation-wide group which is under Fascist control, staffed by men and women trained by the government to take the place of parents.

From the Balilla, the boy graduates at fourteen into the *Avanguardisti* where his education in a trade, profession or science begins. All his training outside school hours is military and if at eighteen he proves keen, if he shows talent for leadership and is in superb health, he is accepted for the volunteer militia which is in reality the army of Mussolini and the Fascist government.

And so you see, while her child may sleep at home, the Italian mother has practically no control over her son, what he eats, what he wears, where and what he plays, not even the choice of his playmates. He belongs to the state.

I turned back to those mothers around the pool in Happyland. At sight of the joy they were sharing with their children, I murmured:

"Thanks for what?"

A group of older children was rehearsing a flag pageant. They laughed, sang, shouted and shoved one another gaily. I recalled a news story in the morning paper. Some forty children, ranging in age from babies to boys and girls in their teens, refugees from Bilbao, Spain, had stopped in Geneva en route to temporary homes in various parts of Switzerland. They arrived on a fete day when Geneva was gay with municipal flags, red and gold. At sight of these colors, the children according to temperament cowered and whimpered in the train or they shook their clenched fists and screamed: "Hitler, Germany, the Swiss—all Fascists." For red and gold, being the colors of the Insurgent or Nationalist party in Spain, represented to these little refugees the terrible

conditions from which they had fled.

Such is child life, child psychology, child thought on the other side of the Atlantic! Insecurity, fear, distrust, hatred, drunk in by the nursing babe, instilled by governments thirsting for war of conquest. I had come back to America feeling that for the quiet unquestioning English lad adjusting his own gas mask or his dog's in a drill, or the wild children of Russia, life holds neither security nor happiness. All paths lead to a common end, a soldier's grave. Yet an American woman can ask, "Thanks for what?"

I glanced at the parking field beyond Happyland. Family cars of every make, description and date, owned by parents of moderate income, living in small homes, bungalows and apartments. And I recalled a scene in Paris on a holiday in which parents and children of similar position were leaving the city for a day's outing. Mechanics, salesmen in small shops, clerks, white collar workers lined up in a long queue at the bus terminal. They were waiting patiently for their turn at the second-class seats, for by using these they could save about two and a half cents. The automobile which is almost a necessity to the American family is a luxury to the French.

Not in the ownership and use of automobiles alone do American women lead their sisters in other lands. In home equipment, labor-saving devices and more significant freedom in home management, they enjoy privileges found in no other country. In Italy, Germany, Russia, even in England, housewives must still be content with primitive, often backbreaking facilities for house work. In some countries they may not even buy as they like for their families. In some countries they are rationed. In others they must deny their children sugar, butter, eggs, meat, even milk, that more and still more deadly armaments may be built. An English business man who has been surveying certain markets in the United States said to me recently: "What amazes me in this country is the co-operation between men and women,

not only in business but in the home. Everywhere the woman has a voice in planning."

What—no thanks for these privileges?

Later in the afternoon I knew those mothers at Happyland would tuck the smaller children into beach chairs or the back seats of their cars for a rest hour and then gather in little groups to discuss church and club projects, community conditions, labor troubles, public affairs. Anyone, from the new principal of the grade school to the President of the United States himself, might come up for criticism and disapproval. And I thought of the German women, the Italian women, the Russian women who may not gather for discussion of any sort without government supervision.

I thought of my good friend, professor, author and lecturer who has been banished from Germany not because she is a Jewess but because even a Gentile woman may not have opinions, except as they exploit the Hitler regime.

Thanks for what?

I answer, "For being an American woman."

In spite of droughts and grasshoppers, of labor troubles and political crises, of rising living costs and individual privations or sacrifices, we American women have incontrovertible cause for thanksgiving. Travel where you will in Europe you cannot escape the sinister preparations for war or the loathsome atmosphere of dictatorship.

But here in America we are still individuals. We may still raise our children, educate them, plan for them as we and they together have worked out the design for their lives. We may make mistakes, but we can right the mistakes. Those children belong to us and not to the state. We may never realize our dreams for them, but we are free to try and, oh, the joy of that trying! And those children may still feel secure in working out an independent individualistic future. They can still believe

that initiative, capability, thrift and industry will bring the rewards of which they dream.

Materially, we, their mothers, lead the world in release from drudgery, in leisure and in ease. Spiritually we are free women, free to think, to write, to speak, to worship as we please in a democracy which so far has withstood pressure from within, assaults from without. May the American woman have the honesty, the courage, the wisdom, to say on Thanksgiving Day, "Thanks, God, for this my country, the United States of America. Give me strength to pay my debt in service!"

GAMES AND ACTIVITIES

THANKSGIVING GAMES

BY ALICE CROWELL HOFFMAN

Gobble, Gobble, Gobble. One player is the Turkey and the other is the Farmer's Wife. The latter is blindfolded. Both take their places in the middle of a circle formed by the other players. The object is for the Farmer's Wife to catch the Turkey. From time to time the Turkey must say, "gobble, gobble, gobble," so that the Farmer's Wife may have some idea of its location. The Turkey may dodge all around in the ring, which represents the fence, but may not go outside it. If the Turkey is caught, it becomes the Farmer's Wife; the first Farmer's Wife chooses a new Turkey, and then goes back into the circle of players.

Thanksgiving Table. Two leaders are appointed, who choose sides. There should be a like number of players on both sides. The lines stand facing each other and the game proceeds like a spelling bee. One leader starts the game by naming something that he is going to have on his Thanksgiving table. The name of the edible, or other suitable article, must begin with the letter "a." The player opposite then names something beginning with the letter "b." Thus the game goes on, each player in turn adding a name beginning with the next consecutive letter of the alphabet. No word can be used a second time. If, in a given length of time, a player cannot think of a suitable name beginning with the required letter, the player opposite tries to supply the word and the one who failed drops out of the line. The side which has the most players remaining at the end of a set time is

the winner; or the game may be carried on until all but one have dropped out. The last player standing wins the game.

Geographical Thanksgiving. After the players are seated in a circle, someone begins the game by saying, "I am going to spend Thanksgiving in Chicago" (or any other city that he might choose). The next player makes a similar statement, naming, however, a city which begins with the letter with which the other ended. He might say, "I am going to spend Thanksgiving in Oswego." Thus the game goes on around the circle. Anyone not responding quickly and correctly drops out. Those remaining longest are winners.

THANKSGIVING WORDS

BY JUANITA CUNNINGHAM

Write the word "Thanksgiving" on the blackboard. Instruct the pupils to each make a list of words, using in their words only letters which are found in the word "Thanksgiving." No letter is to be used in a word more times than it occurs in the given word. The pupil who writes the longest correct list of words is the winner.

HOW TO MAKE A THANKSGIVING TURKEY

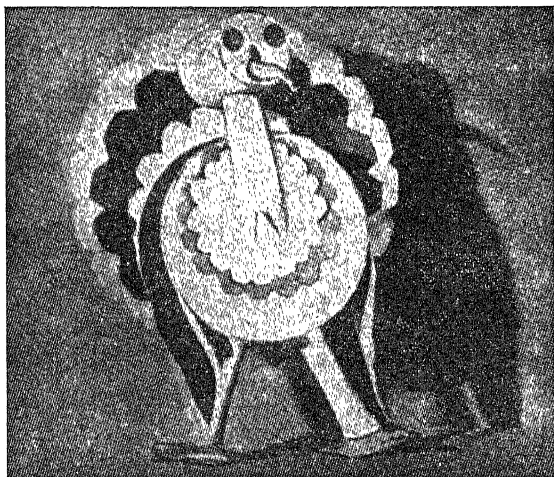
BY MARION KASSING

Use a section of cardboard tubing $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches long and $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter for the body of the turkey. The head is made of a piece of tubing 1 inch long and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter. Close both sections at each end with circles of paper about an inch larger than the diameter of the tubing. This margin forms a flap which can be slashed, pasted down on the sides, and covered with a strip of paper. The eyes are made of white circles $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in

diameter, on which are pasted black circles $\frac{5}{16}$ inch in diameter.

The neck, legs, and beak are made by putting paste on squares of paper and rolling them to form tubes. The legs should be made of a double thickness of paper. For the turkey illustrated 5-inch squares of paper were rolled up for the legs, giving them sufficient length to push up into the top of the body.

The tail is made of three circles, scalloped at the edges to look



like feathers. The largest circle should be approximately 2 inches longer in diameter than the body, and each of the other circles should be smaller by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch than the one upon which it is placed. Cut a strip of paper for the wings, shaping the ends slightly, and paste it on the body.

Each foot is made by pasting together two thicknesses of paper about $2\frac{1}{4}$ by $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches, and cutting it to a point at one end. Attach the feet to the leg tubes by splitting the tubes at each side, spreading apart the two sections, and pasting the feet to them. Cover this joining with strips of gummed paper, over which paste another layer of poster paper.

The neck ruff is made of two circles of paper slit back from the center and placed over the neck tube. The neck is then covered with paste and pushed up into the head. Paste the neck to the body in the same way the feet were pasted to the legs, arranging the ruff of paper so that it will cover the joining.

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